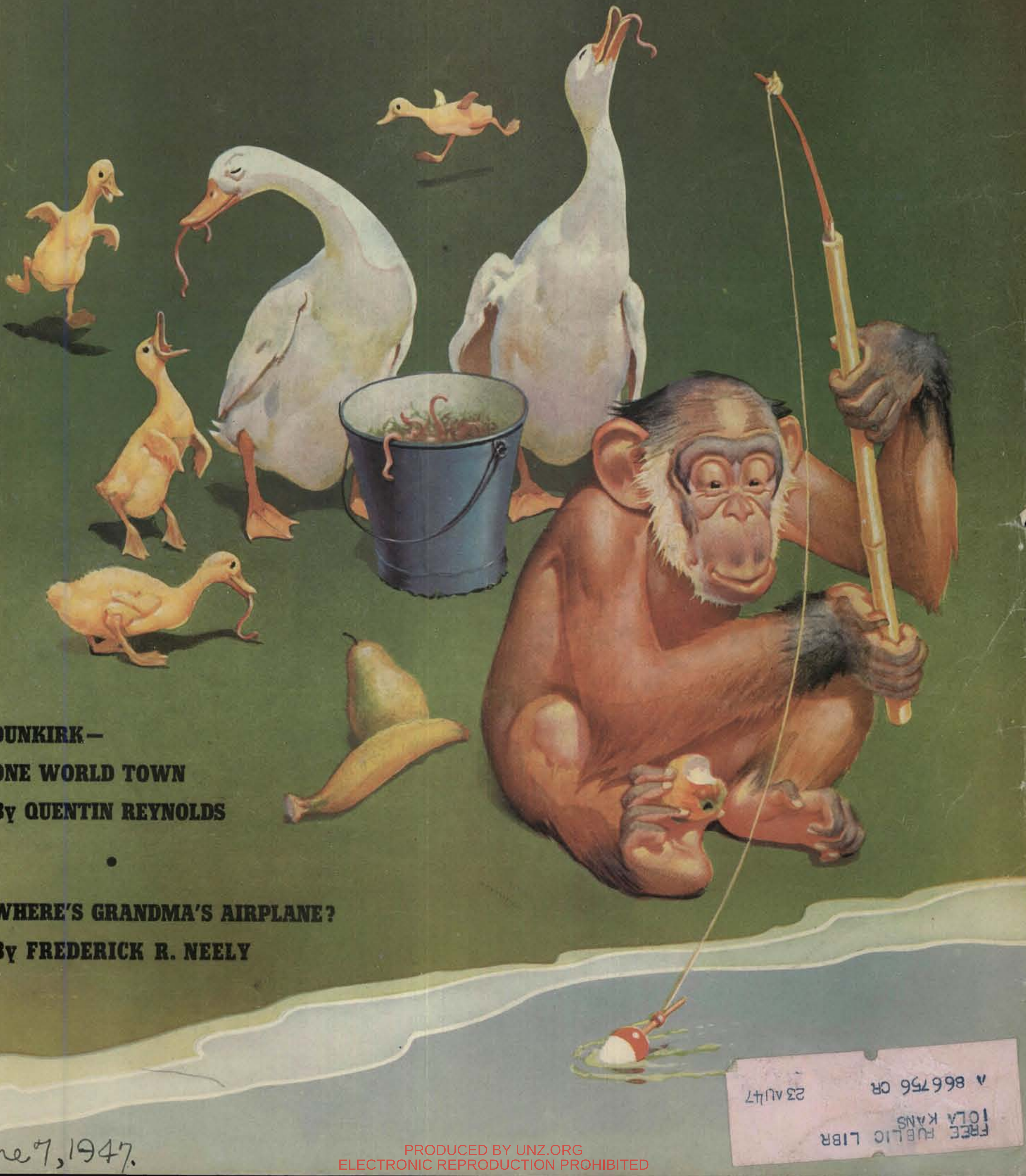
Collier's

JUNE 7, 1947 TEN CENTS



DUNKIRK—
ONE WORLD TOWN
By QUENTIN REYNOLDS

•

WHERE'S GRANDMA'S AIRPLANE?
By FREDERICK R. NEELY

une 7, 1947.

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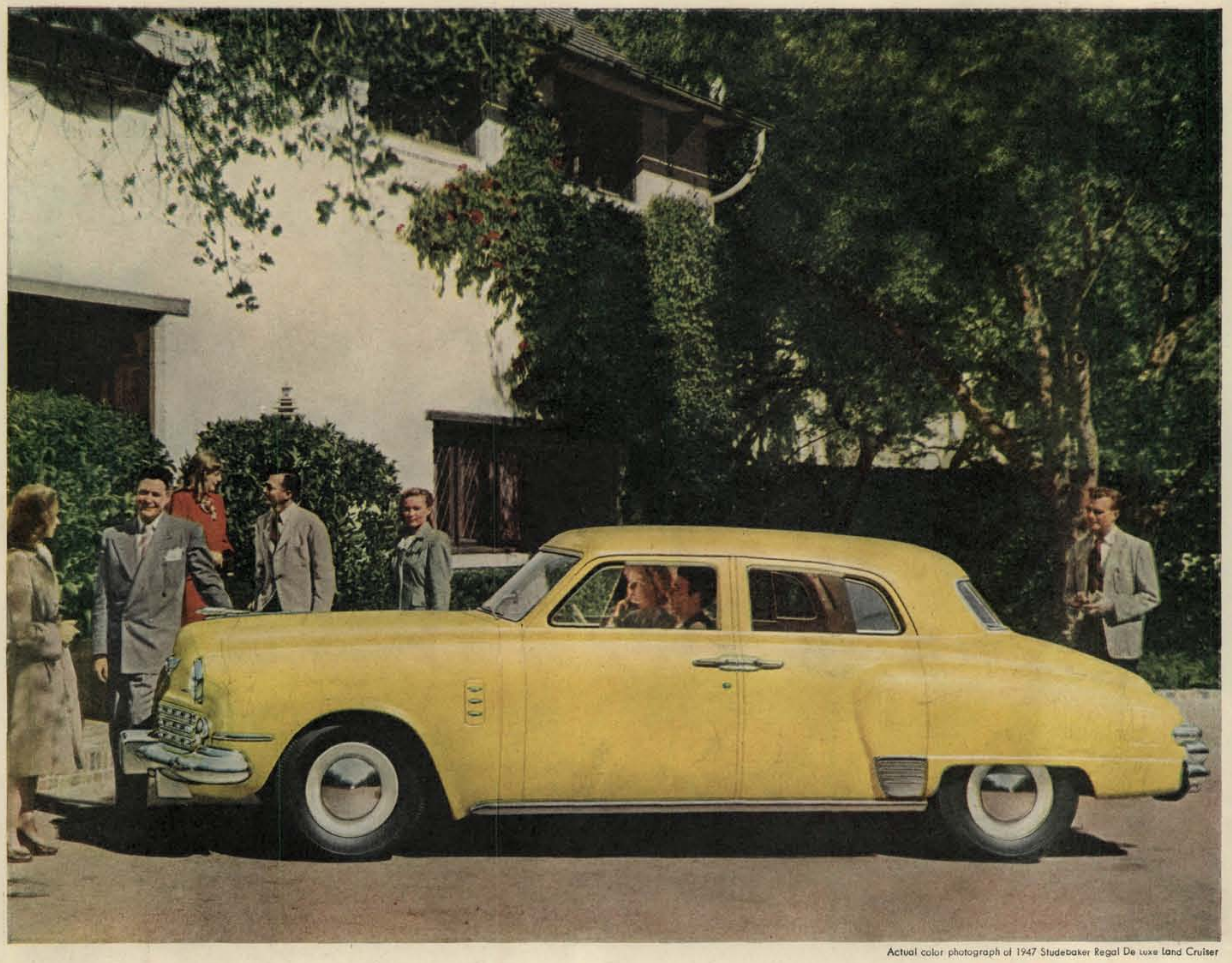


Actual color photograph of 1947 Studebaker Regal De Luxe Land Cruiser

We can photograph everything but the ride of this ultra-luxurious postwar Studebaker

More value for your money, thanks to top-quality craftsmanship! The distinctive postwar Studebakers, with their exclusive "black light" instrument panel dials and self-adjusting brakes, are proudly built by competent craftsmen—solid citizens who want you to get a full measure of money's worth. Many of Studebaker's craftsmen, like Anthony and William Gilpin pictured, are members of unique father-and-son teams.

WHAT the camera fails to show you in this picture is the 1947 Studebaker's thrilling new kind of performance.

No car ever gave you such a ride. It's a postwar achievement that simply cannot be illustrated—or even adequately described.

Owners try to tell you. They speak with forthright fervor about the flashing liveliness, the amazing handling ease, the low-swung, broad-beamed, sure-footed comfort of this revolutionary automobile.

But once you take its wheel yourself, everything you've heard seems understated. You find the performance of this photogenic dream car almost uncanny.

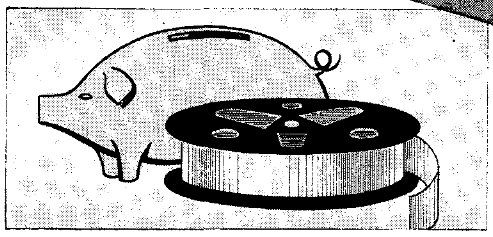
Pacing the first distinctive Champions and Commanders, there's now a third sensational postwar Studebaker. It's the ultra-luxurious, ultra-roomy, extra-long-wheelbase Land Cruiser sedan pictured above—a completely new, top-quality automobile richly finished and appointed.

Make sure your new-car money buys something really new. See the breathtaking Land Cruiser and the other beautiful new postwar Studebakers now at your nearest Studebaker showroom.

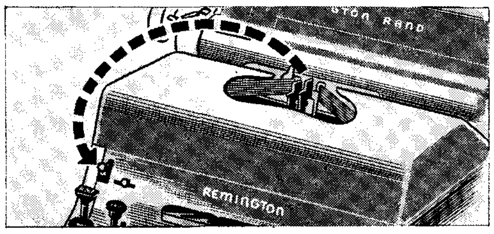
STUDEBAKER

First by far with a postwar car

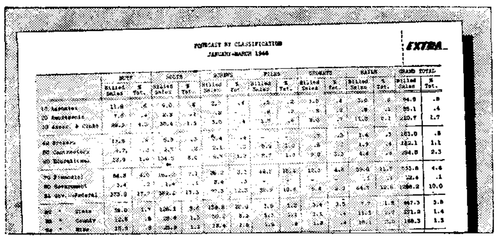
© 1947, The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend 27, Indiana, U. S. A.



4-Position, 3-Track Ribbon Control saves you money, gives one third more ribbon usage



Key Trip instantly releases mis-stroked keys that jam—no more smudged fingers

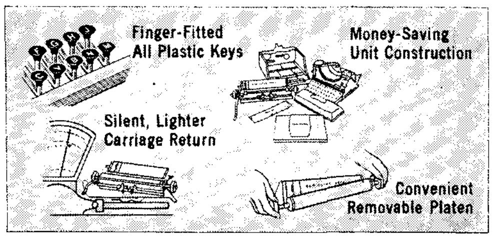


Longer Writing Line often eliminates the need for an extra, wider carriage machine

KMC

KEY TO A TYPIST'S HEART

Here's a new typing feature . . . the smoothest, easiest, quickest way you've ever known, to turn out letters any boss will be proud to sign. Keyboard Margin Control*, we call it. Your fingers never leave the keyboard . . . a flick of the keys, and both margins are set—click! Now you can have margin setting where it really belongs . . . *on the keyboard.* It steps up performance, steps down fatigue. You'll find it only on the Remington KMC*—the latest of many reasons why more Remingtons have been bought than any other typewriter. See it today! There's nothing else like it in typing!


Finger-Fitted All Plastic Keys
Money-Saving Unit Construction
Silent, Lighter Carriage Return
Convenient Removable Platen

◀ ***Only the Remington KMC gives you all 8 at no extra cost***

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THE FIRST NAME IN TYPEWRITERS
Makers also of world-renowned Remington Portable Typewriters

*KMC and Keyboard Margin Control, T. M. © 1947 by Remington Rand Inc.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

There's a new high in the movie sky.

★ ★ ★ ★

"High Barbaree" hits a new high in adventure.

★ ★ ★ ★

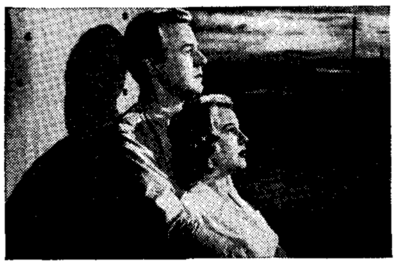
"High Barbaree" hits a new high in romance.

★ ★ ★ ★

Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, who wrote the famous "Mutiny on the Bounty", have penned a new modern story with equal fascination.

★ ★ ★ ★

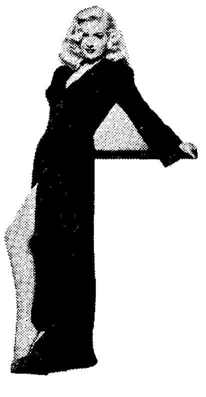
As a Cosmopolitan magazine story, as a popular novel, it won millions of readers for its tale both taut and tense, its love story tender and touching.



Van Johnson's role is completely different from anything he's done in the past. Tough and dramatic, suave and civilized, it's a characterization that will absorb you. June Allyson, with stars in her eyes, is the girl he loves. But there's another girl in his life—Marilyn Maxwell.

★ ★ ★ ★

Thomas Mitchell adds the tang of salty humor with his part. Claude Jarman, Jr., flaxen-haired star of "The Yearling", and Henry Hull, one of the stage's finest actors, head a perfect supporting cast.



★ ★ ★ ★

Produced with consummate skill by Everett Riskin, dramatically directed by Jack Conway, from the screenplay by Anne Morrison Chapin, Whitfield Cook and Cyril Hume, "High Barbaree" hits a new high in entertainment.

★ ★ ★ ★

For spring enchantment, come along to the isle of High Barbaree . . . that tropic paradise, that half-real, half-imaginary Shangri-la, happy land of which all lovers dream.

★ ★ ★ ★

You'll have a high good time at "High Barbaree".

★ ★ ★ ★

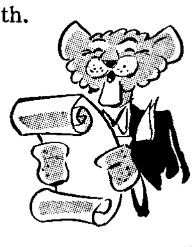
Louella Parsons has just given it Cosmopolitan Magazine's Citation as the Picture of the Month.

★ ★ ★ ★

To see is to agree!

—*Leo*

P.S.—What a Scoop!—"The Hucksters", "B.F.'s Daughter", "East River"—the three top best-sellers—will all be M-G-M hits!



COLLIER'S

June 7, 1947

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				JOSEPH UMHOEFER	*Articles*		

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He was practically one of the family, so he hardly noticed the girl.

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About two men who converted crystal-making into a fine art.

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Meet Sylvia F. Porter, only woman financial writer in the U.S.

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●

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COVER By *LAWSON WOOD*

THE WEEK'S MAIL

THE MORGUE THE MERRIER

DEAR SIR: To make your current "Safety First" campaign a pleasure not a pain I submit famous "last" words.

"Thanks, I can light my own—this car steers itself."

"Watch me pass the truck at the top of the hill."

"If he won't dim his, I won't dim mine."

"As a matter of fact I drive better when I've had a couple."

I further propose that driving by the people, through the people, and over the people may shortly perish from the earth.

MORRIS GOODMAN, Montreal, Canada

N. G. MAN

DEAR EDITOR: Re America's Number One Mystery Man (Apr. 12th-19th) Frank Costello has, and still is, successfully defying all of our very top-notch law enforcement departments. He laughs at them, ridicules them, lives in luxury, etc., is certainly offering definite encouragement to others to attempt the same thing.

Had you been in a position to show that he had been finally convicted and punished there might have been a moral to it, but you repeat the fact that *in 30 years* there has been only one conviction against him. What more encouragement could a lot of weaklings ask for?

E. S. HUGHES, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

CUTTIN' THE CORN

DEAR SIRS: In listing your pet hate words, Let's Murder Some Words (May 3d), didn't you leave out "integrate"? . . .

W. H. HARRIS, West Palm Beach, Fla.

. . . My pet hate word is "directive." . . .

MARIE FRUGONE, New York

. . . Would you be so kind as to include Our Nation's Capitol, so often heard on the radio? . . .

L. A. ROBERTSON, Seattle, Wash.

. . . What happened to "Frame of Reference," "know-how," "over-all picture," and have you noticed how all editorial writers have found everything strangely "viable"? . . .

HORACE TAYLOR, Washington, D.C.

O'REALLY O'REILLY?

DEAR SIR: I hate to pick on another Irishman but Tom O'Reilly's Daredevils On Horseback (Apr. 26th) is a little too much. As a professional with twenty years of riding and training jumpers I'd like to point out that: (1) I never knew a professional who would back away from any jumping

(Continued on page 82)

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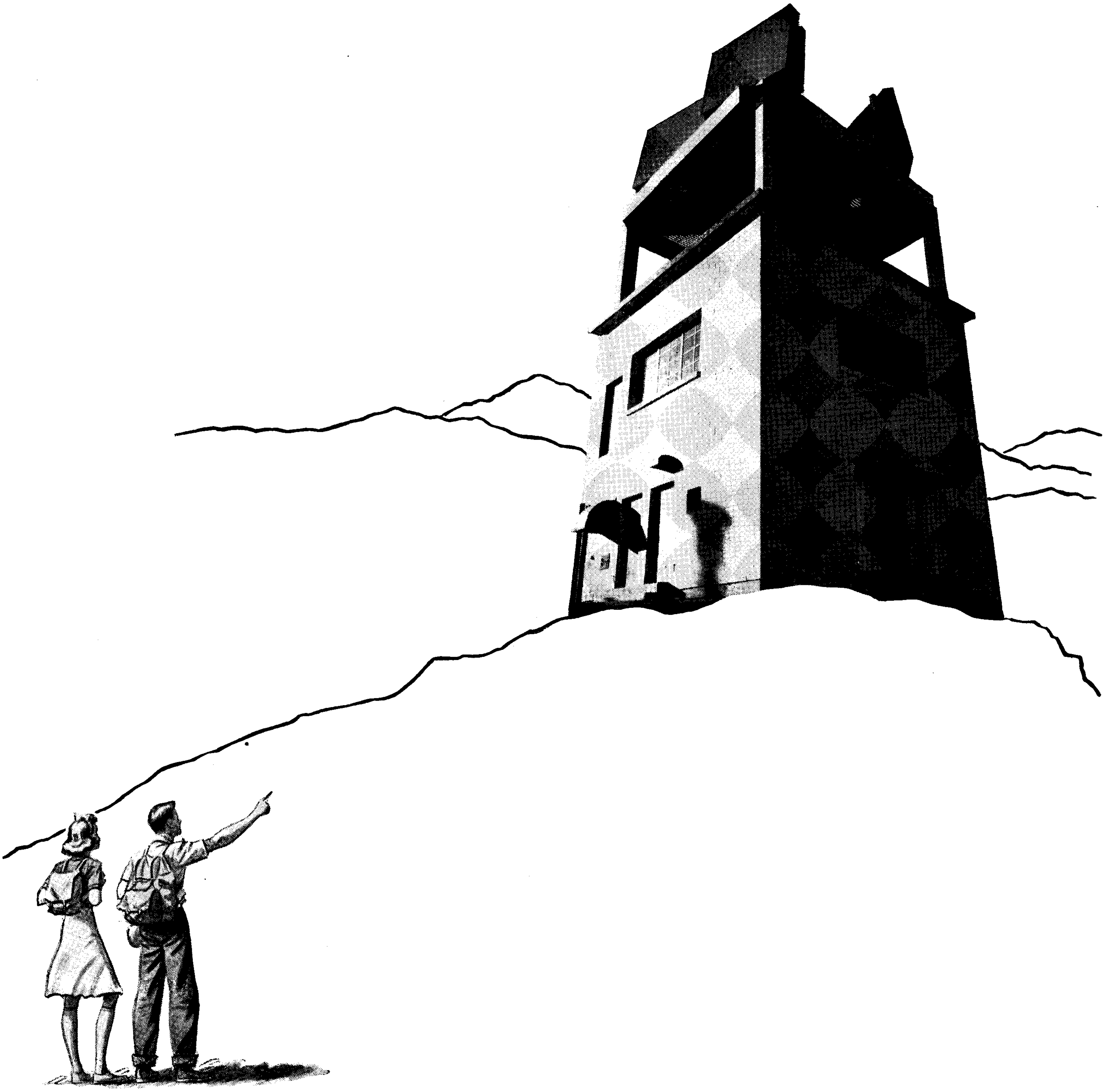


SEVEN TOWERS ON SEVEN HILLTOPS

Built by the Bell System, they will provide a new kind of Long Distance communication.

Each hilltop tower is a relay station between New York and Boston* for very short radio waves. These "microwaves" are free from static and most man-made interference. But they shoot off into space instead of following the earth's curve. So they have to be gathered into a beam and aimed at the next tower, about 30 miles away. That's the job of the four big, square, metal lenses on each tower. They focus microwaves very much as a magnifying glass focuses the sun's rays.

These radio relay systems may be used for Long Distance telephone calls and to transmit pictures, radio broadcasts and television programs.

This is another example of the Bell System's effort to provide more and better Long Distance service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

**We have applied to the Federal Communications Commission for authority to start a similar link later between New York and Chicago*

★

MISS
AMERICA
OF
1960
WINS BY A
(S)MILE!

★

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE HELPS CLEAN MANY OF THE DANGER SPOTS

WHERE 3 OUT OF 4 CASES OF DECAY START!

To every mother of a beautiful little girl or a friendly, manly little boy . . . Are you sure the tooth paste you're using really does the cleaning job you want? Does it get after those danger areas on tooth surfaces . . . the places where more than 3 out of 4 cases of decay begin—tiny flaws and cracks in the enamel . . . often hard to see . . . hard to reach . . . hard to clean?

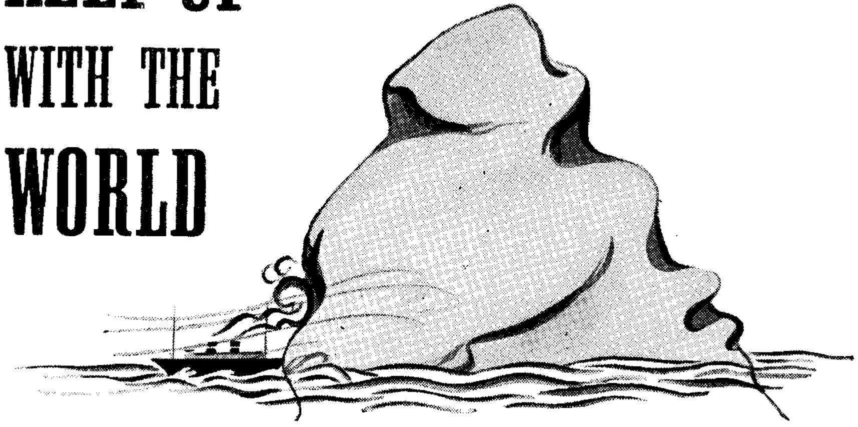
It's for this special purpose . . . because these tiny pits and fissures are so important . . . that the makers of Listerine Antiseptic developed Listerine Tooth Paste.

Get this cleansing "Prescription for Your Teeth" that contains a special ingredient to help clean many of the very spots where so much decay may begin. Remember, Listerine Tooth Paste is made by experts of a company that has been a leader in the field of Oral Hygiene for more than sixty years! Lambert Pharmacal Co.

PRESCRIPTION FOR YOUR TEETH!
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
DOUBLE SIZE
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
ST. LOUIS, MO. U. S. A.
MANUFACTURED IN U.S.A.
DOUBLE SIZE

If you prefer Powder, ask for Listerine Tooth Powder—on sale at all drug counters.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

BY FRELING FOSTER

Ships sailing in the North Atlantic and the oceans surrounding Antarctica are sometimes unable to progress against strong head winds and surface currents. On the other hand, icebergs are not affected by these factors owing to their size and depth, but are moved only by deep currents. When possible, therefore, a ship in such a predicament will tie itself to an iceberg that is going its way.—*By Robert E. Devine, Long Beach, Calif.*

The most versatile mechanical man ever constructed was made by an American and exhibited in New York City in 1939-1940. Upon a spoken command, this seven-foot 260-pound robot would perform any one of 26 actions such as walk, smoke, count on his fingers and speak, using a vocabulary of 77 words. Most incredible of all, his intricate electrical mechanism—tubes, motors, relays, coils—contained no less than 24,900 miles of wire.

The death of Raja Suchet Singh in Lahore, India, in 1844 was followed by one of the last and greatest instances of suttee, the age-old Hindu custom that required a widow to be cremated with her husband. This ruling prince maintained, in palaces in Lahore, Jammu and Ramnagar, a total of ten wives and 300 concubines, all of whom sacrificed themselves on funeral pyres in their respective cities.

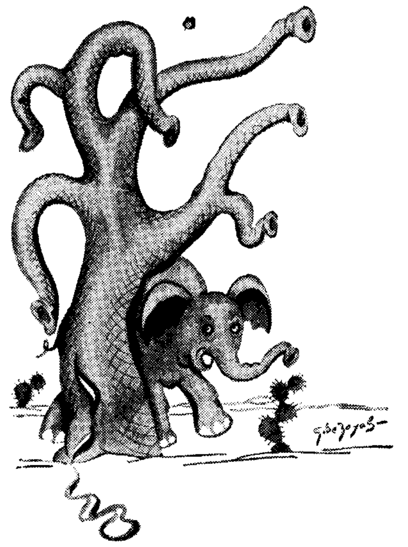
In major-league baseball, the three highest batting records, based on 100 or more games in one season, were made by National League players—Hugh Duffy of Boston .438 in 1894, Willie Keeler of Baltimore .432 in 1897 and Rogers Hornsby of St. Louis .424 in 1924.

The only airman to perform the spectacular stunt of gliding through the air by means of canvas "wings" attached to his arms was Clem Sohn of Lansing, Michigan. At an altitude of 12,000 feet, he would jump from a plane and swoop, bank and loop to within 2,000 feet of the ground, finishing his fall with one or two parachutes. After making some 200 of these descents in two years, he plunged to his death on April 25, 1937, through the failure of both chutes to open, before 100,000 spectators at an air circus in Vincennes, France.

Of the 130 Class-1 railroads in the U.S. today, three use neither *Railroad* nor *Railway* in their names—Reading Co., Southern Pacific Co., and Pennsylvania Reading Seashore Lines.

A new device to save lives in hotel fires is a reel of steel tape permanently mounted on the window frame. The occupant of the room fastens the tape under his arms, steps out into space and is lowered to the ground at elevator speed by the unwinding of the reel.

Growing in isolated places in southern California is an odd and little-known species of tree the scientific name of which is Bursera microphylla. Some call it "The Elephant Tree" because its branches resemble the upraised trunks of elephants, while others call it "The Bleeding Tree" because its sap resembles blood and flows from the slightest cut in its thin bark.

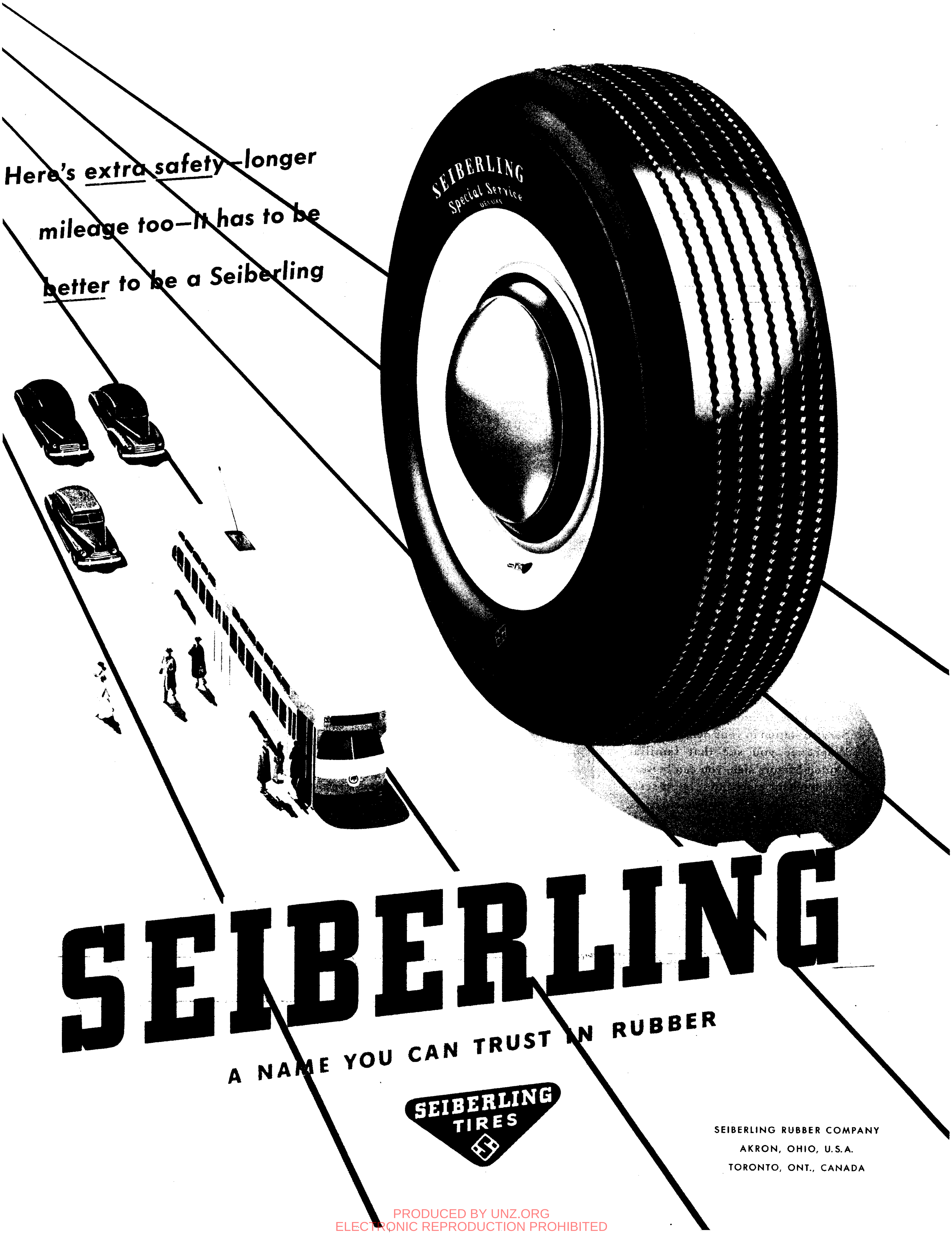


A curious pool of water the origin and activity of which have long mystified geologists is located near Gwadar, Baluchistan. Called "The Eye of the Sea," it is very deep, round and 15 feet in diameter. Every five minutes, in a certain spot on its surface, a bubble forms, increases to the size of a grapefruit and then bursts.

Demonstration of man's ability to hypnotize wild animals was given by a Hungarian physician at the Budapest Zoo in 1937. Chiefly by the tone of his voice, he put into a hypnotic state a dozen of the zoo's most feared animals, including a surly lion, a bad-tempered swan and a bear that had mauled his keeper on several occasions.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. **This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission**

Here's extra safety—longer mileage too—It has to be better to be a Seiberling


SEIBERLING
Special Service
DeLuxe

SEIBERLING

A NAME YOU CAN TRUST IN RUBBER

SEIBERLING TIRES

SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO, U.S.A.
TORONTO, ONT., CANADA

Here's how to make each gallon of gas *Go Farther*

If your car isn't giving you peak gasoline mileage, you are wasting money every mile you drive.

Here's what it takes to cut down gas consumption and step up engine performance. First, the carburetor should be inspected and adjusted. Then check the fuel pump, timing and spark plugs—make sure they're right. Next on the list is a check for dragging brakes and incorrect tire pressure. When that job's done, you'll get better engine performance and the most out of every gallon of gas.

We suggest that you take your car in *soon* to the friendly United Motors Service station in your neighborhood. Wherever you see that familiar United Motors sign, you can be sure of competent mechanics, latest service methods, original-equipment parts.

UNITED SERVICE MOTORS

Selected independent automotive service stations are authorized by

UNITED MOTORS SERVICE

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

to display the sign above and to sell and service these products:

DELCO Batteries
AC Fuel Pumps, Gauges and Speedometers
INLITE Brake Lining
SAGINAW Jacks
DELCO Radio Parts
HYATT Roller Bearings
DELCO Auto Radios
DUREX Gasoline Filters
HARRISON Heaters
DELCO Home Radios
NEW DEPARTURE Ball Bearings
HARRISON Thermostats
DELCO Shock Absorbers
GUIDE Lamps
DELCO-REMY Starting, Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes

THE WEEK'S WORK

Louis Pollock and son David

It's been high lights all the way for Louis Pollock, whose Breakdown, p. 14, is his Collier's first. Born tongue-tied in Liverpool, England, and operated upon aboard ship on the way to Montreal at eleven months, he's been talking ever since. Schooled around Montreal, he once hit a redheaded classmate and he's always been meaning to straighten his nose. As a newspaperman around Chicago, he was not only fired three times but he also watched an unco-operative mobster's wife argue a bunch of silk-shirted gents out of taking her husband for a ride in their car. The husband and the gents sided against her. "Such provincialism on her part," sneers Pollock.

Lured by greed (enormous emoluments) into press-agentry, Pollock traveled the country as advance man for everything from a faith healer who looked like Lincoln and tried to pay off in flowers, to Sally Rand who didn't look bad and paid off in cash. Now in Hollywood trying to make a living writing, he says you never really find out. He's sold a few originals, written a novel, Stork Bites Man.

Married and the dad of two, Pollock's hobbies consist of cosmogony, supermarket shopping and mathematics. As a cosmogonical antidote to the growing sleeping-pill habit, Pollock has found nobody's ever died from reading Eddington's This Expanding Universe. It's been putting him to sleep for years, he says. Supermarketing and mathematics are related, of course, but in ten years Pollock's managed to get no further than Hogben's Mathematics for the Millions. "I found I wasn't one of the millions," he mourns.

When Mr. S. Kryvicky (The Way Joe Got Married, p. 11) reads about writers sweating blood over their stuff, he gets twinges. To him writing is fun and when he doesn't write, he doesn't feel good, he explains. "So I write when I'm working the afternoon shift."

For Mr. Kryvicky, who was born in the coal fields of West Virginia, raised in the Ohio coal fields and educated in factories, is a job leader in a Detroit auto works, where he is nurse to a giant automatic punch press. He likes his work too, and has asked me not to mention it, because the boys will give him the big haw. "Work ain't fashionable, you know," he avers.

Married to a pretty wife, and the father of a small son, Mr. Kryvicky's other great love (besides work) is editors. He's never met one, and would dearly love to write about them. "When I read how no good editors are," he fumes, "my guts ache. They're the best people I've ever heard of. They've gone out of their way to be kind to me. They've written letters of encouragement, bawled me out, pointed out my faults, suggested where I could sell my stories, and practically shed tears when they couldn't buy one. Your Miss Stone is one of them. Someday I'm going to buy one of them a beer."

When he isn't at his two-headed work, Mr. Kryvicky reads anything he can afford. He's especially fascinated by what the deep thinkers find wrong with factory workers. "Don't tell them," he confides, "but most factory workers want a better job, a home of their own, some individual sport, beer—naturally—and lots of loving and sleep. In that order. I used to be a union president so I ought to know."

Guy Emery, whose Night in Dakota, p. 20, packs such a lethal wallop is originally from Minnesota. He played football for Army back—unfortunately for Mr. Emery—before there were Mr. Insides and Mr. Outsides. He recalls Stanford pushing his team around inhospitably to the tune of 44-14 or so. When Pitt (remember Pitt?) did likewise to USC a few days later, he adopted California as his native state; even married one of its gentler occupants: a Conover refugee. There have been two lesser editions.

After several postgraduate Army tours of duty at quite uninteresting places (he says), and a session of newspapering, Mr. Emery got into the war, fighting it in what he thinks were the most uncomfortable places available. Beginning at the Aleutians, he wound up, sadly, at a thrice-damned place called Echternach, on the Siegfried line at the tail end of the Bulge. "A land mine cut one leg from my military standing," he says, "leaving not enough to bother about. So I am now splitting my attention between my first love, writing, and a course under the G.I. Bill at the University of Virginia Law School."

This week's cover: Cautious Cholmondeley (Chumly), one of Lawson Wood's Snerdian simians, the best-known and best-loved monkeys in the world, goes fishing—presumably for a catfish, to get even with those fowl creatures behind. . . . Ted Shane

HERE IT IS!

The NEW 1948 PIPER CUB Special

NEW Styling

NEW Comfort

NEW Performance

NEW Economy

NEW Big Value

RIGHT now perhaps you're thinking, "Can I afford an airplane?" With its new improvements and low cost, the 1948 Piper Cub Special is today's best answer to that question.

You'll be proud of its modern blue and yellow finish. You'll enjoy 20% greater speed and over 25% better gasoline mileage . . . approximately 100 miles per hour (top speed) and 20 miles per gallon . . . made possible by the fully cowled engine, the cleaner landing gear and streamlined struts. A new 16.5-gallon gas tank in the wing provides a 300-mile cruising range for outstanding cross-country utility. The new front seat, with its folding back, affords greater safety, more leg room, improved visibility. All new features . . . yet the 1948 Special is lower in price than any similar two-passenger plane!

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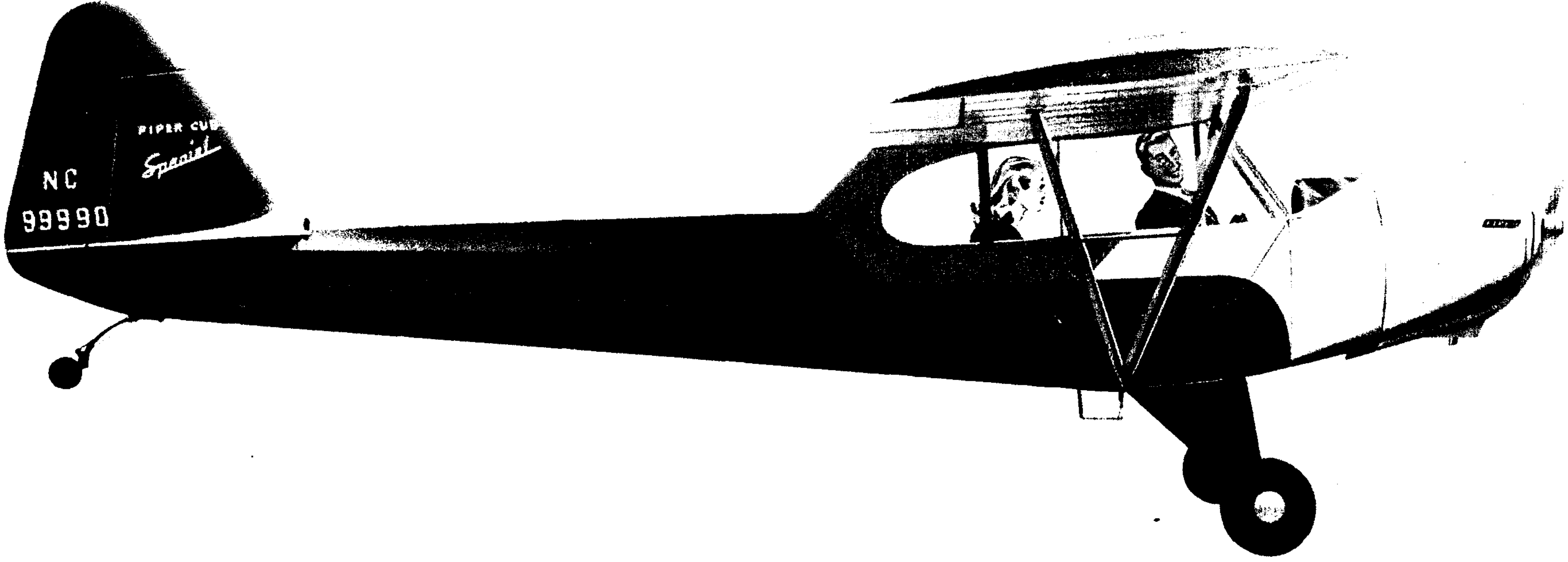

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LOOK TO THE LEADER FOR GOOD SAFE PLANES YOU CAN AFFORD TO BUY AND FLY

This is one way of looking at it—

SUPPOSE your house burned down—what do you think would happen?

Well, if you're like most homeowners, the insurance you carry would be just about enough to build a house with the same number of rooms . . . *but of Lilliputian size!*

Or to build a full-size one with about half the number of rooms and conveniences you have now.

How come? Because prices on homes and furniture have gone up to new heights in the last few years. And most people haven't raised their insurance to cover the increase in value.

It costs the average man about two cents a day to increase to full insurance. There's a Travelers agent or insurance broker capable of estimating home values in almost every town.

In these days need we say more?

MORAL: INSURE IN

The Travelers

ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE AND SURETY BONDS

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

THE WAY JOE GOT MARRIED

—It was more or less the way it happens to everybody

BY S. KRYVICKY

"LISTEN, Joe," Tina said, leaning earnestly forward across the kitchen table, "what you ought to do is get married. You're going to the dogs fast."

Joe Denby lifted his head off his hands and stared sourly at her. His mind seemed to be floating around inside his skull like a thick fog, and thoughts were hard to pin down. It was bad enough having a hang-over without having this kid trying to lecture him on the morning after.

"Go away, kid," he said, not unkindly.

"Look at yourself," she said, gloatingly. "Boy, do you look horrible!"

"Mrs. Watson," Joe pleaded, "make her stop."

Mrs. Watson sighed audibly. "Children, children," she said obediently.

"I know I'm just a kid as far as you're concerned," Tina went on relentlessly. "I know that very well. I'm only twenty, Joe, but I'm old enough to know that you're going to the dogs. Just look at yourself."

Joe listened to Mrs. Watson clatter some pots and pans on the range as she prepared Sunday dinner. It was a good homey sound, peaceful; and the way the sun shone through the glassed back door warmed his heart. But this brat here had hold of him like a puppy worrying a shoe.

"Look, kid," he said, trying to reason with her. "I don't want to get married. Just because I hung one on last night, and now I got a hang-over for it, don't mean that I'm going to the dogs." He turned to face the bathroom door where, he knew, Mr. Watson was shaving. "Does it, Mr. Watson?"

"No," Mr. Watson said.

"Now, Dad," Tina said in that special warning tone that her mother often used.

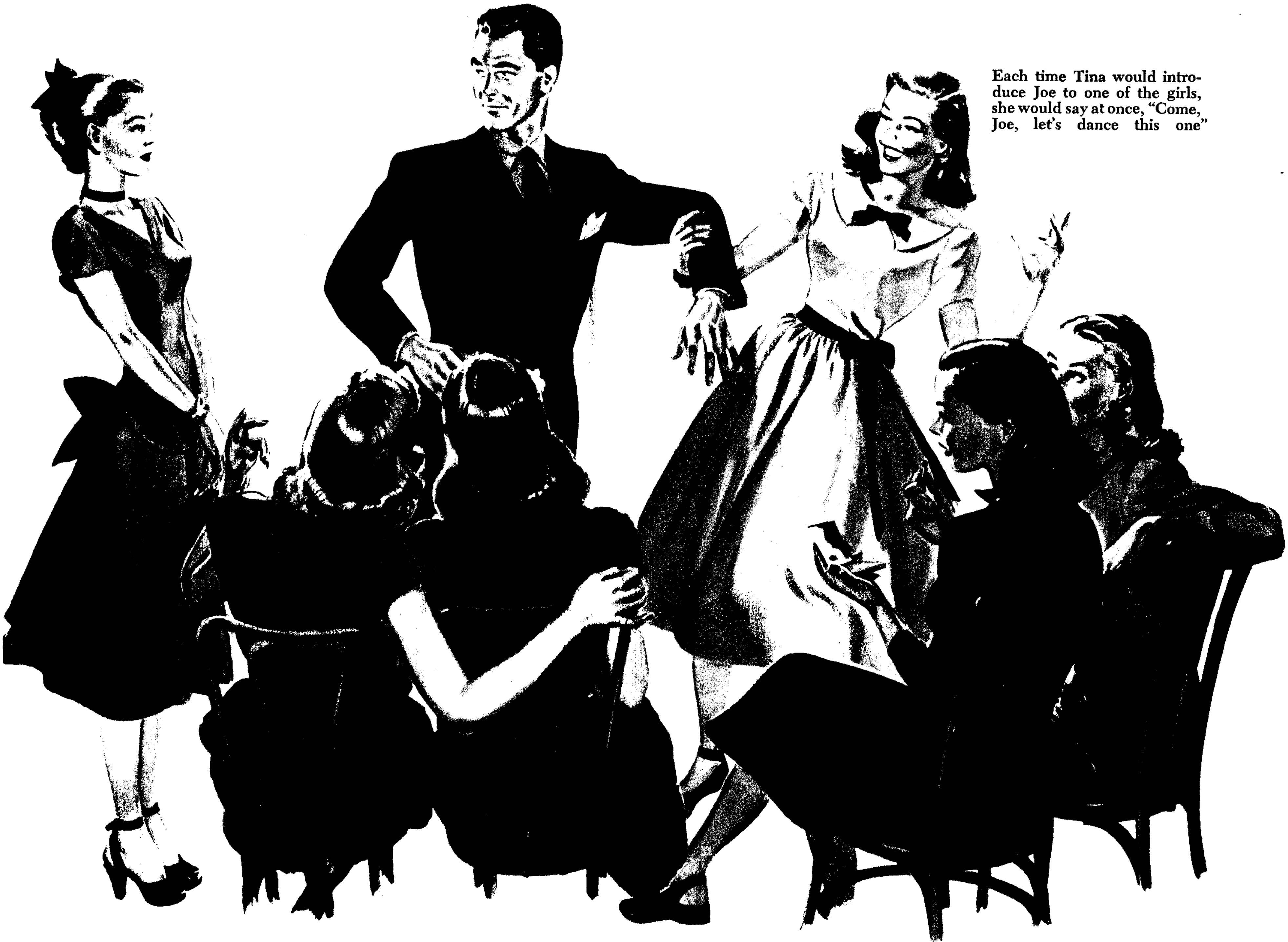
"He's just sowing a wild oat, Tina," Mr. Watson called.

"Wild oat!" she exclaimed. "After over three years in the Army, and more than a year out, he still wants to sow wild oats! Dad, that's foolish."

"Look, kid, let me be," Joe said.

"If you were married now," Tina went on, not heeding him, "you'd probably be thinking of owning your own home. And maybe a car, too. You got a job, maybe a good one, I don't know—but you're not worrying

(Continued on page 53)



Each time Tina would introduce Joe to one of the girls, she would say at once, "Come, Joe, let's dance this one"

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

Nobody remembers who had the idea, but it certainly changed the city. Nobody can say just what it did, but maybe Father McDewell came closest when he said, "I feel that Dunkirk has somehow been blessed by God"

THIS is the story about a city that grew up, and it could start in Ig Fafinski's grocery store. Or perhaps in a fisherman's shack north of the town, or in the composing room of the Dunkirk Observer or in the bar of the Francis Hotel, where Hans Schilling dispenses drinks. It could start in the sacristy of St. Mary's Church on Washington Avenue or in the kitchen of Jack Hayes' restaurant across from the railroad tracks, or in the office of Robert Dew, president of the Dunkirk Trust Company.

It could start anywhere in Dunkirk, New York, but we might as well begin it in the Allegheny Ludlum Steel plant where two thousand men are taking raw iron ore and transforming it into the finest of metals. The furnaces are roaring, and when the doors are opened, blasts of hot air swirl out angrily. The air is filled with the shrill scream of lathes and cutting machines and the crash of huge power hammers.

Big Nels Currier, president of C.I.O. Local 2693, United Steelworkers of America, comes over and says in a voice that has no trouble being heard above the roar of the plant, "There's the whistle. I'm through. Let's get outa here and knock over a beer."

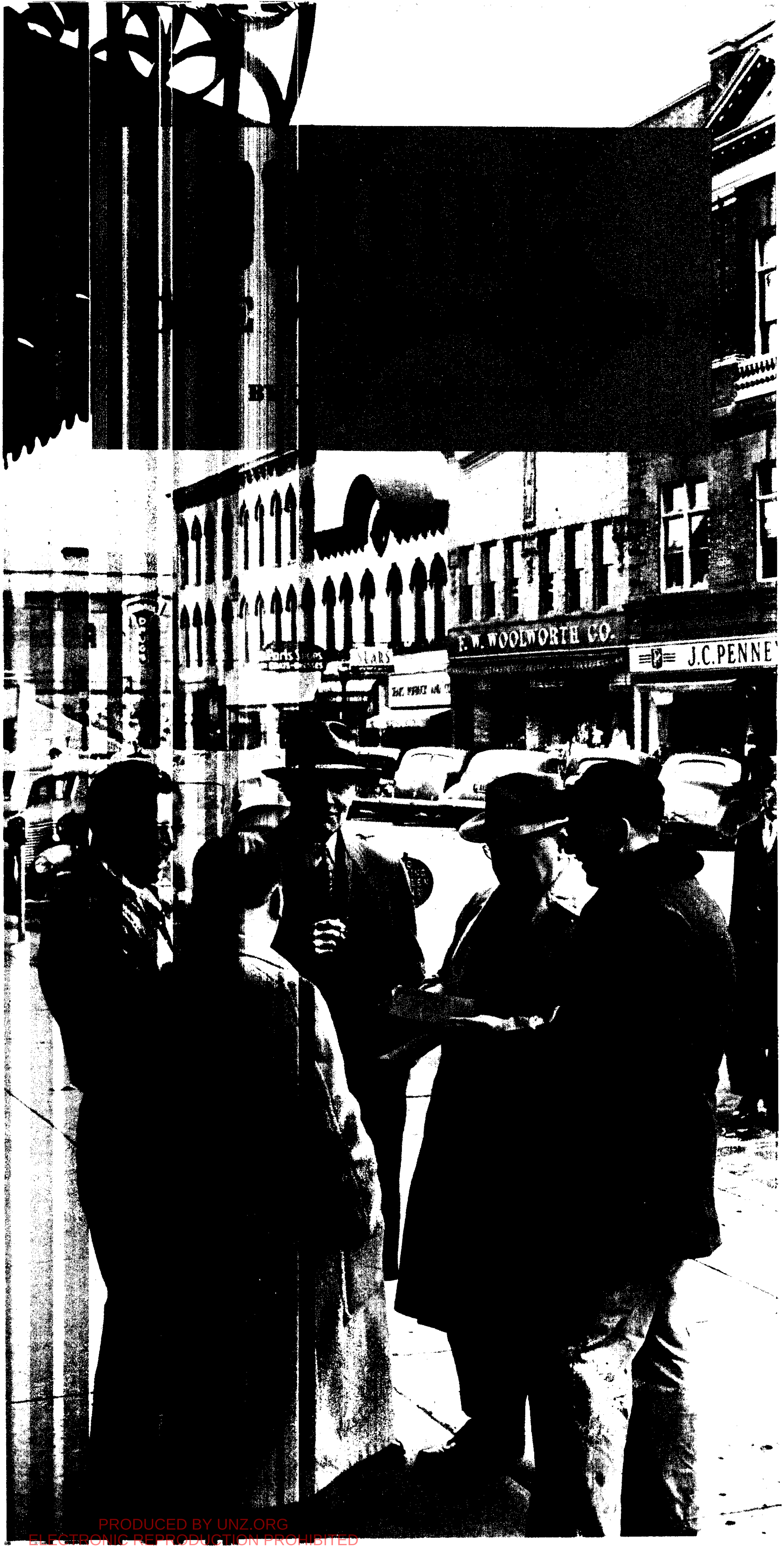
Nels took me to a place called the Lakeside Athletic Club, where a man can buy a big glass of beer for ten cents. When you stand at a bar talking to the head of a steelworkers' union you automatically start talking about labor difficulties.

"Labor trouble? We don't have no labor trouble." Big Nels downed his glass of cold beer quickly. He smiled, and when he smiled, every heavy line and wrinkle of his ruddy face smiled. "You guys always thinking about labor troubles. Papers keep talking about labor troubles. We got close to two thousand men working in our plant. Know how many grievances we had in the past year? Fifty-two! Yeah, and not one of them that couldn't be settled right in the plant manager's office. Here in Dunkirk we don't have no labor trouble."

"What makes Dunkirk different from other cities?" I asked.

"I dunno." Nels put a huge hand around a fragile glass and reached for the pretzel bowl. "We get along good here, that's all. Why, hell, me and the boss, that's Walter Breeler, went to school together as kids. We don't have any trouble in this town at all. Especially since Dunkerque Day. This town is a lot different since Dunkerque Day. You ask anybody."

Big Nels is typical of Dunkirk in being unable to explain what has happened to the town since Dunkerque Day last Thanksgiving. Something happened all right—something that it's good to know about on this anniversary of D-Day in Normandy. Everybody knows it, but not even thoughtful Father Bertrand McDewell, of St. Mary's Church, or Attorney Joe Rubenstein (a Jew elected to the Dunkirk City Council from a ward



that is ninety-nine per cent Polish) can put it into words. Neither can I.

I only know that I walked into Dunkirk one day not knowing a soul there, and left a week later thinking I was part of the city and envying the people who lived in Dunkirk.

Now let's start at the beginning. That was about a year ago. Dunkirk was just another upper New York State city of about twenty thousand ordinary mortals. There was nothing to distinguish it from any one of the other 300 cities in America with approximately the same population.

There was no great wealth in Dunkirk (all of the manufacturing plants were owned by outside corporations), but there was no real poverty. The American Locomotive Corporation had a big plant in Dunkirk. So did the already mentioned Allegheny Ludlum Steel Corporation. The American Fork and Hoe Company employed about four hundred men. A great many others went to work for the Hickok Manufacturing Company (belts, buckles, garters). For the rest, Dunkirk followed the pattern of any other city of its size.

Young men went to work for the Dunkirk Trust Company or for the Safe Store owned by Jux Weinberg, or for the Boston Store or the Lakeside Baking Company or for the big Koch brewery or for the Cease Food Service (Bill Cease feeds something like ten thousand men a day in the various plants in Dunkirk), or they became local representatives for the big automobile companies, or they sold insurance or became lawyers or doctors.

Some of them played golf at the Shorewood Country Club and danced there on summer nights and took their girls walking out to Point Graziot, where they watched the blinking of the lighthouse and the moon dancing on the usually placid surface of the lake. And they thought of themselves (if they thought of the subject at all) as pretty average Americans in a pretty average community.

Some Groups Were Clannish

Dunkirk had its "foreign" population (forty per cent of the twenty thousand were of Polish descent), but the Poles had their own clubs and churches and a life of their own that set them a little apart. There was no very strong feeling against them, but the oldest Dunkirk families did keep aloof. They kept aloof, too, from the Italian population (ten per cent) and the German group (eight per cent). There were only eighteen Jewish families in Dunkirk. The rest were what might be called just Yankees.

In politics the city usually went the way the country went. To say that there was a strong isolationist sentiment in Dunkirk would be unfair, but there was a state of indifference to anything that happened outside of the city. Dunkirk was primarily concerned with its own rather smug existence, and well pleased that national and international affairs were in other hands.

One day about a year ago a group of men were lunching at the Francis Hotel. Someone casually mentioned that he'd seen a short piece in the Dunkirk Observer about Dunkerque, France. It seemed that Dunkerque took quite a beating during the occupation. The Germans had appropriated all the livestock, all the plows and tractors and pitchforks; the Germans had taken all the surgical instruments and dental equipment. The people of Dunkerque had survived, but they had no tools to work with, no livestock to breed.

Someone in that group at the St. Francis mentioned that the Dunkirk they lived in was named after Dunkerque, France, way back in 1810 when a French trader noticed how similar the lake harbor was to the North Sea harbor of the French port.

"Kind of sister cities," someone said.

"Nice if we could help them," another said casually. And that's how it began. Today they don't even remember whose idea it was. No one even remembers just who sat around that luncheon table. But people started talking about the idea, and one day Wally Brennan, editor of the Dunkirk Observer, wrote a piece about it.

A Genial Shirt-Sleeve Editor

Now a word about Wallace Brennan. I suppose you'd call Wally a shirt-sleeve editor. A plump, smiling, wise and witty man, Wally Brennan writes the editorials for the Observer. He would remind you more than a little of the late William Allen White. He has the same liking for people and the same talent for drawing heartwarming editorials out of the cold keys of a typewriter.

The idea began to grow. It grew to a point where a committee was appointed to consider the idea of helping Dunkerque, France. It would be a good thing for all concerned, the committee said. The city might raise . . . let's see, now . . . can't make it too steep . . . well, about $2,500. Let's make that our goal. And say, the publicity won't hurt our town any, either.

Well, the Chamber of Commerce and the City Council approved the idea, and it was presented to the people. There was a howl of protest. Make it a publicity stunt? The hell with that! Dunkirk is doing all right without publicity. Let's do this for the people of Dunkerque, France. That's how the people talked as they gathered at the soda fountain in Monroe's Drug Store (Est. 1859), and as they walked out of the First Baptist Church on Washington Avenue or gathered in front of St. Hedwig's Catholic Church on Doughty Street.

"What can they do with money over there?" someone said. "Why not send them things they need? Let's send them shovels and pitchforks and seed and livestock and surgical equipment and . . ."

Mayor Murray called a mass meeting. Industrial Commissioner Roman Wiate, Wally Brennan and Attorney Joe Rubenstein laid out a plan. Each civic society, lodge, union local, club, veterans' organization would be assigned a specific task. At the meeting

(Continued on page 72)

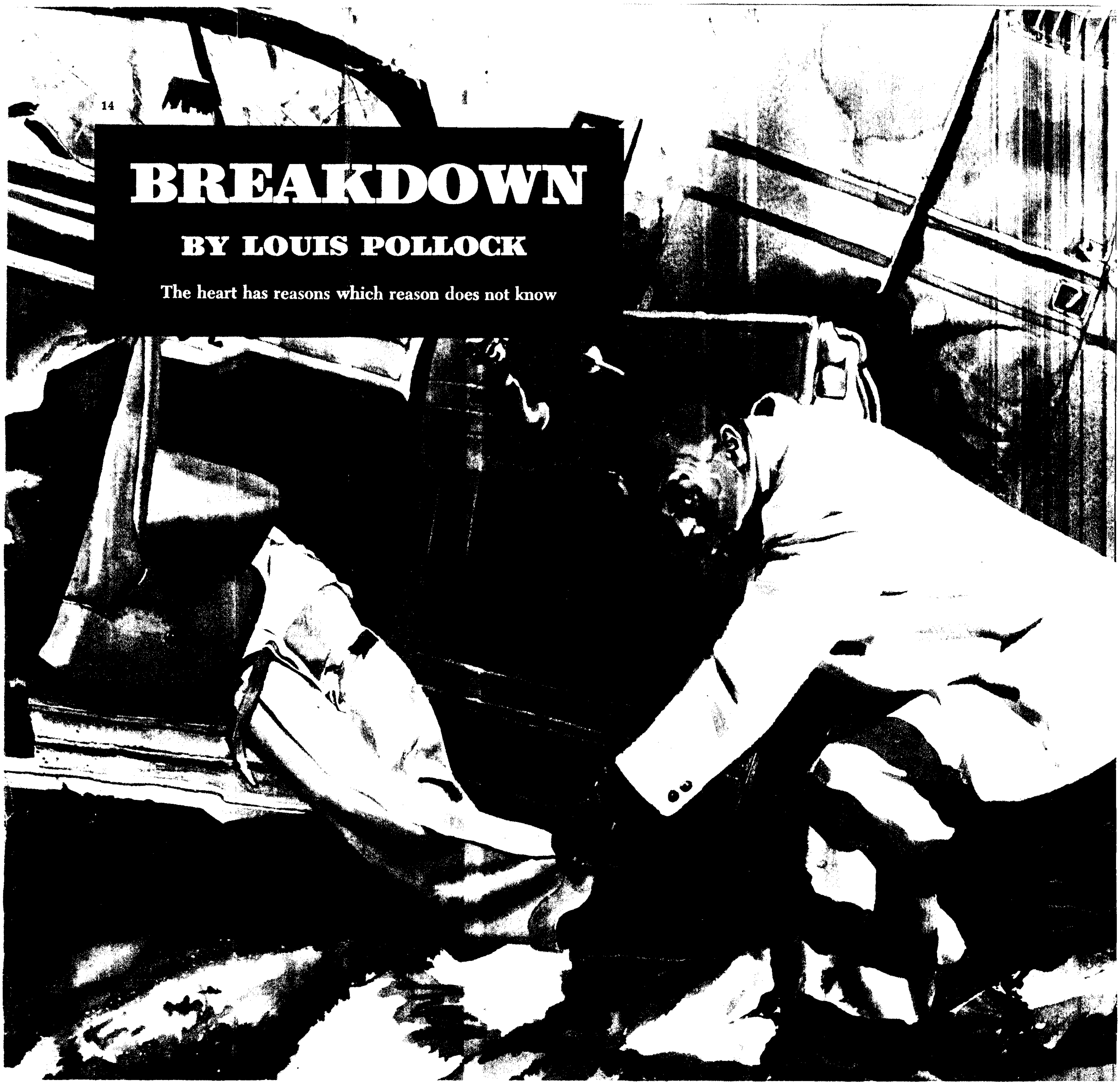
Since Thanksgiving, 1946, a new spirit has pervaded Dunkirk, N. Y., so that gatherings such as this on Main Street are no longer a rarity. In group at left, clockwise from extreme left are Grocer Ig Fafinski; Walter Breeler, manager, Allegheny Ludlum Steel; Editor Wally Brennan; C.I.O. Leader Charley Rudolph; City Attorney Joe Rubenstein. Crossing street, left to right, are Hans Schilling, John McCauliff, McKinley Briggs, Mayor Murray, Henry Newman

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE HUSTON

BREAKDOWN

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

The heart has reasons which reason does not know



MIAMI BEACH gleamed in its best travel-folder colors. Along the ocean front of the Hotel Adorado, an attendant made his way down a long line of cabanas. He stopped in front of two men, and spoke to the younger, more aggressive-looking of the two.

"New York calling, Mr. Callow," he said. "Your office, I believe. A Mr. Hubka."

William Callow lowered his highball and considered a moment, before he rose to his feet. He was a tall man, about forty, with a well-nourished breadth to him. His manner had a discernible, pugnacious air to it that sometimes characterizes those who have met life squarely and profited from it.

"Have to get this, Ed," he said to his friend. "Be back in a minute."

The other waved in understanding.

Walking toward the telephone at the end of the beach walk, Callow tried to control his annoyance. It was Saturday, he realized, and Hubka must have just received the dismissal notice Callow had dictated before flying down to Florida at the beginning of the week. It was an impersonal act. Hubka, a veteran employee in Callow's company, had somehow displeased Merling, the new and very successful sales manager. To Callow, office disputes were disorganizing, particularly when small men were stupid enough to joust with big men, and the remedy was obvious. Accountants of Hubka's abilities were hardly at a premium. A good sales manager was.

He picked up the phone and greeted Hubka crisply. The accountant started out with a level voice but a tremor soon worked into it. He began with a humble apology for disturbing his employer. But could he be told what he had done to be fired like this? After all these years—well, it was a shock. He couldn't understand it.

Callow looked out to sea where the dark blue run of the Gulf Stream cut across the sky line. Tomorrow he and Ed would be out there trolling for the big ones again. Hubka's pleading continued to beat against his ears and he waited for the faltering that he knew was due soon. When it came, he cut in. Surely Hubka had received an explanatory memo? He knew there was to be a realignment of accounting personnel and methods to conform with Mr. Merling's new sales setup? That's all it amounted to. Regrettable, but unavoidable.

Yes, Hubka had received the note. But he still couldn't understand. What had sales to do with accounting? Or, rather, why couldn't *he* keep whatever records were necessary? For years he had charted the results of all types of selling. It didn't make sense.

There was a bite to Callow's voice when he answered. "It may not make sense to you, Hubka, but don't you think we ought to leave that question to Mr. Merling? I do."

That did it. Hubka sputtered, and

"And now, dead boy," the convict said, "your valet is going to disenrobe you. I needs them clothes"

became inaudible for a moment. Then he became a little maudlin and Callow sensed, with deep contempt, that the man was weeping.

"Good Lord, man!" he said sharply. "You haven't been sentenced to Siberia, you know. There are other places . . ."

"No, no!" Hubka came back as if he couldn't bear to stand the finality of the situation. "It's the upset, the suddenness. My family won't know what to think. Why, the company—it was just like our own business. Even the children felt they belonged to it, and it to them. I just can't go home and face them. If a thing like that can happen then I am not sure of anything, of nothing."

He fought for control a second. "It was the last—the very last thing I thought could happen," he finished brokenly.

He was sobbing heavily and plainly unable to go on. Callow listened, then carefully replaced the phone on its cradle. He told the attendant to report him unavailable if the call came back. When he returned to the waiting Ed and his highball, he explained the nature of the call and expressed his deep disgust with men of Hubka's type.

"Damn' weakling," he said.

Ed shook his head. "Not at all. The bottom dropped out of the fellow's world and he was honest enough not to pretend otherwise."

"But a man can't give in to his emotions like that!" Callow said.

"He must if they are strong enough and everything else has failed," Ed said. "When all that a man knows and all he has learned convinces him that there is no hope, nature steps in to take a hand to save him."

"From what?" Callow almost sneered as he put the question. "What did it save Hubka from?"

Ed thought a moment. "Well," he said, "it may have saved him from killing himself or hating you. Or, from wanting to kill you or this Merling, perhaps, and thus endangering his own life. There was a benefit, you can depend on it. The most human thing about human beings are their emotions. We cannot really live without them."

"What bosh, Ed!" Callow said. "What fantastic bosh!"

Ed smiled and raised his glass, unwilling to argue the point.

The next morning, on the launch, they ran into a school of dolphins, and though their skipper continually searched for the coveted marlin, they hooked nothing but sea-green dolphins. When it got monotonous, they gave up and put ashore. After lunch Callow fidgeted and finally announced he was driving back to New York. It was typical of him not to be able to take relaxation in anything but small doses. He said goodby to Ed, packed, and a half hour later was headed north in his convertible.

At West Palm Beach his motor started overheating and bedtime found him no farther than Daytona Beach. He found a mechanic to replace a cracked head gasket, and then headed for a hotel.

LATE next morning he started off again. By sundown he was coming up out of Georgia when he hit a detour. It was a red clay road sunk like a trough between tree- and brush-covered sides. His wheels had hardly found the center ruts when he saw that familiar tableau of Georgia highways—a chain gang.

The convicts were preparing to board the steel cage of the prison truck under the watchful guns of two guards. On the other side of the road from the truck a tractor was nosed up the incline a bit. Its driver, head bent low, was listening to the motor which he raced intermittently.

The way was clear; the guards were signaling Callow on. But just as he came up to them the tractor roared again and lurched back into the road directly in front of him. He clawed frantically at the wheel but the ruts held the car. It sideswiped the tractor, and swung around toward the truck. In one brief instant Callow saw the horrified faces of the two guards and the two prisoners—then the convertible crushed them all against the truck.

Dust was falling on Callow, large, fuzzy clumps of red dust. He heard it fall. And then suddenly he realized there was no sound. He wasn't hearing the dust fall—he was *feeling* it fall and *seeing* it fall because it was falling on his open eyes. I'll close them, he thought. But they didn't close. It was as if he didn't know how. He tried to think of how it was done but there was no answer to this. You either do it or you don't, he thought, and in his dazed condition he derived a vague satisfaction from this deduction.

NOT until full recollection of the accident came to him was he able to place himself. He thought of the four men and knew they must be dead. But what of the others? Why wasn't someone with him? The urgency of the situation awoke in him.

He tried to move, to get up. Nothing happened. A wave of panic started to rise but his ego rebelled at the thought of hysteria. I am William Callow, he said to himself, not—not Hubka or some other lightweight. I'll take this for what it is worth, and nothing more.

Could he see? There was something in front of his eyes that had meaning, and, yet, somehow didn't. Could he actually see or was this some floating pattern in his head? He studied it and after a while became convinced that the pattern was the sky, a darkening expanse of sky. But it was blurred and broken. It had fringes—not just around its outer edge but running through it in all directions. Then part of the fringe, but not all, became familiar. It was between him and the sky and he recognized it as the windshield of the convertible. The safety glass had fissured and parts of it were hanging in twisted shreds.

An understanding of what might be wrong with his vision struck him. The dirt—a film of it and lumps of it—were over his eyes. And there was more than that, probably. His face had smashed against something. Skin would be torn, perhaps bone.

He tried to check his limbs, tried to force movement somewhere in his body, but without success. No sense of pain, no sense of physical being reached his consciousness. Yet, dimly, he was aware of a pressure against his chest, or rather, deep within his chest. And, just as dimly, he felt that his head was tilted back oddly. That would account for the sky in front of him, he thought. He was staring up, tilted far back in his seat, or else the seat had been jarred loose and was now slanting back like a deck chair.

He wondered how he looked; whether he was whole. He had no inkling. From no point of his body did he get a sense of contact with the car. Yet, he knew he must be on the seat, must be pressed against the back rest; his feet should be on the floor.

He thought of his hearing and as he concentrated he heard voices close a hand. He tried to call out and knew immediately that he couldn't make a sound. Something out of a medical book or article flashed into his mind, something about motor control of the nerves that lead to the body muscles. Had he lost all control or was it just deadened temporarily? He had one hopeful sign, he felt—the sense of constriction about his chest. He was grateful for it. It might indicate that the paralysis was not permanent and recovery a possibility.

The voices were nearer. Two men were talking. A foot scraped against the car and an oval shape—he knew it must be a face—came between him and the windshield. A raspy voice vibrated in his ears.

"Look at this boy in the roadster, Sam! Man, look at him! The steering wheel done folded up in his vest somewheres."

"Yeah, he sure a mess, Piney," agreed the other. "Whooey, look at that face. Where his eyes? Them slits? He cut, swollen and gone, that boy. He dead, all right."

"Deader'n last night's coon, Sam," Piney said. He gave a buzz-saw laugh.

"Well, he should be," Sam said. "He done killed four other men. Come on, Piney, le's get out of here. All them other boys high-tailed it the minute they knew them guards was cold."

Piney's face came closer to Callow, and Sam cried out in alarm:

"Get away from that man, Piney! What you doin'? Don't fool with no dead man, boy!"

If only mentally, Callow tried to wriggle away from the face; but it held close and the raspy voice sounded again with a note of excitement to it:

"Wait, Sam! I see a piece of this boy's eyes in them slits! Can't tell for dirt. Something moving in his eyes!"

Callow's hope surged and his feeling toward Piney changed in a flash. The fellow had detected in some way that he was not a corpse. They wouldn't abandon him . . . they would get help. . . .

"Ain't nothin' moving," Sam said in disgust. "Get away from him. Ain't nothin' moving in his eyes but you. Can't see his eyes anyway and if you does, that's you'self you see bobbin' around in them."

Piney was hesitant. "Yeah?"

"And it ain't healthy to see you'self in a dead man's eyes," added Sam.

CALLOW felt he'd be willing to give up all further hope for a chance to leap at Sam. Piney's face was withdrawn instantly, and Callow felt as if he had been robbed. But when Piney spoke again his voice sounded just as close. "Sam! Get up in this car with me. Get on this seat."

"What for?" Sam said. "I ain't gonna sit with no dead man."

"You sit on the far side," Piney said. "I'll sit next to him. Get up here, boy!"

There was a pause. Callow could feel nothing but he knew he had been moved. The top of the windshield beat up and down in a quick shifting. Then he heard the men talking again. Piney was directing Sam to lean back in the seat and put his feet against the dashboard of the car. They were going to get the dead man loose from under the wheel, he told Sam. Sam grumbled and wanted to know why, but Piney ordered him to push. Metal creaked under the strain. Piney's voice urged Sam on to greater effort. Then a cry of satisfaction came from Piney and Callow thought he sensed an easing of the pressure against his chest.

"Now lemme out of here," Sam said. "What you want him pried out for anyway?"

Piney laughed. "How you 'spect I gonna get away from these parts with these jailhouse clothes on me? How far? How far would I get?"

Sam's voice was horrified. "You

(Continued on page 46)

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

ASH CAN TO MUSEUM

BY LLOYD MANN

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BARRETT GALLAGHER

CRASH! A $400 vase shattered on the floor. Smash! A $500 bowl caromed off the wall and fell in a thousand fragments. Bits of glass flew through the air like meteors. Armed with short lead pipes, Arthur Houghton, president of Steuben Glass, Inc., and John M. Gates, vice-president, flailed their way through the company's warehouse at Corning, New York, like men possessed. It was every child's dream enacted by two adults.

For one whole Sunday these sane and sober businessmen, clad in overalls, gloves and goggles, whacked the daylights out of every piece of glassware in the building and personally reduced the book value of the 20,000 items stored there from $1,000,000 to zero. At sundown, they sat amid the wreckage and congratulated each other. It was an odd way to start a business.

That was in November, 1933. Houghton had been president of Steuben little more than a month and Gates had just joined him. They took one look at the mass of stagnant inventory they had inherited and decided the only way to build a profitable business was to start from scratch. So they took the night train to Corning and committed one of the finest acts of vandalism in American business history.

Houghton's family has long owned the Corning Glass Works, and after graduating from Harvard in 1929 he stepped into the organization and soon became vice-president. His interest had always been in the handmade crystal produced by the Steuben Division of Corning, and it was only natural that he was soon appointed head of this section.

The chief worry of the Steuben Division had been its regular annual deficits of about $150,000. The crystal itself was not too bad, but designs were atrocious and the stuff wouldn't sell. For a scholarly young man of twenty-five with a fondness for collecting rare manuscripts, it was not a pleasing outlook. Houghton admits that, at the time, he considered chucking the whole thing and retiring to the mustier but calmer atmosphere of his library. But it happened that about the time he took over, Corning had developed a new and virtually flawless crystal.

It was a gift Houghton could not refuse. His first acts were to discontinue all but a dozen of the more than 3,000 retailers and to stop production. Then he induced Corning to set up Steuben Glass, Inc., with himself as president, as a wholly owned subsidiary and the only future agent for Steuben crystal.

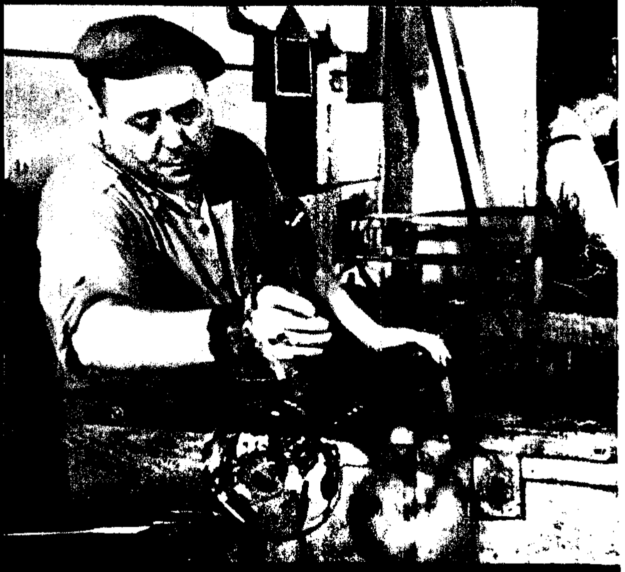
Determined to prove that this perfect crystal could be the means of artistic expression, Houghton corralled as vice-president his friend John Monteith Gates, a young architect, who knew little about glass but plenty about design. The year before, at the age of twenty-eight, Gates had won the international competition for replanning the city of Stockholm. Tall and suave with a brisk sense of humor, Gates has a sense of intrinsic form second to none.

Encouraged by their initial act of violence—which incidentally gave the firm its slogan, "From ash can to

(Continued on page 70)

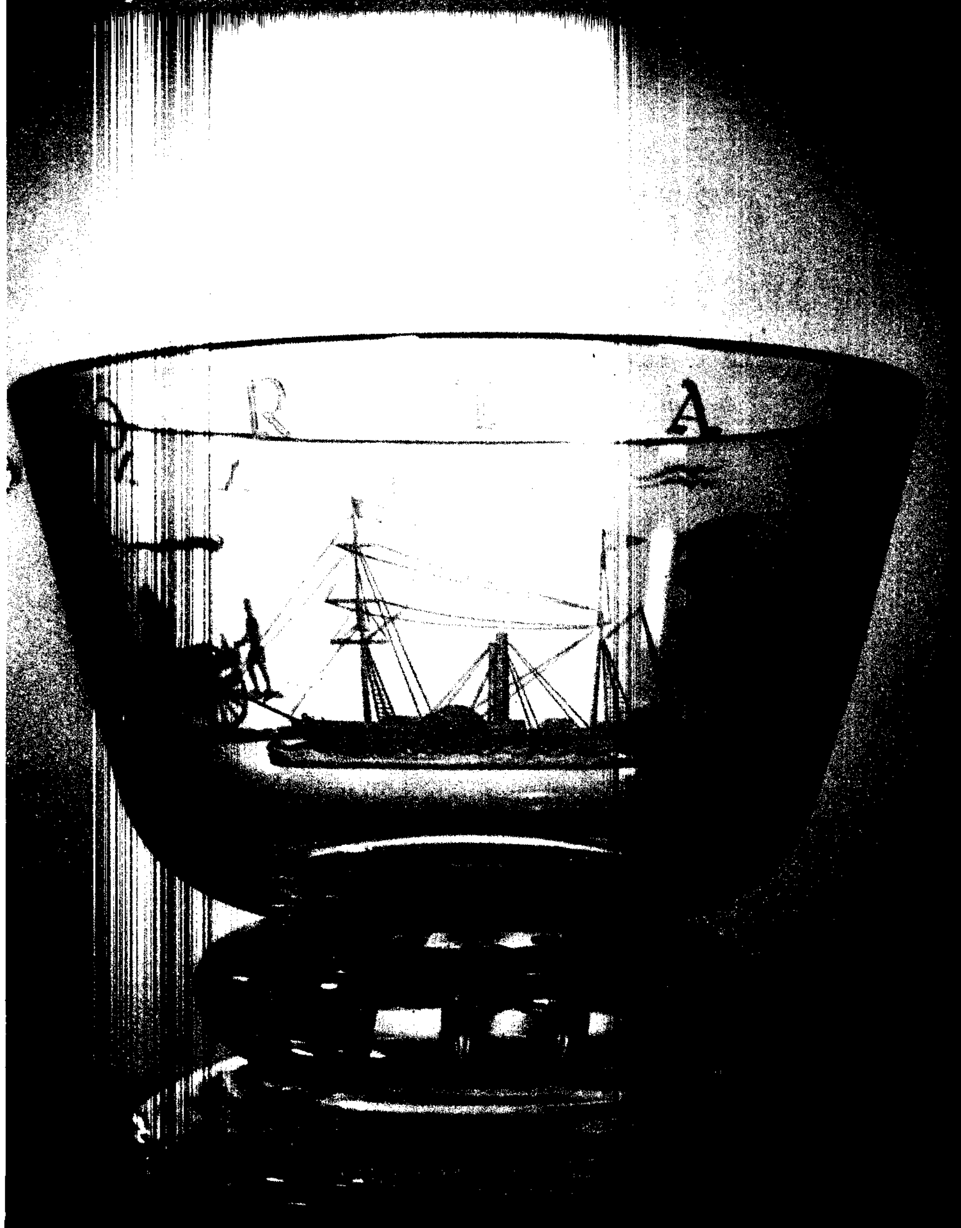
Two young men started Steuben Glass, Inc., by smashing to smithereens $1,000,000 worth of glassware. What they created in its place is today recognized in many museums as about the finest in the world

Steuben craftsmen, among finest in world, learn trade through years of apprenticeship. Here Gatherer Hans Johnson gives decanter rough form in wooden shaper

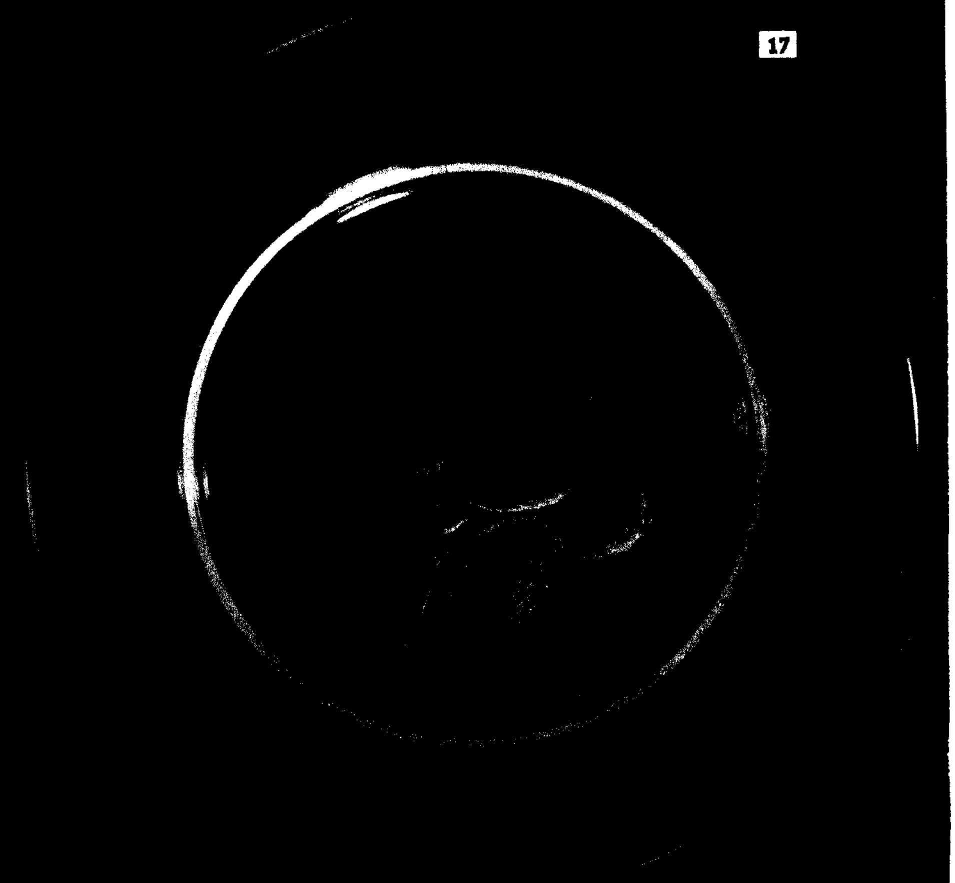


Servitor Francis Cranage blows glass into a bubble, pulls out decanter's neck with wooden tongs. Semiliquid glass must be turned constantly to prevent drooping

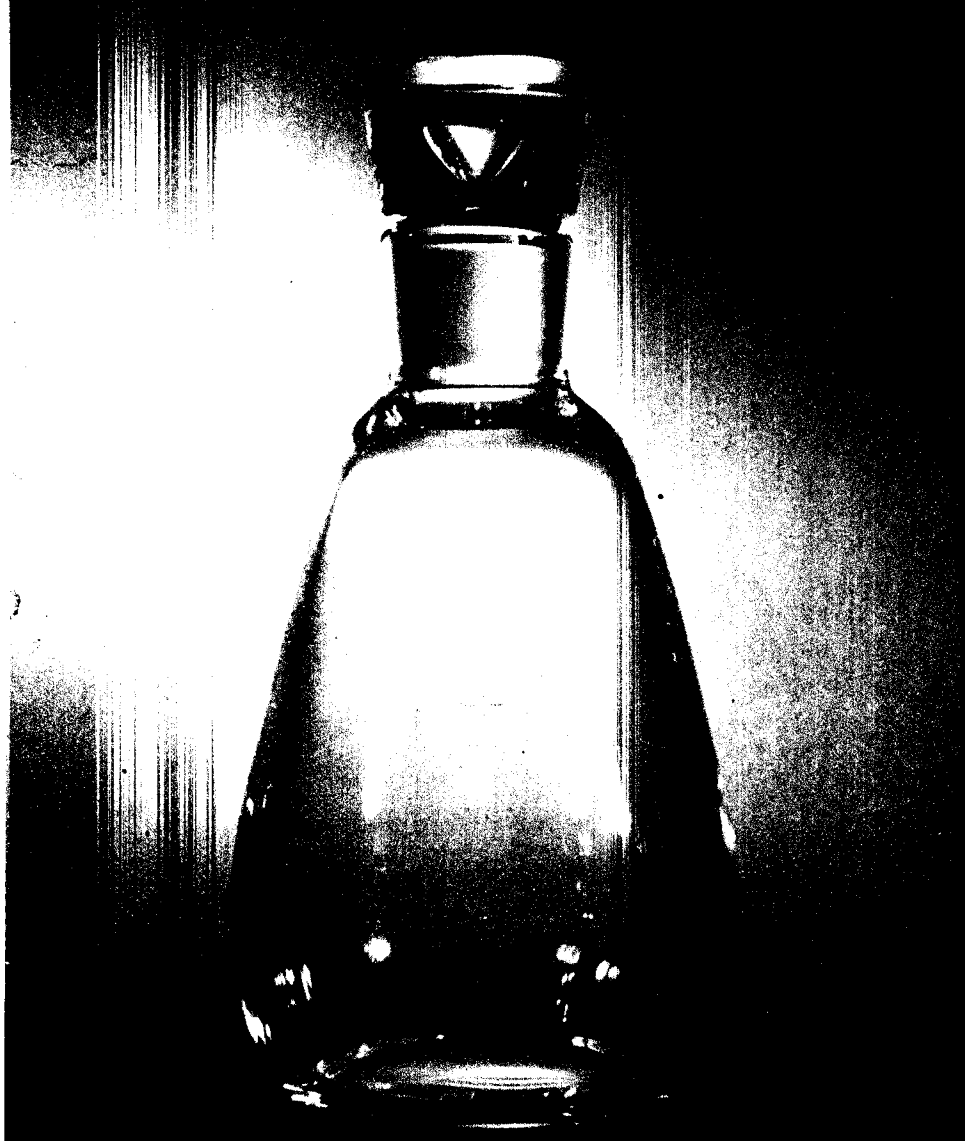
Gaffer James Janson, the ultimate artist, applies a trickle of glass to make ring around neck, above. Decanter is held by bar fused to bottom with glass. Final treatment is given decanter by Joseph Libisch, below, who engraves designs by hand. In rear is his rack of engraving wheels



This bowl, **Transportation, is one of American Ballad** series designed by Sidney Waugh



Barred Owl design was adapted from Audubon's book, Birds of America. Price: $65



Teardrop in stopper of this decanter, by George Thompson, is mark of hand blown glass

Agnus Dei, by Sidney Waugh, shows superb harmony between design and engraving

POLITICS IS MURDER

BY EDWIN LANHAM

The Story:
George Wright, a reporter assigned to City Hall, decides to investigate **Jeff Stover**, the new Council member. George's curiosity is aroused for several reasons: Stover maintains that he does not deserve the office; then, in his maiden speech, Stover proposes a local law changing the name of obscure McKeever Place. This infuriates **Joe Myles**, acting majority leader, and **Dobbs Padgett**, Stover's uncle, head of a powerful law firm with influence on the Council. Besides all this, Stover is engaged to beautiful **Barbara Padgett**, with whom he is not, apparently, in love. George finds that McKeever Place was named for a friend of Joe Myles, **Rudy McKeever**, who was mysteriously murdered in 1932. In a near-by bar run by McKeever's sons, he finds Stover, who refuses to explain his motives in proposing the law. Soon after this, a stuffed cat, which was once a City Hall cat belonging to McKeever, disappears from the bar. During this week, Stover has been "away"—no one knows where. When Stover returns, George overhears an argument between him and Barbara which involves a threat by Stover against "Humpty Dumpty." Barbara breaks the engagement. Later, Stover denies knowledge of the missing cat, but admits to George that he is involved in "something big," about which he will tell George at the proper time. With Stover during the talk is **Marcia Blaine**, a night-club singer. Marcia seems interested in the case—too interested. At the next meeting of the Council, Stover is absent. **Tracy**, a reporter, brings George a note from Stover asking him to come to him. When George walks into Stover's office, he finds Stover dead—stabbed with a sword. Standing over him is Barbara, wiping blood from her hand.

BECKHOFF
MARSHALL PUTS BLAME ON SOVIETS
Push Hammer Attack Probe

II

GEORGE took Barbara's arm and pulled the girl out of the office, pushing the door shut with his foot. His fingers closed hard on her wrist. "For God's sake, what happened?"

She shook her head helplessly, still staring at her hand. He caught both her shoulders. "Take it easy. Here, sit down a minute." He pushed her gently into a chair, and she began to sob.

"How did it happen?" he asked.

Again Barbara shook her head, hopelessly.

"Look here," George said. *"You* didn't do it, did you?" She looked up at him blankly; he answered for her. "No, of course not. Did you find him like that?"

She nodded, and George turned away to open the door of Oliver Nathan's office. It was empty. His eyes went to the wall where the samurai's sword had hung, then he shut the door. The next office, that of Walter Tannenberg, the other People's party member of the Council, was empty, too. When George turned around he found Barbara watching him. The sobbing had stopped.

He asked again, "You found him just like that?"

"Yes . . . I wondered why he didn't come to the meeting. I came down here—"

"And he was—dead?" George forced himself to ask the question.

"Yes." She moved her head a little from side to side. "Dead."

He moved nearer her. "Listen to me, Barbara." It was the first time he had used her given name. "What sort of dynamite had Stover been playing with?"

"I don't know."

"It was dynamite, at least," George said. "I'd better get you out of here. I'll take you to Room 9. We have a private room down below where you can be alone."

Then he saw the handkerchief clutched in her hand. Kneeling beside her, he loosened her fingers and carefully wiped her hand with the handkerchief. Neither of them mentioned the blood. Barbara's fingers were limp in his; her whole body slumped.

He stuffed the stained handkerchief in his pocket and took her elbow. "Come on, let's get out of here." For the first time he noticed that they had been speaking in whispers.

The long, arched corridor was empty, an unbroken vista to the haze of light at the west door. He took her up the stairs, and as they reached the door of Room 9 he saw a blue uniform in the rotunda and called sharply, "Marcus, come here!"

The policeman approached them casually, a grin on his amiable, guileless face.

"Marcus," George said. "Go down to the minority room in the basement. You'll find Councilman Stover there, dead. He was stabbed with a samurai sword."

The policeman's mouth opened wide.

Still holding Barbara's arm, George led her through Room 9. Ray Martin was sitting at his desk by the window. His face was flushed and he had not taken off his hat and coat. He did not raise his head, and George could tell at a glance that Ray had been bending his elbow like a pretzel.

In the corner of the room was the steep stairway to the floor below. In the basement George opened the door to a dimly lighted room and led Barbara to a long table in the middle of the chamber, with a dozen chairs about it. George pulled one out for her.

"Sit down," he said gently. "I'll leave you alone for a little while. When you feel up to it, you can wash your hands there in the next room."

He climbed the stairs again and telephoned the city desk of the Record-Star. Brickell was out to lunch, so he told an assistant city editor about the murder. Then he called Padgett & Padgett. He was connected with the lawyer's secretary and said, "I'm calling for Miss Barbara Padgett. She wants to get in touch with her uncle immediately."

"He's not here now."

"Where can I reach him?"

"He's at City Hall—at the City Council meeting."

AS HE hung up, George heard sirens and saw a police car pull up outside City Hall. Ray Martin was at the window, still wearing his hat. "Wonder what's going on?" he said thickly.

"Ray, get the boys from upstairs."

"Why? What's the excitement?"

"Murder," George said. "Councilman Stover has been stabbed."

Ray focused his eyes on George. "Stabbed?"

"In the minority room," George said. "Got a bottle in your desk?"

"Oh, so that's it!" Ray expelled a breath audibly.

"No, that's not it. Got anything?"

"Look in the bottom drawer."

"Go up and get the others," George said. He jerked open the bottom drawer and found a pint bottle half full of rye. He carried it down the stairs to the room below, found a glass, poured a stiff drink and set it on the table. "Try this."

Barbara said quietly, "I'm all right now." She swallowed some of the whisky. "Thanks lots, George."

"I'm trying to get hold of your uncle."

"No." The word came quickly, indicative of a reaction that George was hesitant to analyze. She looked up at him and said more quietly, "I don't want to see anybody."

"He's upstairs, I understand."

"Upstairs!" Her eyes slanted up at him, and her mouth opened, but no more words came.

"I called his office, and his secretary said he was at the Council meeting. I'll go up and get him."

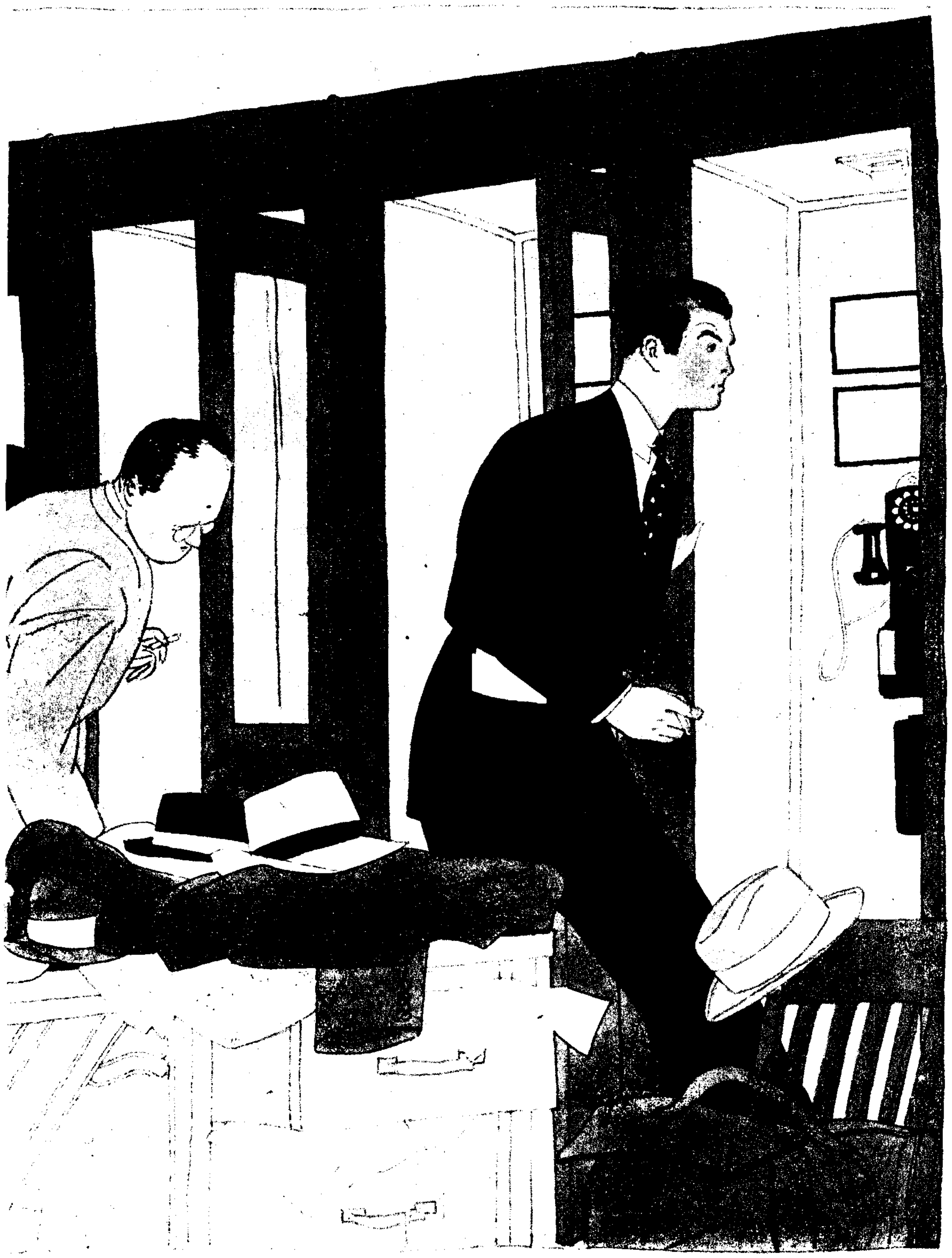
"No!" Her voice rose and as suddenly subsided. She shook her head, composed again. "Never mind. I'm all right."

George went on to the stairs. As he emerged from the narrow door at the top into the press room Ray Martin burst in with the other reporters at his heels, old Tracy bringing up the rear. The excitement had sobered Ray. His face was still flushed, but his eyes seemed clear. Tracy cried, "What the hell *is* all this, George?"

George told them, and added, "The sword belonged to Councilman Nathan, a war souvenir. It was hanging on the wall of his office. That's all I know."

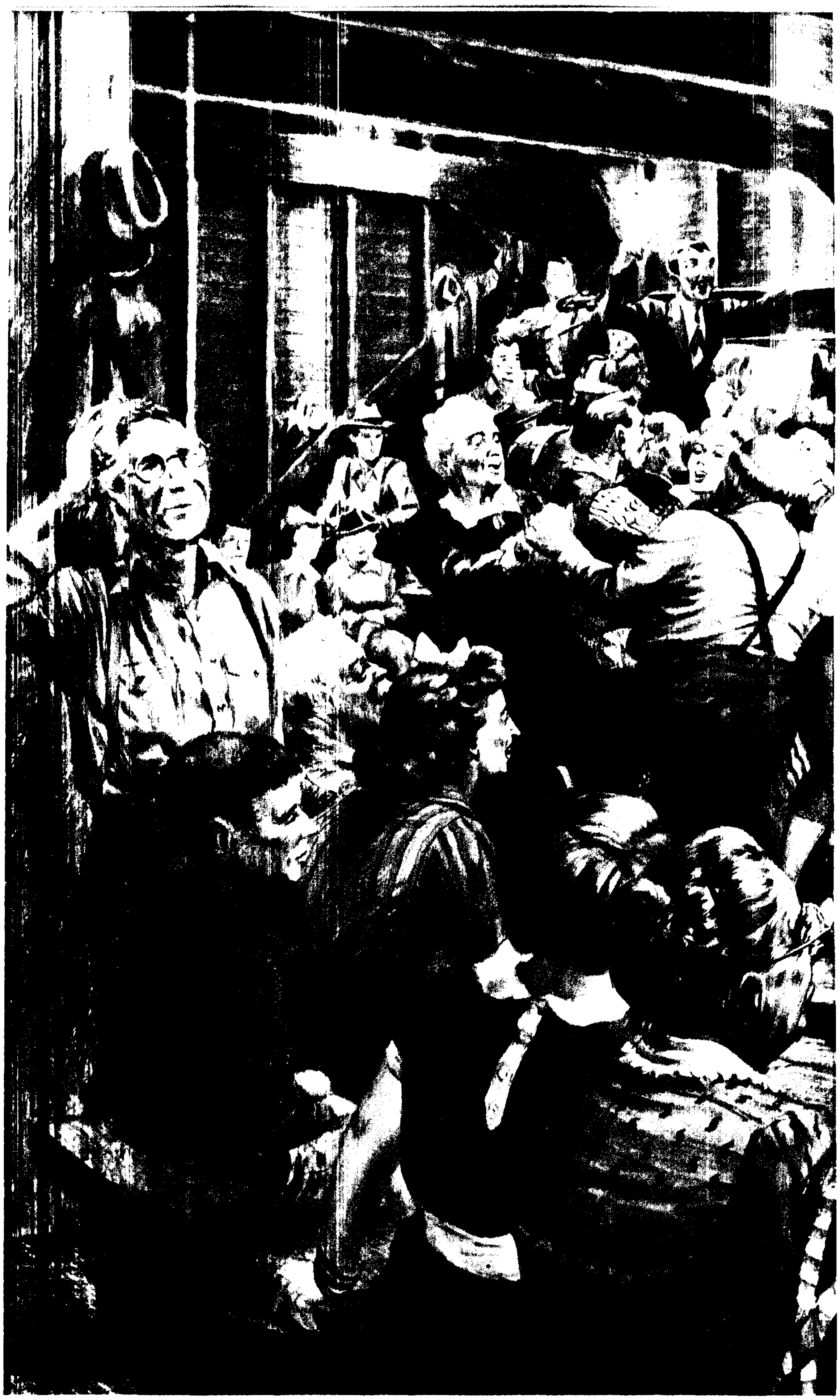
The afternoon reporters dived for telephones. George went out the door and ran up the spiral stairs to the Council chamber. He surveyed the rows of chairs behind the railing, but Dobbs Padgett was not there. He went up the side stairs to the gallery. The front rows

(Continued on page 28)



George had to find Barbara. He left Padgett outside and pushed through the crowded press room

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



The girl beside me pulled me on the floor before I could protest. When I heard, "Swing yer partners!" I had some revenge on my red-dressed betrayer

NIGHT IN DAKOTA

BY GUY EMERY

An emotional crisis in the life of a telephone lineman who didn't know what he was looking for—until he found her

THEO said, "Tie the damn' thing an' we'll call it a day." I pulled the stretcher up as far as it would go and the No. 6 throbbed taut, glinting sharply in the level sunlight softening now in late afternoon. Back at the last pole, Charley tied in and I threw my own knob-tie around the big green-glass insulator.

Behind Charley—southward—the bare, picked vertebrae of yellow poles crawled across the flat brown-yellow back of the Dakota prairie. The coil of wire dangled below me, the loose end of the line we'd pulled behind us all the way from Bismarck to Minot, then north again from Minot. This part the maps named the Souris River Valley. The natives, we'd learned along the way, called it the Mouse.

Ahead of us, never letting us quite catch up until we would see Regina in Canada, were the big Finns of the pole-setting crew.

I walked down, setting the gaffs of my climbers slowly and carefully into the soft-grained wood, watching for knots and strips of bark. It was less than twenty feet, but in the afternoon, when you were tired and didn't watch to see that the angle between your lower leg and the pole was wide enough, a gaff tearing loose could make you fall. Then the belt would hold you close against the pole on the way down and if you were caught by surprise, or if you weren't quick enough to twist in the belt and put your hip against the pole instead, you would find yourself in a moaning huddle on the ground and it might be an hour before you could walk again.

I stood at the bottom unstrapping the iron climbers and working the cramp from my knees and ankles. The sun, which had seemed even with me on the pole, was still fairly high.

I asked Theo, "Little early to be knocking off?"

"Uh-unh. Saddiday. An' I wanna be sure them damn' squareheads ain't give us another bum steer."

The building crew had gotten into the habit of leaving us advice as to good towns and eating places tacked to poles along the line. The memory of one such notice, a week before, still rankled with Theo.

They probably thought it was a great gag. But the Saturday night stopover was the really important one each week and this note had sent us to a town which the guidebook listed as Pop. 3,000. In northern North Dakota, such a metropolis would be worth the extra twenty miles we drove along a sand-drifted track through sparse grass. We were puzzled about that all the way and not too surprised to find at the end of it another of the drought-made ghost towns of ten years before. This one was left without even ghosts; a fire had leveled it to its gaping foundations.

We had had to swing the truck around to drive the twenty miles again, then twelve disgusted more, before supper. So Theo said, now, "Anyway, tonight we stay right on the gol-damn' line! No more uh this rat-chasin' all over the prairie."

Charley Gracey came up, his climbers in one hand. "Hey, Theo! What's the deal for tonight?"

"Goin' on into place name of Lund. Straight down the road."

"How big?"

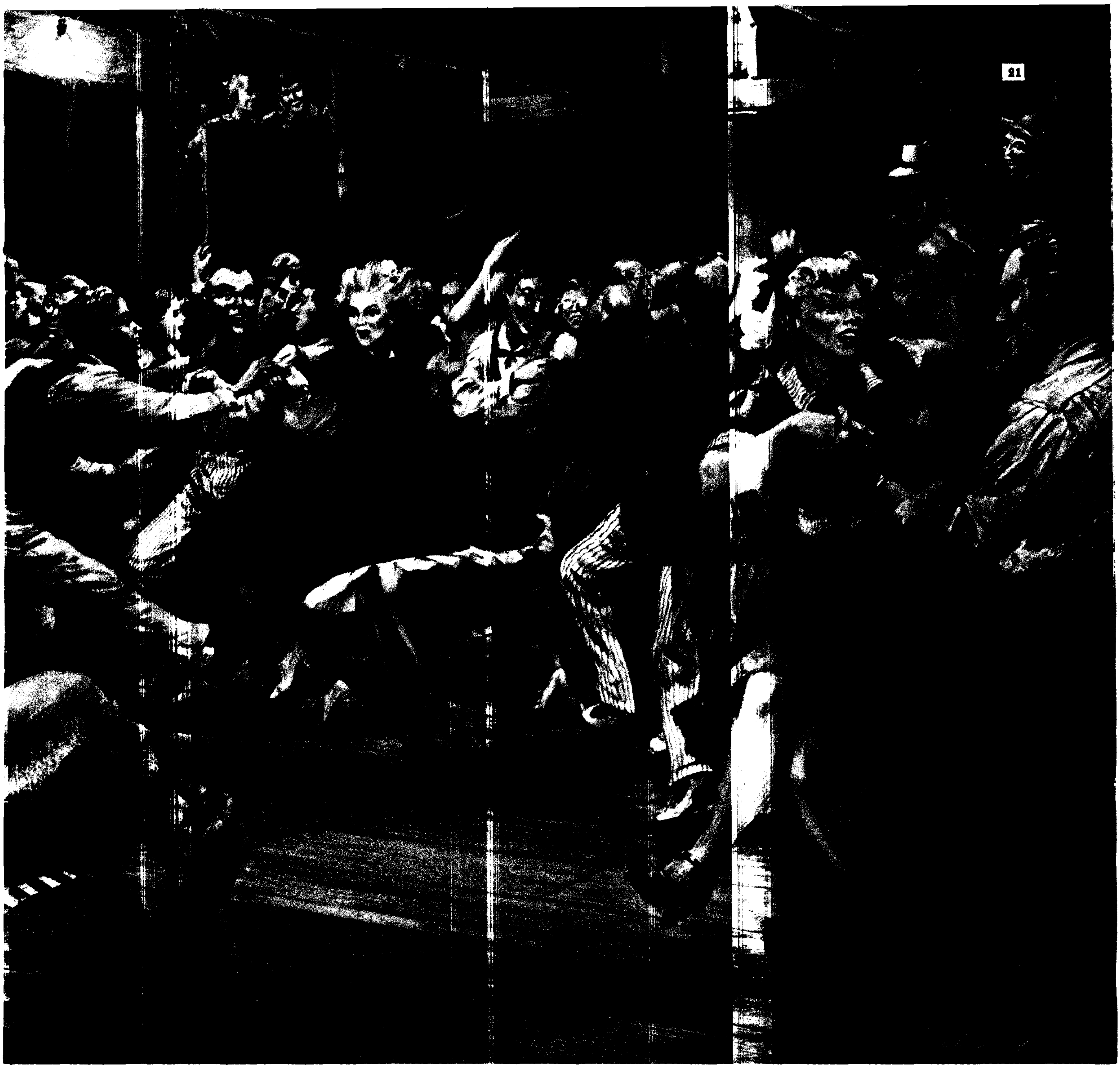
"Book says half a dozen."

According to the lingo we had fallen into the habit of talking among ourselves, that meant 600. Charley said, "That oughta be big enough to have a movie."

Theo said, "Probably ain't. But they'll sure have a pool hall."

He guffawed and elbowed me in the ribs. The big truck swerved against the sides of the wheel ruts, and the pikes and wire drums in the van body bounced and crashed. Theo fancied himself in the role of city slicker taking the hayshakers over the jumps with a dexterous pool cue.

Charley Gracey was broad enough to need nearly as much of the cab seat as Theo and I together, and he had a grinning love for trouble. He said, "Better



hope it's too little for that. The local yokel back in the county seat last week sort of took you over some jumps of his own, didn't he?"

Theo scowled into silence. The town we came to was just another row of wind- and sun-blistered wooden buildings along a wide graveled street, with the eternal sand blown into drifts and windrows against the crumbling curb.

We found revolving stools at a lunch counter and washed down fried potatoes and thick, lard-encrusted hamburgers with bitter coffee. Charley and I left Theo there.

The blowzy, friendly waitress took our money, and Charley tipped her with: "What time you get off, chick?"

She tightened sweat-beaded lips and told him, "Later'n little boys is allowed up, sonny." *But I* saw her eyes follow him out the door.

Fifteen minutes up and down the single street showed us the town. Charley said, "Theo'd oughta be at it, by this time. Le's go see."

We found the pool hall and joined a dozen lean, slack-faced men slumped sacklike on wire-backed chairs, motionless except for their eyes following the clicking balls.

Theo was playing call shot with a fat, bald, harelipped man. They both squinted too carefully along their cues and missed too nearly. The scoring buttons above the table moved slowly into totals. The harelipped man banked for a side pocket, and the ball struck the beveled corner and juggled in. He racked the point with a slow, precise flick of his cue.

"Game," he said tonelessly.

Theo muttered loudly. "That's two straight games an' four bits I owe you!"

The harelipped man said, "Chief, what you really wanna play for? Name it, an' if it ain't too rich for my blood, we'll quit this muckin' around an' play some pool."

Theo was a little startled. Theo didn't learn fast. He said, "Well, okay. Buck a game okay?"

Charley nudged me. "Le's move."

In the street, he said, "That fat guy ain't bad. Theo's about to get took again an' he'll be worse than a bear with a thorn in its rump all next week if he knows we saw it."

That was right. I was surprised Charley realized it, or cared. I did, and I was glad we were outside. "What'll we do?" I asked.

"I seen that movie. Two years ago. But I guess I'm gonna see it again. Mebbe we c'n pick up somethin' afterwards."

The film was old and ragged and the tiny projector jerked and flickered. The *(Continued on page 67)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN VICKERY

Contrary to popular belief, it is so difficult to catch leprosy that baseball teams made up of patients from the U.S. leprosy hospital in Louisiana (two of which are shown playing together here) frequently meet outside nines with perfect safety. Furthermore a new treatment for this age-old disease has brought such high hopes of cure to its sufferers that it can truthfully be said that

THEY LIVE AGAIN

[illegible]

AT FIRST glance, there was nothing unusual about the baseball game being played in the warm sunlight of a Louisiana spring day. There were vociferous home-team rooters in the stand, representing Carville, and a smaller group straining their vocal cords in support of a team from Baton Rouge. Except for their different uniforms, you couldn't tell one group of players from another.

If, however, you looked twice at the Carville fans, you might have noted a few things that escaped casual observation. About half the local rooters looked like the people you'd see in a grandstand anywhere. There were others, however, whose faces were somewhat lumpy, several who were without eyebrows, and a few who had abnormally short fingers. There was also a small but enthusiastic group of fans wearing dark glasses who pounded with their sticks whenever Carville scored. One quickly realized that they were blind.

It was not surprising that the home-team supporters seemed a little peculiar. Both the team and nearly all of its fans were patients at the United States Marine Hospital, under treatment for leprosy.

There were some unusual things about the Carville group that one could learn only by knowing them. Although they had committed no crime, nearly all were living under assumed names. The woman in blue on the left side of the stand never wrote to her children—the relatives who took them away five years ago had told them that she was dead.

Out on the field, the young man who had just stolen second had received a letter that day from his heartbroken sister—her fiancé had left town a week before the wedding because he couldn't face marrying a girl with leprosy in the family. The man on the bench who was pounding the ground with a bat and obviously not thinking about the game was worried because he was soon to be discharged as an arrested case. His family, thinking that he would never come back had told everybody that he was a hopeless patient in an insane asylum. Now he was trying to decide whether he should return under that handicap or disappear for good.

A husky young giant from Texas stepped to bat. As the ball sailed away to the fields beyond, two Carville men raced home. The game was over—Carville 8, Baton Rouge 5. The visiting pitcher looked disgruntled. "I thought," he said as he left the field, "that these guys were sick!"

Only a few years ago, a baseball game at the leprosarium with an outside team would have been unheard of. That was before a few common chemical elements began to make life over for victims of leprosy. The amazing changes now taking place behind the high wire at Carville have been due to Promin and diasone of the sulfone family—distant relatives of the sulfa drugs.

In scores of cases, lesions have healed, normal strength has returned, eyesight has improved, and uneven, coppery-spotted skins have become smooth and clear again. What is more important, a number of patients who thought that they would never leave the hospital until they died are now free to live normal lives again. After having "run negatives" for twelve consecutive months, men and women who have had the disease for as long as twenty-four years are going out again into an almost forgotten world.

"It's a miracle," a pretty young woman in her thirties told me after the game, as we walked along the cloisterlike promenade that connects the patients' buildings. "When I came here nearly twenty years ago, the patients were almost without hope. Now I have a discharge paper. So has my husband. I first met him here several years ago. We are leaving as soon as we can buy a car and a trailer."

Certainly no one could tell by looking at this charming woman's pink-and-white complexion that she had ever had leprosy. Neither could one have guessed it in the case of the handsome young veteran who had fought at Anzio and the Rapido River and was ready to go out after two years' treatment.

Mrs. Hans Hornbostel, who developed the disease during her imprisonment by the Japs at Santo Tomas in Manila, strolled by with her husband, the tall lean Army major who had made the Bataan Death March and who gave up normal life to spend his days with his wife at the leprosarium. Gray-haired and clear-skinned, Mrs. Hornbostel would have looked perfectly at home in the president's chair at a suburban Women's Club.

Horrors of the Disease Are Magnified

The average person has many wrong ideas about the disease. Hair doesn't turn white, and feet and hands don't drop off. Leprosy, chiefly a disease of the skin and the surface nerves, is perhaps more difficult to catch than any other infectious illness. It is not often fatal; patients generally die of something else. One Carville inmate who has had it for fifty-seven years has managed to outlive all his relatives. A small proportion of cases recovered spontaneously even before Promin; some never reached a very noticeable degree of disfigurement. Others, more unfortunate, went on to endure ulceration, blindness, partial absorption of the fingers and toes, and obstructions in the breathing apparatus that occasionally caused death.

For thousands of years leprosy has been the world's most dreaded illness. In this country, there are areas where the disease is self-perpetuating in just four states—Louisiana, Florida, California and Texas—and it is very feebly communicable even in them. Yet state and county health officials frequently act as if it were violently contagious. A boy about to be sent to Carville from a Western state was kept chained to a tree near the railroad for three days and nights, until a federal officer arrived to escort him. A man awaiting transportation from an Eastern state in January was kept for days in a shack heated only by a tiny oil stove. He died on the way to Carville.

A good deal of the fear is due to the fact, that, although leprosy has been recognized for thousands of years, it is still very much of a mystery. No one knows why it perpetuates itself in some parts of the country and is practically impossible to catch in others. Nobody knows just how it spreads. Long, intimate contact is supposed to be the chief means of transmission. It is true that a number of patients from the four dangerous states had a case in their families or remember a household servant who turned out to be leprous. On the other hand, there are some inmates of Carville who, so far as they know, never even saw a victim until they developed the disease themselves.

A great deal of the suffering at Carville is due to outside fear and prejudice. Nearly all the patients have cut ties with their friends, and some even with their families. A World War I veteran who went to Carville straight from the Army never communicated with his wife and two daughters again. "I would rather have them think I deserted them," he said, "than to give them the worse pain of knowing the truth."

Patients told me many stories of the persecution endured by the families they left behind. Lost jobs, social ostracism, and children barred from school are some of the penalties suffered by their relatives. In one case, years ago, a patient's home was burned down by a mob shortly after he left for Carville. So great is the dread of having the disease known that the relatives of another man who had gone to the leprosarium did not contradict the local rumor that he was doing time in the penitentiary for cattle rustling.

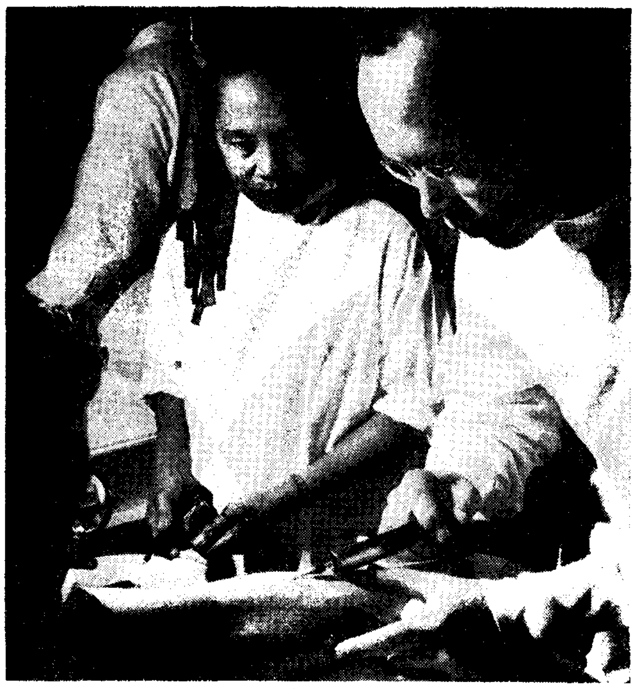
It is tragic, but hardly surprising, that some families can't take it. I met patients divorced against their will, and some whose children had been taken away by relatives who left no address. "There are people here who haven't received a letter from home for more than ten years," Reverend Clifton E. Rash, the Protestant chaplain, told me. "I have requested missionary society members to correspond with the forsaken ones."

In spite of the fact that there is still tragedy to be found in Carville, hope has brought about as great a change in spirit as Promin has in health and personal appearance.

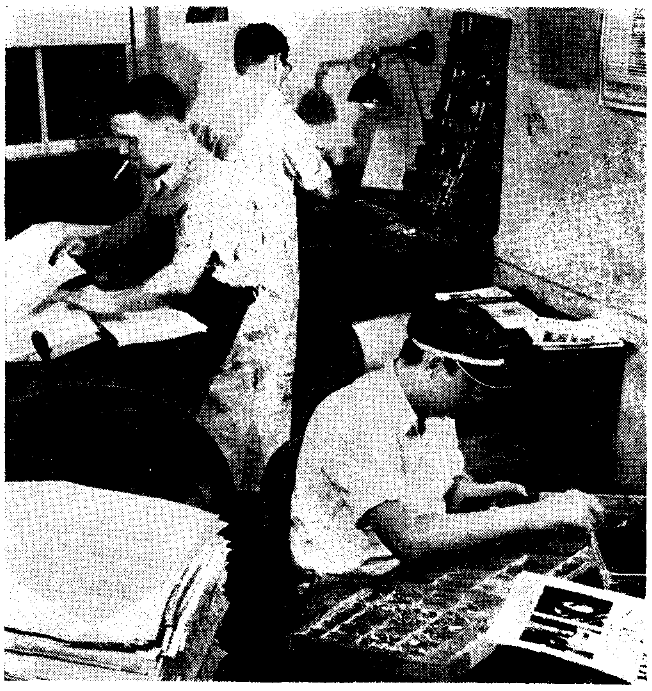
One of the most interesting changes was the recent opening of Carville to *(Continued on page 92)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IKE VERN

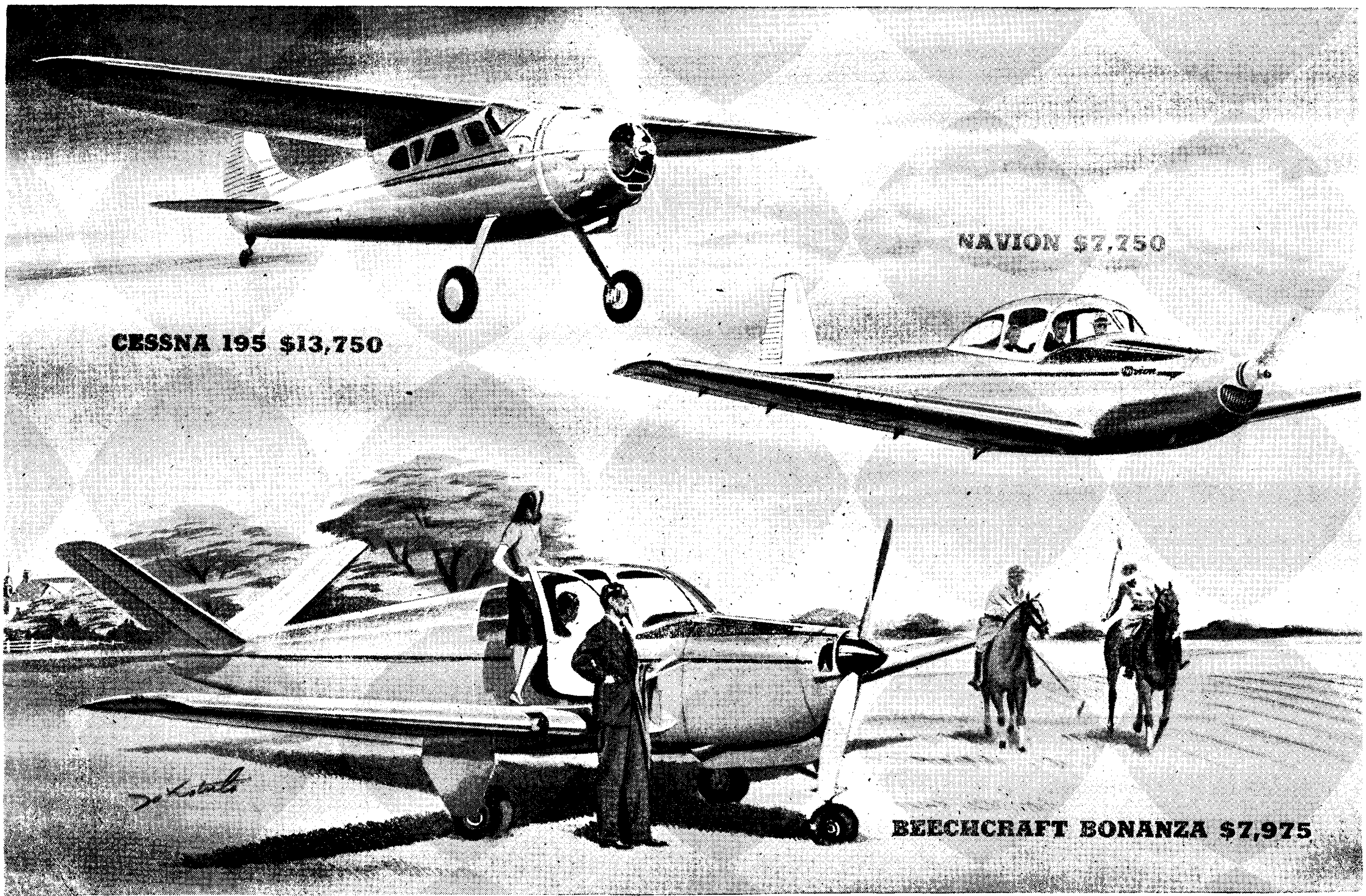
Major and Mrs. H. C. Hornbostel—she contracted leprosy in a Jap prison camp—live near-normal lives in a cottage at Carville leprosarium



Dr. Bernardo, right, a Filipino who diagnosed his own case, gives the Promin treatment to Guy Hodges, assisted by Orderly Sidney Gonzales



Carville patients Albert Martin, Nick Farrell and Guy Hodges, left to right, help put out an issue of their lively little monthly, The Star



ILLUSTRATED BY JO KOTULA

WHERE'S GRANDMA'S

WHEN the war ended, nearly everybody believed that within a year the skies over the United States would be swarming with personally owned airplanes, and that within a decade or less they would be as common as automobiles, and no more complicated or expensive.

The postwar plane was to be one of the wonders of the age, the average man's delight and the great and final achievement of American production genius. It was to be mass-produced of new metals and gleaming plastics, and fitted with radar, jet propulsion, rockets, television and a great assortment of new and fancy gadgets.

It was to appear in many models of helicopters and fixed-wing planes and, most fascinating of all, was to be a remarkable contraption that with a little adjustment could be transformed into an automobile. It was to be cheap—as low as $900; so efficient that it could land anywhere, and so easy to handle that Grandma could do her weekly shopping in her flying machine without even putting on her glasses or bringing a twinge to her rheumatic knee.

The prophets of the air age went to work in earnest; predictions were about the only thing in connection with aviation that were really produced on a mass basis. An elaborate research project, the Crowell-Collier Survey, which involved the careful questioning of people in 47 cities in 31 states, found that immediately after the war Americans planned to buy 100,000 airplanes for private use, and that "in the future" there would be 4,800,000 owners of aircraft.

These were inspiring figures, but the director of the project warned that the findings were merely an index to the public attitude "at the moment"—early in 1944—and not a prediction of future sales. "Such sales," he said, "will depend on economic conditions, technical developments, educational influences, and other unpredictable factors."

But the prophets only laughed. They said, "It's well known that everybody yearns to fly and will take to the air as soon as possible. Every veteran will insist upon his personal plane, for relaxation and to save the golden minutes; and the war worker, his earnings and savings clutched in his hot fist, can hardly wait to climb into his private plane and soar off into the clouds. And Grandma, visualizing herself bouncing around in her blue helicopter, says, 'Hurry, hurry!' "

As a modest beginning, the aircraft industry set a production goal of 30,000 small planes for 1946, based on positive "orders" for almost twice as many. One company announced a two-seater to sell for $5,000, with "orders on hand" amounting to $10,000,000 before even one was delivered.

One happy prophet wrote that department stores alone would sell 50,000 flying jalopies a year. Several department stores did put in lines of small planes, and one of the nation's largest managed to sell 60 in the summer of 1945. Then business fell off, and some 15 months ago the line was discontinued.

Dissenters who worried about airports and flying-service stations equipped to handle the vast aerial fleet were squelched by the reminder that almost any back yard could house a helicopter, and that probably every department store and apartment house would turn its roof into an aerial parking lot.

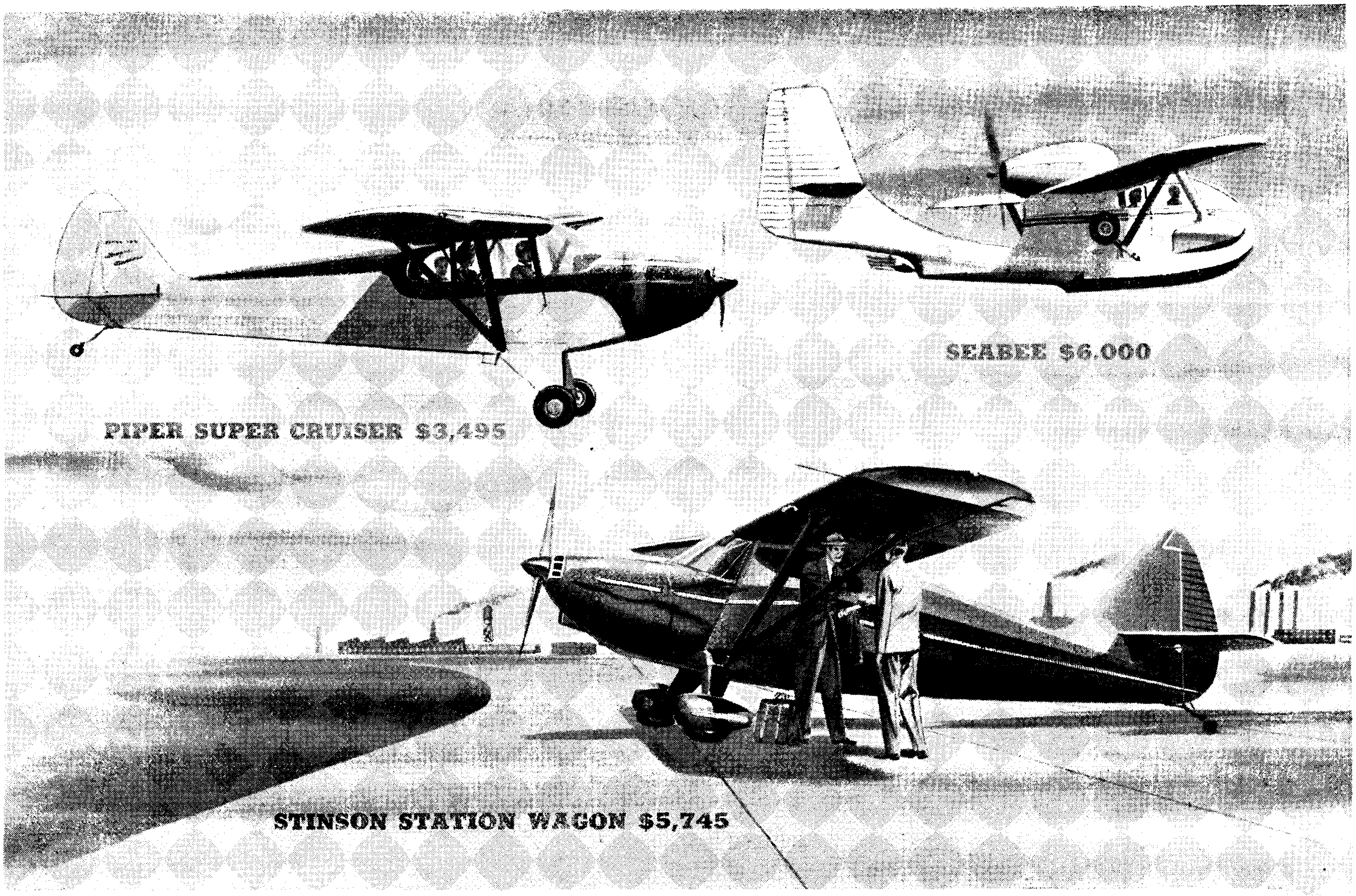
Moreover, the fabulous Henry J. Kaiser himself personally was working on plans to construct 5,000 airports and landing strips alongside highways. He proposed an airport every 30 miles and a landing strip every 15; plenty of room for everybody. A New York investment house got so steamed up over Kaiser's project that it announced that if he wished to sell stock $100,000,000 worth could be disposed of in six weeks. But the whole business never got beyond the talking stage.

And what actually came out of all this enthusiastic gabble? Where's Grandma's airplane? Why does Grandma still have to go shopping on foot or in an old automobile? Well, the sad fact is that the low-priced, easy-to-fly, amazingly practical, cheap-to-maintain, safe and comfortable airplane, promised so glibly and in such astronomical numbers, is still pretty much of a dream and apt to remain in this category for from five to ten years, maybe longer.

For in the hullabaloo which surrounded postwar planning, the fact was overlooked that new and revolutionary airplanes are not built overnight from drawings made on the back of an envelope. It is a time-consuming task to conceive such a plane on paper, to build a full-scale model, and to test it; and then, if all has gone well, to wait for inspectors of the Civil Aeronautics Administration to come around and put it through a ruthless engineering examination.

If the model is finally approved, more time is lost tooling up, acquiring stockpiles of materials, planning production, determining the market, and establishing a sales division with distributors and dealers. Two to five years can easily speed by before a manufacturer can even settle down to a steady production of from 10 to 20 planes a day.

The ink was scarcely dry on the surrender papers in Tokyo Bay be-



AIRPLANE ?

fore "new" airplanes began to emerge from old-established aircraft factories. Experienced customers, who had flown their own planes before the war, knew that these were not the promised postwar wonder machines; nevertheless they bought in large quantities.

It didn't matter greatly that the planes were substantially the same as the ones they had flown before Pearl Harbor. Especially it didn't matter to the 2,000 schools planning to participate in the G.I. pilot-training program, to which a majority of the "new" planes were assigned.

But there were a great many would-be fliers who, not being acquainted with the time-killing problems of airplane manufacture, bought the "new" machines under the impression that they were getting authentic postwar designs. And the air prophets made little effort to undeceive them. These purchasers found immediately that prices were twice as high as had been promised, that the airplane was still definitely geared to the airport, and that it possessed the same limited utility as before the war.

Owners of the "new" personal postwar planes soon began to dump them on the secondhand market and to growl at the aircraft industry for misrepresentation. Today the prewar pattern of abandonment after brief and usually unsatisfactory ownership is being followed; the 85,000 registered civil aircraft in the United States are changing hands at the rate of about 2,000 a week. And it is not going to be easy to get some of these people into the air again.

Potential airplane buyers were especially disillusioned when they inquired about helicopters and roadables. These were the two types in which the great majority of people interviewed in the Crowell-Collier Survey were most interested, even willing to wait five or six years *after* the war—and here the realities bore no relation whatever to the prophecies. The helicopter, vastly overpromoted by enthusiastic messiahs, has since made important gains, but it is still virtually barred from personal ownership for two reasons.

One is that it costs from $25,000 up. The other is that the companies which manufacture it are not ready for extensive sales to individuals; they are trying first to establish the machine permanently with industrial activities. And it still needs much development work.

The roadable, or combination automobile and airplane, is in the highly experimental stage, after having made an auspicious debut some ten years ago at the Cleveland National Air Races. Two years before that, in 1935, a roadable autogiro had been produced. It was flown from Washington to Baltimore, where the wings were folded back, and the machine was driven several miles through the streets to the automobile show. Since 1944, when the prophets began to sing the praises of both the helicopter and the roadable, half a dozen experimental models of the latter have appeared, mostly manufactured by individuals and small firms.

Only one really big aircraft manufacturer is known to have a flying automobile in his experimental department. This firm is qualified to turn them out, eventually, on a mass-production basis, but it is making no predictions. One of the company's top executives said, "When and if we can confirm by actual results the practicability of this or any other such air-ground vehicle, we will let you know."

The yearning to fly and the enormous accumulation of savings brought about a considerable flurry of manufacturing as soon as the war had ended. In the latter half of 1945 the industry produced 1,929 private planes of the standard two-seater prewar type. It was then, because of the fantastic number of "orders" on hand or in prospect, that the goal of 30,000 planes was set for 1946.

Early in that year 33 manufacturers announced 50 different types of personal plane. Both excitement and production continued to climb, and in August 4,658 civil aircraft were built, an all-time high. Meanwhile the sales departments had checked their bursting backlog of orders, and had begun disposing of cancellations and throwing out duplications right and left.

In September and October of 1946 production slackened, in November it fell off heavily, and by December it was down to fewer than 1,900 planes a month. By that time 35,000 civilian personal planes had been manufactured, while 15,000 surplus warplanes suitable for civilian use had been channeled into the popular market.

Thus in the first full postwar year, consumption of personal planes had reached 50,000. But they had also begun to appear in quantity in the secondhand market, indicating brief ownership and considerable dissatisfaction.

Of the 35,000 personal planes built last year, 33,000 were turned out by eight established manufacturers who had produced such planes before the war. In October, 1944, the Personal Aircraft Council of the Aircraft Industries Association was formed by these eight and two others — Aeronca, Beech, Cessna, Fairchild, Luscombe, Piper, Stinson and Waco, who then welcomed North American and Republic as postwar producers. Other

(Continued on page 89)

The Excelsior Four, Harry Keritz, Eddie Schroder, Frank Egan and "Mac" Gedalye, put on their singing act during a Saturday-evening song fest at the Club

OH, HOW THEY HARMONIZE!

BY ART SMITH

Those wedding bells may break up some old gangs, but not this bunch of barbershop vocalists. When they couldn't sing at home, they found a place they could. Result: the Club Harmony

THE barkeep slapped the glass down in front of the rotund, sad-eyed little man who sat morosely regarding his unimpressive countenance in the mirror.

"Well, Walter," he said patiently, "what'll it be?"

The rotund little man gave off staring at himself.

"Huh?" he asked. Then: "Oh, sure, Joe. Make it saloon whisky. Water on the side."

The barman tipped a bottle, wiped the surplus from the mahogany.

"Where's Bill?" he asked.

"He's around somewhere, I guess," the round man said. "I guess he can't go home any more," he added sorrowfully.

"Can't go home no more?" repeated the bartender. "For gosh sakes, why not?"

"There ain't any of us can go home," Walter said. "We all been thrown out. Dick, Ed, Harry, Bill, Willie, Mike and me! We all got told we can't sing in our houses any more. The womenfolks got together. They say we can sing all we like, but not in our houses. They say we can take our choice between Heart of My Heart and them. So we none of us can go home any more."

Joe shook his head sympathetically.

"That's sure tough," he commiserated. "What would you guys do if you couldn't barbershop a little once in a while?"

The street door swung open, letting in a gust of wind that carried a cloud of Bronx dust with it as well as a deep-chested man with a frisking fox terrier on a leash.

"Hello, Bill," said the barman, slapping down another squat glass, "what's it today?"

"Saloon whisky," said Bill. "Hello, Walter, where you livin'?"

"Nowheres," Walter said, "and you?"

Bill took his drink straight and followed it with a small beer.

"Same as you," he answered, wiping his lips. "I got no place to go, unless it's Bronx Park."

Joe tipped the bottle again.

"This is on me," he said. "I just heard about you guys' trouble, Bill. Walter tells me your old ladies won't let you harmonize no more. Well, I'll tell you what. You guys can use my back room—until the police department begins complainin', that is."

Bill and Walter brightened slightly.

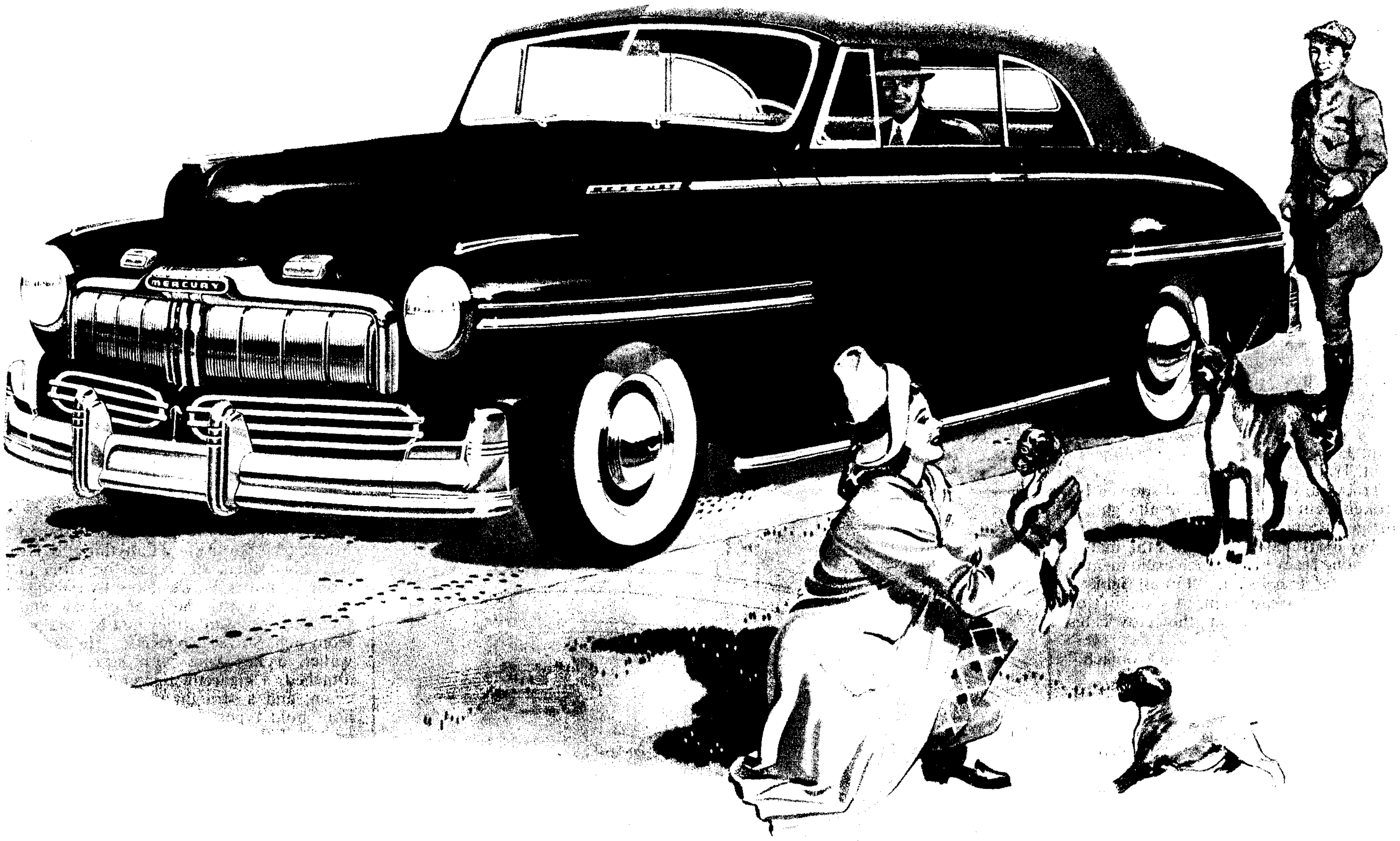
"Hey," Bill said, "how about that? We could move back in our houses and we could cop a sneak over here every now and then and tear off a couple dozen numbers. If we kept it down real soft and put the old quietus on that leather-lunged Dick, the cops wouldn't beef for maybe a week or longer. Why, it would be just like havin' our own club!"

Walter sat up as if he'd been shot.

(Continued on page 85)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

When available, white side wall tires at slight extra cost.

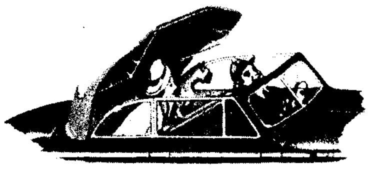


MORE OF EVERYTHING YOU WANT WITH THE 1947 Mercury

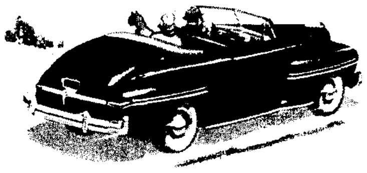
Like a champion show dog, or thoroughbred horse, Mercury has a truly distinctive beauty that reflects perfection all the way through. And all over America it's love at first sight because Mercury again gives you *more* of everything.

There's a new massive, yet *graceful* look to the hood—with every line smoothly flowing to the rear . . . blending into a modern, clean-cut, beauty.

Inside, there's a feast for your eyes, too. Smart new upholstery materials, handsomely tailored with every fitting, every detail showing careful design, fine workmanship and excellent taste. You're more comfortable, more at home with this new Mercury—it's so roomy—so restful—so relaxing to ride in.



Touch a button—top goes down!



Full of life—and thrift, too!

As for more economy and more of that famous Mercury *liveliness*—well, you'll see why we continue to say, get *more of everything you want with the 1947 Mercury.*

MERCURY—DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY

POLITICS IS MURDER

Continued from page 19

were crowded with the bright heads of thirty school children but there were only a few adults, and Dobbs Padgett was not among them.

Starting back to Room 9, the fears that George had kept closeted in the back of his mind burst through. Could Barbara Padgett have murdered her cousin? The night before they had quarreled violently— At once he rejected the thesis, consciously, but the fear crept back to the closet in his mind. The argument last night had been over a person Jeff Stover had called Humpty Dumpty, and George was sure that Humpty Dumpty was Dobbs Padgett. His secretary had said that Padgett was at City Hall, yet he was nowhere to be found. George frowned and went on to Room 9.

The reporters were gathered around Ray Martin's desk, all but Tracy, who sat in his own chair, with his head bent. His skin had a yellow look and George stopped beside him. "You feeling all right, Trace?"

Tracy raised his head and showed his broken teeth in a grin. "I'm all right. I just got a touch of indigestion."

Ray Martin asked, "What's the matter with you, Tracy? Too much excitement?"

"Nope," Tracy said. "I'm all right. I guess it was a bad clam. I shouldn't of eaten those clams at the Advocates Club."

"Thought you had an iron stomach," Ray said.

George sat down beside Tracy. "Where did you get that note?"

"I found it tucked in your typewriter, George, when I got back to the Hall. I took it right up to you."

"Anybody else in Room 9 then?"

"No. Well, Ray came in as I was starting up with the note. Why?"

George shrugged and called to Ray, "Anybody been down to the minority room?"

"Can't get near it," Ray said. "The place is full of brass, inspectors and what have you, but they won't give out."

George moved on to the door in the corner, but paused. "Stover's cousin is downstairs," he said. "She had a shock. She found the body. So let her alone."

"*She* found the body?" Ray Martin cried. "That beautiful redhead? Dammit, George, quit holding out."

DOWN in the basement room, George noticed Barbara had finished the first drink and poured another, and her hands were shiny from a vigorous scrubbing. Color had returned to her cheeks, and her gray eyes had lost their vague, misty look.

For a moment neither of them spoke. Then George said, "Your uncle wasn't upstairs."

Barbara moved her shoulders slightly. "Jeff told him it would be a dull meeting today. I guess he decided not to come." She closed her eyes hard. "Poor Jeff."

"When I saw him last night he looked worried," George said. "I think he knew something was going to happen."

"Why do you say that?"

"He intimated as much. He said he was in something pretty deep. Up to his neck, he said." He hesitated. "Barbara, I know you're worried about something. Can't I help you?"

He met her eyes, seeing that they were beautiful eyes, like a gray dawn. But he did not overlook the wary, speculative light that he saw in them.

She said softly, "George, I suppose the police are going to question us."

"Yes."

"I was thinking, when they do, do you think it's necessary to tell them—about last night?"

George sucked in his breath. "You mean about breaking your engagement?"

She hesitated. "I was thinking about what Jeff told you."

"Why shouldn't I tell the police?"

"It doesn't apply, George."

"How do you know?"

Suddenly Barbara put her head in her arms on the table. "Oh, I'm all mixed up. I don't know anything. But I'm sure—" She raised her head.

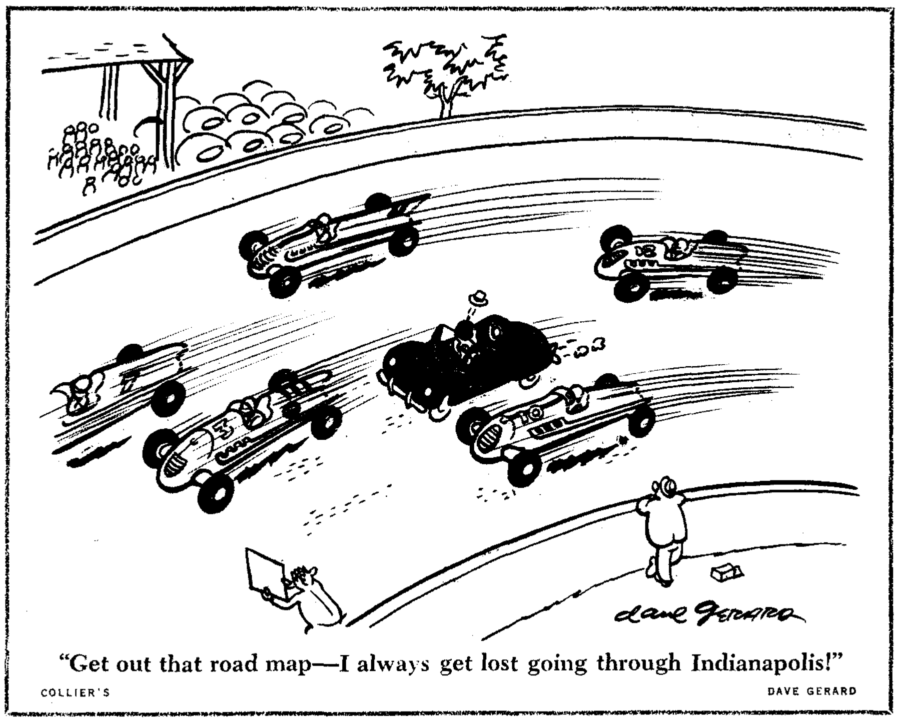
"Sure of what?"

"Please don't cross-examine me," she pleaded.

George was prodded by the uneasy thought that her display of emotion was calculated, that the girl had something so urgent on her mind that nothing else mattered.

"The cops will take you to pieces if you start talking to them this way," George said. "When you talk to a cop you've got to finish a sentence, and it's got to make sense."

A voice called from the stairs: "Hey, George. You down there?" It was Marcus, the cop. "They want to see you, fella."


"Get out that road map—I always get lost going through Indianapolis!"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

"All right. Coming up."

George looked down at Barbara, put one hand lightly on her shoulder. "I'll be back as soon as I can."

The patrolman's face was flushed. Years in the relative quiet of the City Hall station had made him gentle, an occupational rarity in a cop. As they went down the stairs to the basement Marcus said, "Madigan and Stranahan are down there."

"You mean Lieutenant Madigan?"

"Yeah. Homicide. He's a tough baby; burned my ears about it. Hell, I can't watch all four doors to City Hall."

Marcus opened the door of the minority room for George. A fingerprint man was at work in Jeff Stover's office, and George saw the black bag of the medical examiner on the councilman's desk. Sitting at a table in the reception room was a big man with a pudgy, unexpressive face, Lieutenant William Madigan of the Homicide Squad. And standing by the window was Inspector Stranahan, who seemed aware of his uniform, his braid and his importance.

The lieutenant looked George over. "Yeah, thought I knew you," he said. "On the headquarters beat a few years ago, weren't you?"

"That's right," George said.

"Marcus tells me you reported the murder. What were you doing in the minority room?"

"I had a note from Stover, asking me to come see him."

"Still got it?"

George took the note out of his pocket and dropped it on the table. The lieutenant read it, grunted, and passed it to the inspector. "What did he have for you?"

"A story, I suppose."

"What kind of story?"

"I don't know. He was working on something."

"Where did you get the note?"

"Apparently he left it on my typewriter, and Tracy, the Appeal man, brought it up to me in the Council chamber."

Madigan glanced up. "Tracy, huh? I remember Trace. He was always in my hair back in precinct days. Where is he now?"

"In Room 9," George said.

"How'd you get the note?" asked Madigan.

"I was covering the meeting of the Council and he brought it up there, about ten minutes past two."

Madigan said, without looking up, "Marcus said you had a dame with you." His probing blue eyes glanced quickly at George. "Who is she?"

"Her name is Barbara Padgett."

"Where is she now?"

"Upstairs."

"Dammit, talk!" the inspector broke in. "How does she fit in?"

George drew in his breath. "She found the body, Inspector."

The inspector had heavy eyebrows and a pasty, square-jawed face. His eyes were small, boring, unfriendly eyes. "*She* found it, did she? How do you know that?"

"She was here when I came in," George said.

"She was here?" the inspector cried. "You came in and found a knife in him and the dame in here, too?"

George did not like the inspector's bullying manner, and he knew the going would be hard for Barbara. She was in no condition to withstand police tactics, and on the impulse of the moment he said quickly, "She had only just walked in the door, Inspector."

"She'll tell her own story," the inspector said.

"She was just ahead of me as I went down the stairs to the basement," George said firmly. "I saw her turning into the minority room and I followed her in. Stover was dead."

George caught his breath. He had blurted it out, and now Lieutenant Madigan's expressionless eyes looked him over.

"How did you know he was dead?" the inspector demanded. "Did you touch him?"

"No," George said. "He *is* dead, isn't he?"

"Don't crack wise." The inspector's small eyes watched George closely. "Did you touch anything?"

"Just doorknobs. I looked in the other offices. They were empty."

LIEUTENANT MADIGAN had been waiting patiently. As the inspector paused he grinned at George and said, "Sit down."

George dropped into a chair and the lieutenant asked, "What was the girl doing here? Do you know?"

"I suppose she came to find out why he didn't show up at the Council meeting."

"That any concern of hers?"

"Well, he was her cousin."

Madigan frowned. "That damned Marcus, he never knows anything!" He was silent then, staring at the table in front of him. Between his two pudgy hands was a little heap of objects, and George guessed that they had been taken from Jeff Stover's pockets. He saw a wallet, a key ring with several keys attached, a cigarette lighter, watch and chain, and a straight metal key of the household type. And gleaming in the center of the heap was a diamond ring.

Sooner or later, George thought, the lieutenant would find out to whom the ring had belonged; George's impulse was to distract the man's attention from it. "Lieutenant, I have an idea about this case—it's got a political angle."

"Reporters!" Madigan said. "It's always reporters. Every case I work on I got my hair full of reporters. Do me a favor, will you, and don't try to solve this case. Just let me struggle along in my own way, with nothing to rely on but science and the experience of the most modern and efficient police force in the country."

George shrugged his shoulders, and then Marcus opened the door and said, "Inspector Stranahan?"

"Yes. What is it?" The inspector's tone was curt.

"The mayor sent word he'd like to see you," Marcus said. "Right away, in his office. He wants the low-down, I guess."

The inspector growled, "Never mind your guesses," and pushed past George to the door. As George started to follow him, Lieutenant Madigan called:

"Just a minute, George." He turned, and the lieutenant said, "Shut the door."

George pushed the door shut. Madigan gave him a steady look and said, "Okay, what's on your mind? I'll listen."

George approached the table. "Lieutenant, Councilman Stover was involved in an investigation of some sort. Last week he introduced a local law to change the name of McKeever Place to Niebach Square. It brought unexpected opposition, and I think Stover had some other motive for introducing the bill besides honoring Peter Niebach. I know that he began to hang around McKeever Place. It's a little triangle of concrete named for Rudolph McKeever, who used to be custodian of City Hall, and Joe Myles, the acting majority leader, was responsible for naming it after him. McKeever used to take care of the City Hall cat, and he took the cat home with him when he retired, and after it died he stuffed it. His sons kept it in their bar, and it was stolen yesterday, and—"

"The cat?" Madigan said. "The *stuffed* cat?"

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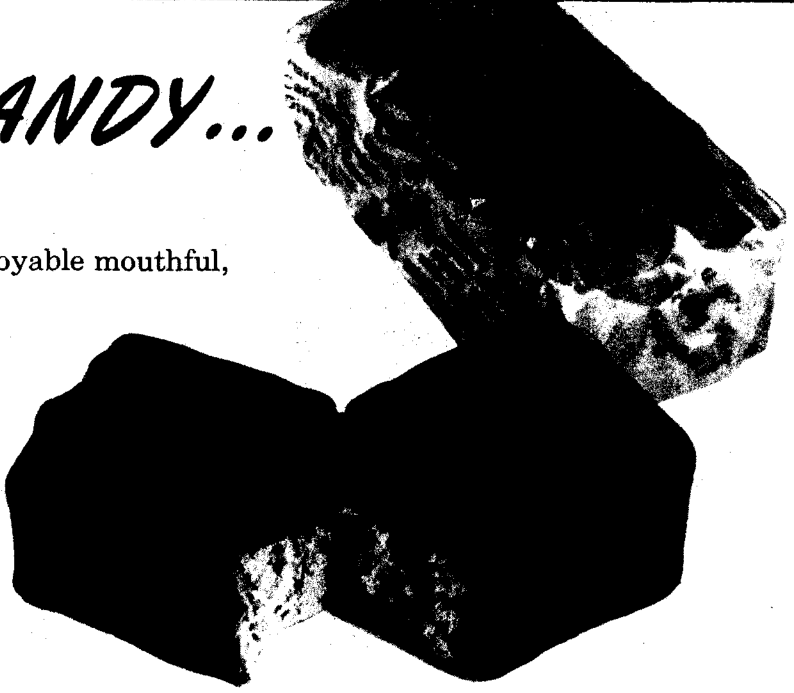
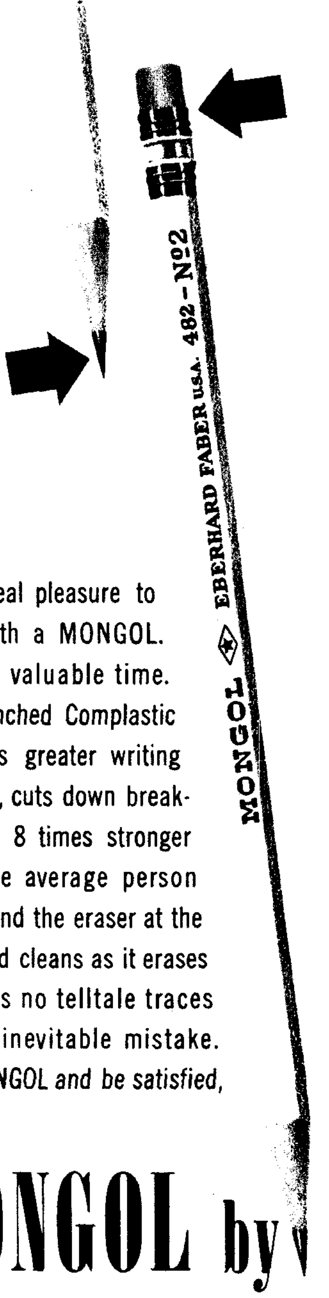
Milky Way





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MONGOL by

EBERHARD FABER

LEADERSHIP IN FINE WRITING MATERIALS SINCE [illegible]

"Yes, it was in the papers this morning."

"George," the lieutenant said. "I'm holding onto my patience with both hands. What are you trying to prove?"

"Did you know that Stover disappeared last week?"

"Disappeared?"

"He didn't go to his office, and they were looking for him. So was a blonde named Marcia Blaine, and she found him. He was with her last night. He told me then he'd been in Philadelphia all week, but he hadn't."

"My God!" Madigan said. "What else?" His tone was sarcastic, but he scribbled notes as George talked.

"I'm telling you what happened," George said. "That blonde was hanging around City Hall at noon today. She went to lunch with Joe Myles."

Madigan stood up. "Send the Padgett girl down here, George, and you stick around Room 9. I'll want to talk to you later."

GEORGE left the minority room, found the corridor crowded with reporters; the district men had arrived. He went up the stairs, and as he turned toward the press room he recognized a short, pompous little man in the rotunda. "Mr. Padgett!"

The lawyer turned. "Yes? Oh, you're that reporter."

"That's right. I've been looking for you, Mr. Padgett. Your secretary told me you were at the Council meeting, but I didn't see you."

"I'm just on my way there now," Dobbs Padgett said. "I was detained at the Advocates Club."

"Then you haven't heard the news?"

"What news? I noticed the excitement, radio cars and all that. What is it?"

"It's bad news," George said. "Your nephew is dead, Mr. Padgett."

"Dead?"

"He was murdered."

Dobbs Padgett stepped back and leaned against one of the big, square pillars. His puffy face was white and his small, imperious mouth hung open.

"I found him in the minority room," George said. "He had been stabbed." He hesitated an instant. "Your niece was there, bending over the body."

Dobbs Padgett was breathing noisily. His hand swooped out and his fingers pinched George's arm. "What's this you're saying about my niece? What was she doing there?"

"I don't know."

"Good God!" the lawyer said. "Where is she?"

"Wait here a minute," George said.

He had to push his way through a crowd of photographers in Room 9. Downstairs he found Barbara Padgett still sitting at the table, smoking a cigarette. She seemed sure of herself; she was the lawyer again.

"I found your uncle," George said. "He just got here. He was at a meeting of the Advocates Club."

"Oh, of course." She blew out smoke, and George thought she looked tremendously relieved.

George touched her shoulder, standing behind her. "The police want you now," he said. "Lieutenant Madigan is there. He's a big, hard-boiled detective, a whole lot smarter than he looks. But he's okay. There's also an inspector there, and he looks mean." He paused an instant. "They found your engagement ring in Jeff's pocket."

She ground out her cigarette in an ash tray, not looking up. "What did you say about it?"

"Nothing."

Barbara rose to her feet. "I'm ready."

"Wait a minute," he said, and took her hands. "Barbara, if you need any help, now is the time to tell me."

"I'm all right, George."

"I know you didn't kill him, of course—"

"I?" Her eyes were round. "No, I didn't do it."

"But the cops will be tough," George went on. "It will look ready-made to them. Broken engagement the night before, after he had been playing around with a blonde. . . ."

"George!" Her voice rose nervously. "Did you tell them all that?"

"Of course not. I didn't tell them anything, except that I saw you going *into the minority room this afternoon.*"

She shot a quick glance at him. "You saw me?"

"That's what I told them. Now listen, Barbara, I know you're hiding something. I don't know what it is. But for heaven's sake, be careful!"

She shrugged. "Oh, I'll be careful." She put her hand lightly on his arm. "And I have nothing to hide. Really."

"Then let's go," George said. "Room 9 is crowded with photographers. It will save you a lot of trouble if you give them a quick pose, the way they want it."

He went ahead of her up the stairs and told the photographers she would pose. Barbara took the ordeal in stride, standing pale but poised against the wall as the bulbs flashed. Then George took her hand and they made their way out of the room. Dobbs Padgett was waiting uneasily in the corridor. He met his niece's eyes and for a moment neither of them spoke. Then the lawyer raised his hand, let it fall again, and said quietly, "Come on, dear, we'll get away from here."

"Lieutenant Madigan is waiting to question Barbara," George said.

"That can wait," Dobbs Padgett answered crisply. "He can telephone me and I'll arrange for him to interview my niece."

Barbara shook her head. "No, Uncle Dobbs. I want to get it over with."

"Are you sure you feel up to it, Barbara?"

"Yes, I'm perfectly all right." . . .

Marcus met them in the basement corridor, which now had been blocked off by three patrolmen, and conducted them to the minority room. George went in with Barbara and her uncle and noticed that the body of Jeff Stover had been removed. The medical examiner and the fingerprint men had gone. He said, "Lieutenant, this is Miss Barbara Padgett, and her uncle, Dobbs Padgett."

"Of Padgett & Padgett," Dobbs Padgett said.

Lieutenant Madigan got to his feet and pulled up a chair. "Sit down, Miss Padgett. This will only take a moment." He frowned at George. "Okay, you can stay. I want to talk to you, too."

"My niece has had a very severe shock," Dobbs Padgett said. "Please make your questions brief, Lieutenant."

Madigan inspected the lawyer. "Were you *his* uncle, too?"

"Yes. That is, he was my wife's nephew."

"He have any enemies?"

Padgett shook his head. "Not that I know of. He was rather a secretive young man, however. I cannot say that I am an authority on his relationships." Padgett had a deliberate manner of speaking, as if he selected his words with a pair of tweezers.

"Know what your nephew kept in his desk?"

"No." Dobbs Padgett looked at the desk in the small office. "Did you find something unusual in it?"

"Not even a paper clip. The desk is empty. I call that unusual."

Padgett shrugged. "He became a member of the Council only last week. His office is at Padgett & Padgett."

Madigan asked, "How did you get on with your nephew?"

"We were on excellent terms," the lawyer said smoothly. "This has been a severe blow to me, Lieutenant. I helped him plan his career, and I might say I influenced him to study law and enter my firm."

Lieutenant Madigan picked up the diamond solitaire. "Ever see this before?"

Dobbs Padgett looked at the sparkle of the diamond in the light from the window; his face showed no expression. "I can't say, Lieutenant. Where did it come from?"

"It was in your nephew's pocket. Was he about to be married?"

George thought that Dobbs Padgett looked like a man thinking on his feet; he wondered if Madigan noticed the hesitation. The lawyer said uncertainly, "I believe he was interested in some girl."

"Well, who is she?"

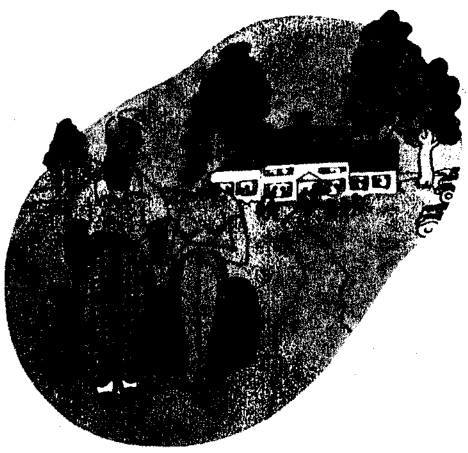
"I'm afraid I can't answer that," Dobbs Padgett said, and glanced at Barbara. "Perhaps my niece can."

"Yes, Miss Padgett," Madigan said. "You must know who this ring was for."

Barbara looked at the ring, and her cool, even voice said, "I'm sorry, Lieutenant. I don't know, either."

GEORGE saw her exchange a quick glance with her uncle. What was the unspoken cue that had caused Dobbs Padgett to lie about the ring, and what was the motive for concealing Barbara's engagement to Jeff Stover? One reason might be that Barbara did not want the police to inquire into the reason for the broken engagement, because in some way it involved her uncle. Either that, or she had herself killed her cousin. He looked down at her pale face and remembered the blood on her fingers. At once his hand went to his pocket, where he had put the bloodstained handkerchief. He pushed it in a ball deeper into his pocket.

The lieutenant put the ring back on the table and asked abruptly, without looking up, "Mr. Padgett, where were you between one-thirty and two-fifteen today?"



SLIGHT IMPROVEMENT

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There's plenty of room to entertain
The friends we don't invite.

—Philip Lazarus

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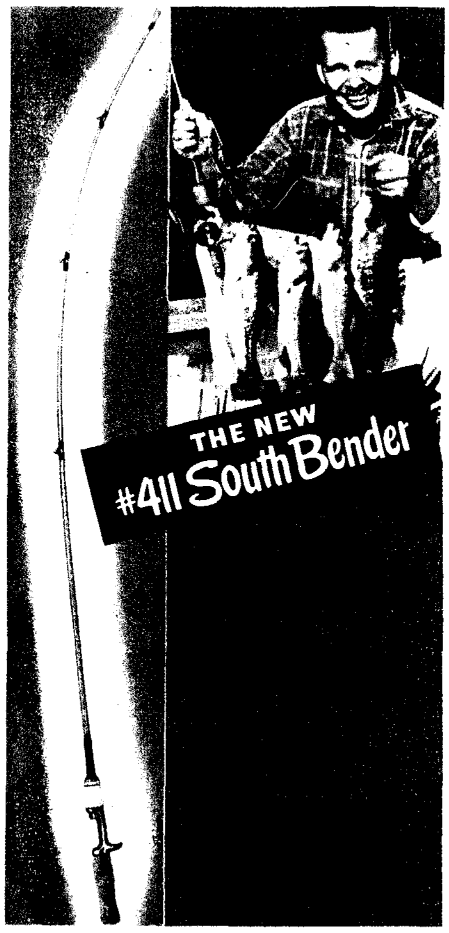

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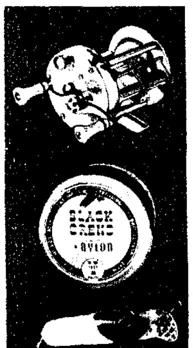

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"I lunched at the Advocates Club," the lawyer said. "I left there about a quarter past two. Are these questions necessary, Lieutenant?"

"Suppose you let me be the judge of that," Madigan said. "Now, Miss Padgett, I understand you attended the meeting of the Council this afternoon."

Barbara nodded.

"When did you leave?"

She cleared her throat, producing a dry, nervous sound. "My cousin wasn't at his desk, and I wondered why, so I went to look for him. I didn't notice the time."

"Did you come straight here?"

"Well—I came down the stairs. The door was shut, and I knocked. There was no answer so I tried the door. It was unlocked. I pushed it open. I saw my cousin sitting there in his office."

Madigan gave George a hard look. "You knocked, did you? Then I suppose you stood a while in the corridor, waiting for an answer?"

"Yes."

"How long?"

"I couldn't say. A few seconds. I believe I knocked twice, now that I think about it."

Lieutenant Madigan spun toward George. "You told me you came down to the basement right behind her!"

"I thought so," George said quickly. "As I got to the foot of the stairs I saw her turning into the minority room."

BARBARA flashed a glance at George, said, "He came in right behind me, Lieutenant."

"Okay." Madigan sat down again. He gazed at the diamond ring on the table. "Go on. What happened after you came in, Miss Padgett?"

"I saw Jeff—sitting in the chair—and I went over to him and he was—he—" She steadied herself. "He was dead."

"Go on." Madigan's voice was toneless.

"I crossed the room and bent over him, and I saw the sword, and then . . ." She looked at George. "Then he came in."

"Did you touch anything, Miss Padgett?"

"No. That is, I don't think I did."

Madigan turned abruptly to Dobbs Padgett. "You didn't mention your nephew's disappearance."

"Disappearance?"

"Yes, I hear he disappeared last week."

"Ridiculous! He was in Philadelphia all week."

Lieutenant Madigan looked at Barbara. "Is that your impression, too, Miss Padgett?"

"Oh, yes," she said easily. "He told us himself that he had been in Philadelphia, Lieutenant. It's true that for a day or so we didn't know where he was, due to an office mix-up, but he *was* in Philadelphia."

"Jeff kept constantly in touch with us by telephone," Dobbs Padgett added hastily.

"You talked to him on the phone, did you?"

"As a matter of fact, I didn't. But his secretary did. Every day."

"What's her name?"

"Good heavens, man, I don't keep a mental file of the personnel of my office."

Barbara said softly, "Alicia Grant, Lieutenant."

Madigan wrote the name down and said to Dobbs Padgett, "So you don't know if he had any enemies?"

"I can't believe he did, Lieutenant."

"Then he had a friend who was pretty careless with a snickersnee, didn't he?"

Barbara suddenly began to sob. Dobbs Padgett patted her shoulder. "There, there, Barb," he said awkwardly. "We'll get out of here." He looked up. "Is that all, Lieutenant?"

"For the time being," Madigan said, and added to George, "But you stick around."

Dobbs Padgett led Barbara from the room; she did not glance toward George. After the door closed behind them Lieutenant Madigan said, "By the way, who belongs to the other two offices?"

"The other members of the People's party. Oliver Nathan and Walter Tannenberg."

Madigan opened the door and called Marcus, the cop. "The Council meeting over with yet?"

"I don't think so, Lieutenant."

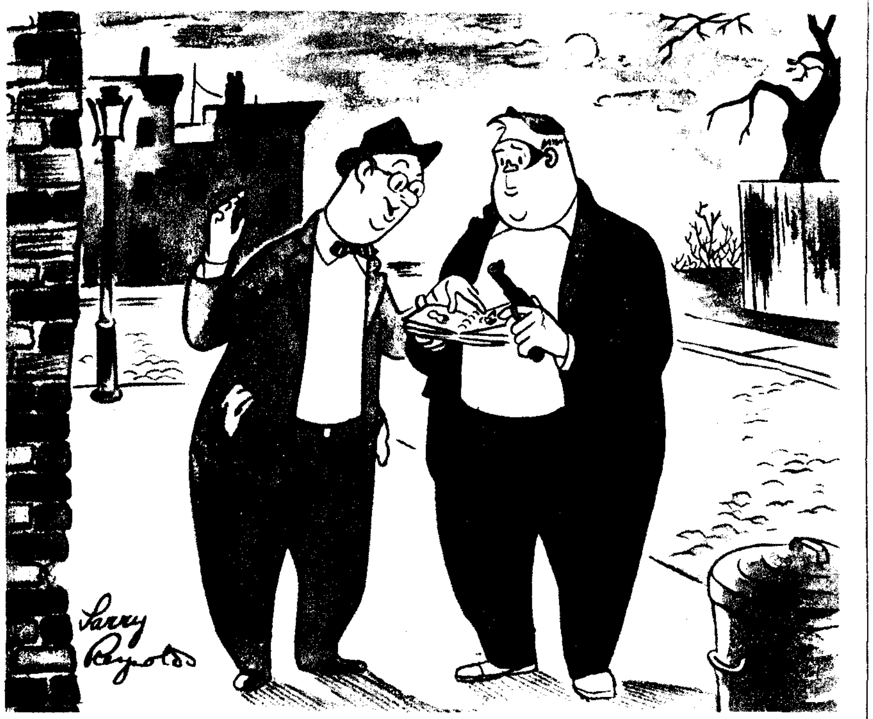
"Hop up there and tell Mr. Nathan and Mr. Tannenberg I want to talk to them as soon as the meeting is adjourned."

"And Joe Myles, the acting majority leader," George said.

Madigan grunted. "Yeah, him too." He waited until Marcus had gone, then scowled at George. "Just how do you think this McKeever Place angle figures?"

"It's just a hunch. When he put in that bill there was plenty of commotion. Down on McKeever Place they were pretty stirred up."

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



"That's Billy, my youngest. The cute little girl there is Elsie, just turning seven . . ."

COLLIER'S

"Be carrying community pride pretty far, wouldn't it?" Madigan asked. "I mean to stick a snickersnee in a guy's gizzard."

"Jeff Stover admitted that something was going on," George said. "And he was worried about it. I talked to him last night and he told me that he was pursuing what he called a line of thought. He said he was in something pretty deep. In it up to his neck, he said."

"But you don't know what it was?"

George shook his head. "He promised to let me in on it when it jelled. Today I got that note."

"Yeah," Madigan said. "About that note. You say Tracy brought it up to you at ten past two, and he found it on your desk. Before you went up to the Council meeting, were you in Room 9?"

"Yes."

"What time did you go up?"

"I remember exactly. It was seven minutes to two, Miss Padgett was with me, and she remarked on the time."

"That allows about seventeen minutes, or a little less, during which the note was put on your desk," Madigan said. "It was put there between 1:53 and 2:10, either by Stover, or by a messenger. So we know he was probably alive at or soon before 1:53, and he was dead when the girl found him at about 2:10." He glanced up at George. "That is, *if* she found him dead."

"Lieutenant, to get back to McKeever Place," George said, "did I mention that old man McKeever was found dead in the gutter a long time back? He . . ."

"I know how McKeever died," Madigan said. "That's why I've been listening to you—all that is probably off the beam. I don't know. As it stands now I don't know a damn' thing, except Stover was typing, and . . ."

"He was typing?" George broke in.

"Yes. There was a sheet of paper in his typewriter and he had just started typing, apparently, when the killer came in. All he wrote was 'As soon as I hear from . . .' and that was the end of it."

"No salutation?"

"Dear Joe."

"Joe Myles!" George almost shouted.

Madigan shrugged again. "It don't say Joe who. It just says Joe. Maybe it's G.I. Joe. Maybe it's Joe Stalin."

"Lieutenant," George said. "The screwiest thing about this case is that stuffed cat. I think there was some good reason for stealing it, that there was something maybe inside it."

"Money?"

"Or documents. A will. Jewelry."

"Or just stuffing," Madigan said. "Don't worry, I'm going to look into that cat, and I'm going to have a talk with that blonde—what was her name?" He looked at his notes. "Marcia Blaine."

MARCUS, the policeman, pushed open the door without knocking, and ushered Oliver Nathan into the room. The councilman stepped in jauntily, swinging his gold penknife on the end of the watch chain.

"Lieutenant Madigan?" he said. "How do you do? I suppose you want to know how my sword got where it was?" He spoke as casually as if he were on his feet in the Council, proposing a routine amendment to the sanitary code.

"Sit down," Madigan said. "Yes, I'm curious about that sword, and about Stover. What do you know about him?"

"Stover was a promising young man," Nathan said. "Perhaps politics was not his forte, but he had brilliance."

"You've been in the City Council a long time, haven't you, Mr. Nathan?"

"Including military leave of absence, about nine years," Councilman Nathan said. "I was a colonel in the Corps of

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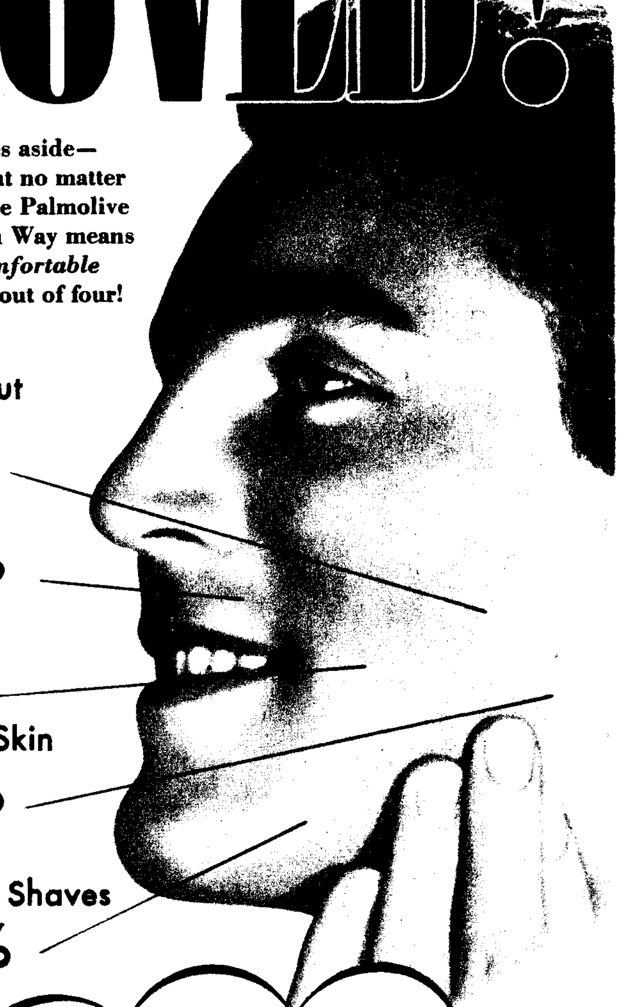
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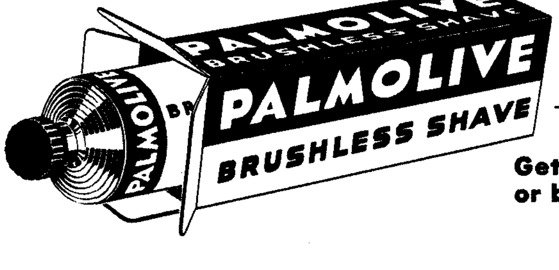

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Engineers, as you probably know. The sword was a souvenir of Pacific service."

"I see," Madigan said. "Taken from the battlefield?"

Councilman Nathan smiled. "Since this is for the record, I bought it from a Marine."

"You run across Stover in the Pacific?" Madigan asked.

Councilman Nathan smiled faintly, shook his head.

"How long has that sword been hanging in your office?"

"Ever since my return. Going on two years."

"Ever take it down from the wall?"

The councilman considered, shook his head. "Not in a number of weeks."

Madigan asked, toying with the diamond solitaire, "Did you see Stover here in the minority room before you went up to the Council meeting today?"

"I didn't come to my office here today, Lieutenant. I went directly to the councilmanic chamber."

"Okay," Madigan said. "I guess that's all for now."

WALTER TANNENBERG was next. He was a short, bulging man with a blue jaw and hairy wrists. He moved softly and spoke gently and in his unexpressive face his small, clear eyes seemed fixed in stone. He chewed a cigar as he answered the lieutenant's questions. He had not been in the minority room for at least two weeks, he said.

"What is this?" said Madigan. "What's this layout for? Don't anybody ever use it except guys with knives?"

Tannenberg smiled. "Rarely, Lieutenant. The councilmen have their own offices elsewhere. We carry on our customary activities, you know, and these offices are merely a convenience."

"Okay," Madigan said. "How long did you know Stover?"

"Only since he became a member of the Council."

"You voted him in as the party directed?"

"Naturally."

"You want a light for that cigar?"

Tannenberg shook his head; his clear eyes watched the lieutenant's face. Madigan asked, "Ever handle that samurai sword?"

Tannenberg fixed his eyes thoughtfully on the ceiling. "Perhaps I did," he said. "Oliver showed it to me, when he hung it up there in his office, and I believe I picked it up."

"That was a long time ago?"

"Oh, yes. Well over a year."

"Thank you for your co-operation, Mr. Tannenberg," Madigan said.

As the councilman went out the door George saw Joe Myles standing in the corridor, talking to the braided inspector. When Marcus ushered him in, Inspector Stranahan came along. Joe Myles waved a casual hand and said, "Hello, Lieutenant."

The inspector fixed his cold gaze on George. "What's *he* doing here?"

"I've been asking him a few questions," Madigan said.

"It was a terrible thing," Joe Myles said in a muted tone. "I don't understand it. He was a nice enough guy. Not that he had much on the ball, I'd say, but still, I think he would have done all right in the Council."

"That is, if he played along," Madigan said.

"What do you mean by that?"

"This business about McKeever Place."

Joe Myles looked at George, turned quickly to Inspector Stranahan. "I don't think we want any newspapermen here, Inspector." He grinned at George.

"Outside," said Inspector Stranahan.

George turned away. As he reached the door Madigan said, "George, tell Tracy I want to talk to him, will you? And stick around Room 9. I may want to see you again."

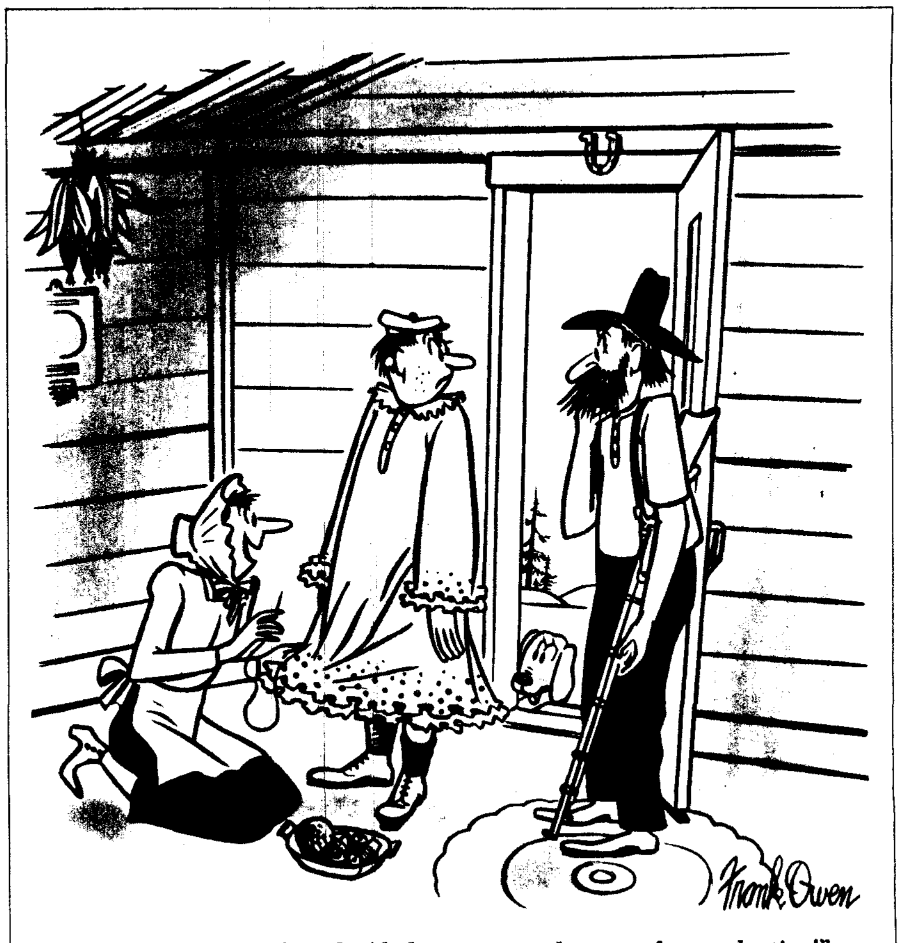
George returned to the press room. It was still crowded with reporters and photographers and several city councilmen were there asking the latest news of the murder. Tracy was at his desk, his head sunk in undisturbed sleep. George touched his shoulder and Tracy opened his big, staring eyes.

"Feeling better, Trace?"

"Sure, I'm all right. It was just a touch of indigestion, George."

"Madigan wants to talk to you."

"Me?" Tracy said. "Why? Oh, about



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COLLIER'S FRANK OWEN

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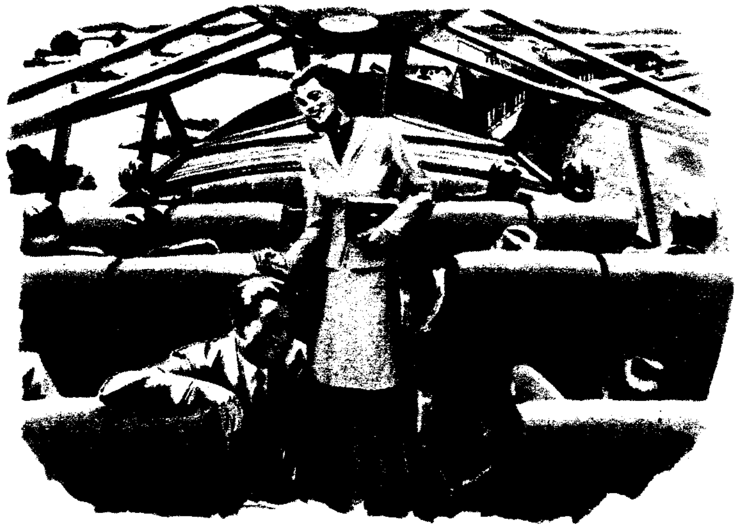

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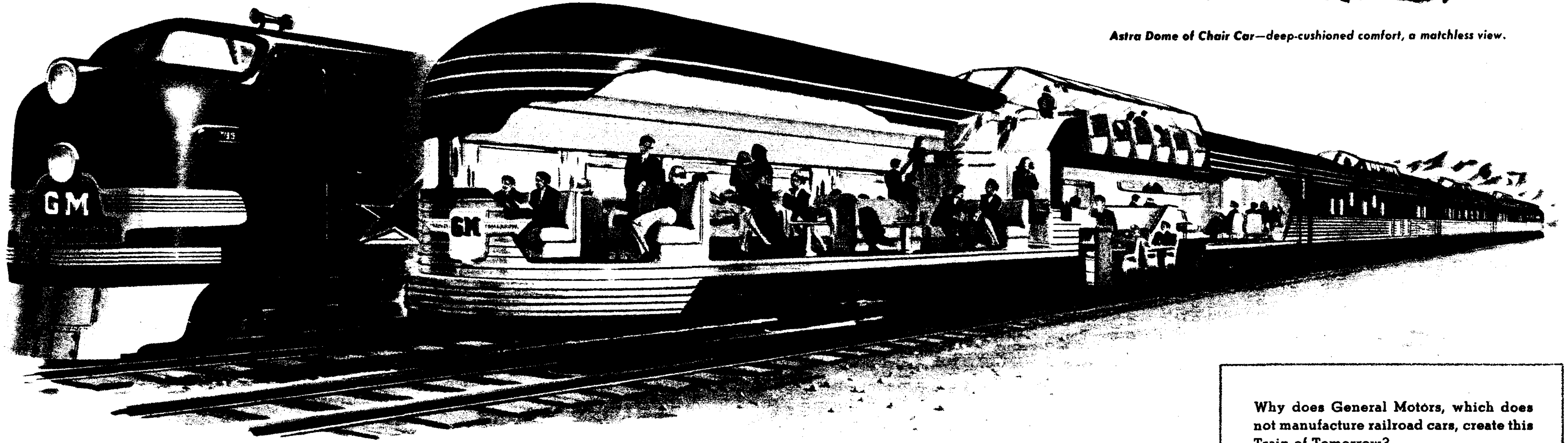

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that note, I guess." He got to his feet and walked slowly to the door.

Ray Martin followed George to his desk in the corner. "Say George, things sure come your way," the Courier man said. "Walking in on a murder like that while I'm out drinking my lunch."

George's telephone rang and he picked up the receiver. The city editor of the Record-Star said, "So you finally got a story down there, eh? I'm sending a man down to take over City Hall, George," Brickell went on. "You stay on that murder story."

"Me?" George said. His heart sank. "Brick, don't you think I'd better cover the Hall?"

"What is this?" Brickell said. "I never knew you to try to get out of work. This is the hottest murder in years. You get busy on it."

"All right." George hung up. Definitely, he did not want to cover this story; he did not want to examine professionally into the motives and actions of Barbara Padgett and her uncle. He knew too much already.

A few minutes later Tracy returned to Room 9, and Ray Martin called, "What's doing down below, Trace?"

"They've got a woman down there." Tracy sat down heavily. "A good-looking blonde. Blaine, I think it was."

George shut his eyes for a second. *That Madigan worked fast; he must have* sent a squad car to pick up Marcia Blaine. Somehow she figured in this case. She had to. As it was now, all the heat was focused on Barbara and her uncle. He remembered the phrase Jeff Stover had used the night before—that he would "kick fat little Humpty Dumpty off the wall." But Humpty Dumpty was still on the wall, and Jeff Stover was dead. Because of his threats against Humpty Dumpty, the engagement had been broken, and because she believed that Humpty Dumpty had killed her cousin, Barbara Padgett was protecting her uncle for all she was worth. That could be it, George thought.

Marcus tapped his shoulder and said, "They want you again, George."

IN THE minority room George found Lieutenant Madigan still sitting at the table. Marcia Blaine stood over by the window, blond and immaculate, with Joe Myles. Inspector Stranahan fixed a steady, suspicious glare on George.

"Well, well," Madigan said. "You held out on me, didn't you? I don't like that kind of thing."

"Held out what?"

"I hear you threw a haymaker at Stover last night in the Hotel Westbrook."

George met Marcia Blaine's icy eyes. He shrugged his shoulders. "It was the other way around, Lieutenant. He took a swing at me."

Inspector Stranahan said, "Let's hear Miss Blaine on that."

Marcia lifted her chin. "I was having a cocktail with Mr. Stover last evening in his suite at the Westbrook. This man knocked on the door and had a conversation with Mr. Stover. Their voices were raised and I heard threats. This man tried to force his way into the room and I heard the sound of a blow. I ran to the door and saw this man advancing on Mr. Stover with his fists up, trying to hit him again."

"What do you say to that, Wright?" Inspector Stranahan asked in a strangely gentle voice.

He turned to Madigan. "We've heard Miss Blaine's story, and I don't think it's necessary for her to remain and listen to any further discussion of it, do you, Lieutenant?"

"Not at all," Madigan said. "Thank you, Miss Blaine."

The inspector took Marcia Blaine's arm and showed her from the room with an air of solicitude. As she left, Marcia looked at George, and he saw a triumphant gleam in her eyes, a malicious curving of her lips.

Joe Myles followed them out and closed the door. George looked into Madigan's pale, unmoving eyes. "Do you believe all that, Lieutenant?"

Madigan said tonelessly, "What did Stover have on you, George?"

"He had nothing on me. I went up there to ask him what his interest was in McKeever Place and he took a poke at *me,* but he apologized. Then this morning Marcia Blaine was in Room 9, trying to find out why I wanted to talk to Stover. I tell you, she's trying to harpoon me, and the reason is she's got something to hide herself. She calls herself Marcia Blaine, but I think the name is phony. Joe called her 'Patty.' I heard him."

"Never mind," Madigan said. "I know who she is. I found out a little bit too *late.*" His pale eyes surveyed George without expression. "I got a tough case here, and you're not helping me any. By the way, you going to write this story for the Record-Star?"

"Yes."

"George, I got to have a little co-operation from you," Madigan said. "I got to have plenty of it. If I don't, and if you print any of this, I'll throw you in the jug on a murder charge, and that redhead with you, and I'll make it stick, by God, if I have to frame you. I don't want the papers squeezing me, too."

"Who is Marcia Blaine?" George asked.

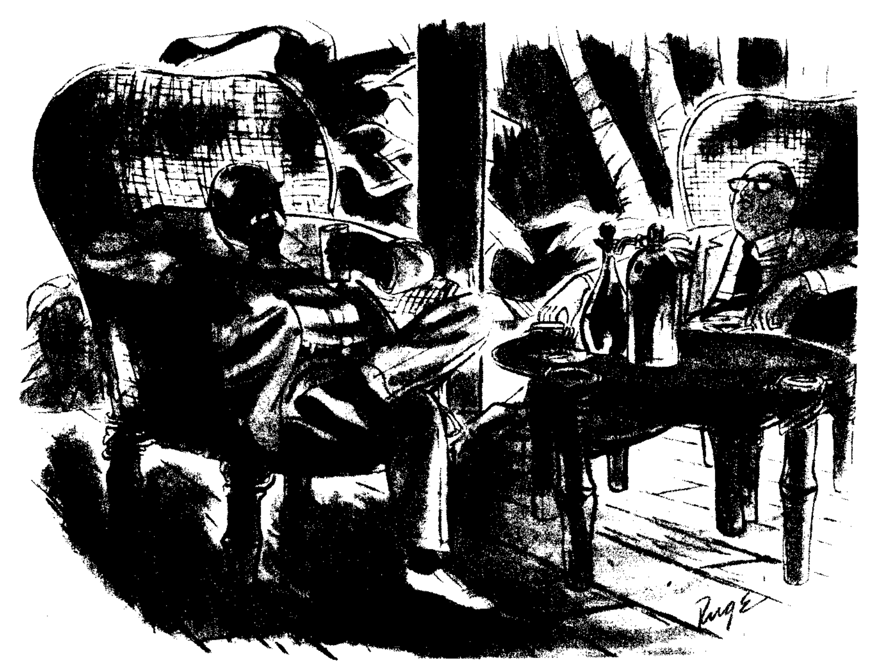
"You can find out who she is, easy enough," the lieutenant said. "I'm just telling you not to print it, not just now. I don't think she figures in this case, but she's Patty Leary, Ed Leary's kid."

"I'm beginning to see," George said angrily. "A district leader comes into the picture, so you turn the heat on me. Getting a little scared of the political angle, Lieutenant?"

"I'm not scared of any angles," Madigan said, giving George a savage look. "I'd just as soon be pounding a beat in Canarsie. I'd get reporters out of my hair, at least."

"And district leaders, too," George snapped.

Madigan shook his head. "I think you know me, George. I'm going to bust this case, if I can." He gazed reflectively out the window. "From twelve-thirty until two o'clock Joe Myles was having lunch with the girl over at Andrew's. He left there at two and came up to the Council meeting. She was still there, drinking her coffee, when I sent for her, and the waiter said she hadn't left the place. She's in the clear."



"I mean to say that it's practically impossible t'keep the ruddy old empire intact if we charge around asking damned fool natives if they want their countries back"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

George said. "I'm a little dim-witted. I see what you want now. You *want* a story in the Record-Star saying that Ed Leary's daughter was questioned in connection with the Stover murder, and you want a little item stating that Lieutenant Madigan *ordered the papers not to print* it. Is that right?"

"I didn't say that," Madigan said.

"You have my co-operation," George said with a grin. "One hundred per cent."

Lieutenant Madigan sat down at the table and began to toy with the key ring that was among the effects taken from the person of Councilman Stover.

"There was plenty of time to do this job," he said. "Nobody ever comes to the minority room, and there's not much traffic through the basement. All any*body had to do was to come in that cast* door or down the stairs from the first floor. There was nobody to see him. He could slip right in and do the job."

"How was it done, Lieutenant?"

"Well, he came in and got the sword. Maybe he was waiting here for Stover. If that was it, he had to have a key, because the minority room is kept locked. Anyhow, he took the sword, and I figure he kept it hidden behind his back. Stover was sitting in that chair, a swivel chair, and I guess he swiveled around to talk, and the fellow let him have it, right through the heart. Then the guy swivels the chair around so that Stover's back is facing the door and anybody looking in will think he's just sitting there."

Madigan stood up, twirling the key ring. "Whoever did it, George, was a guy who didn't make Stover suspicious. He was someone he knew, probably. His dear, sweet cousin, maybe, or a friend, or another councilman, or a caller on legitimate business, and for that matter"—Madigan's eyes met George's—"a reporter supposedly looking for a story."

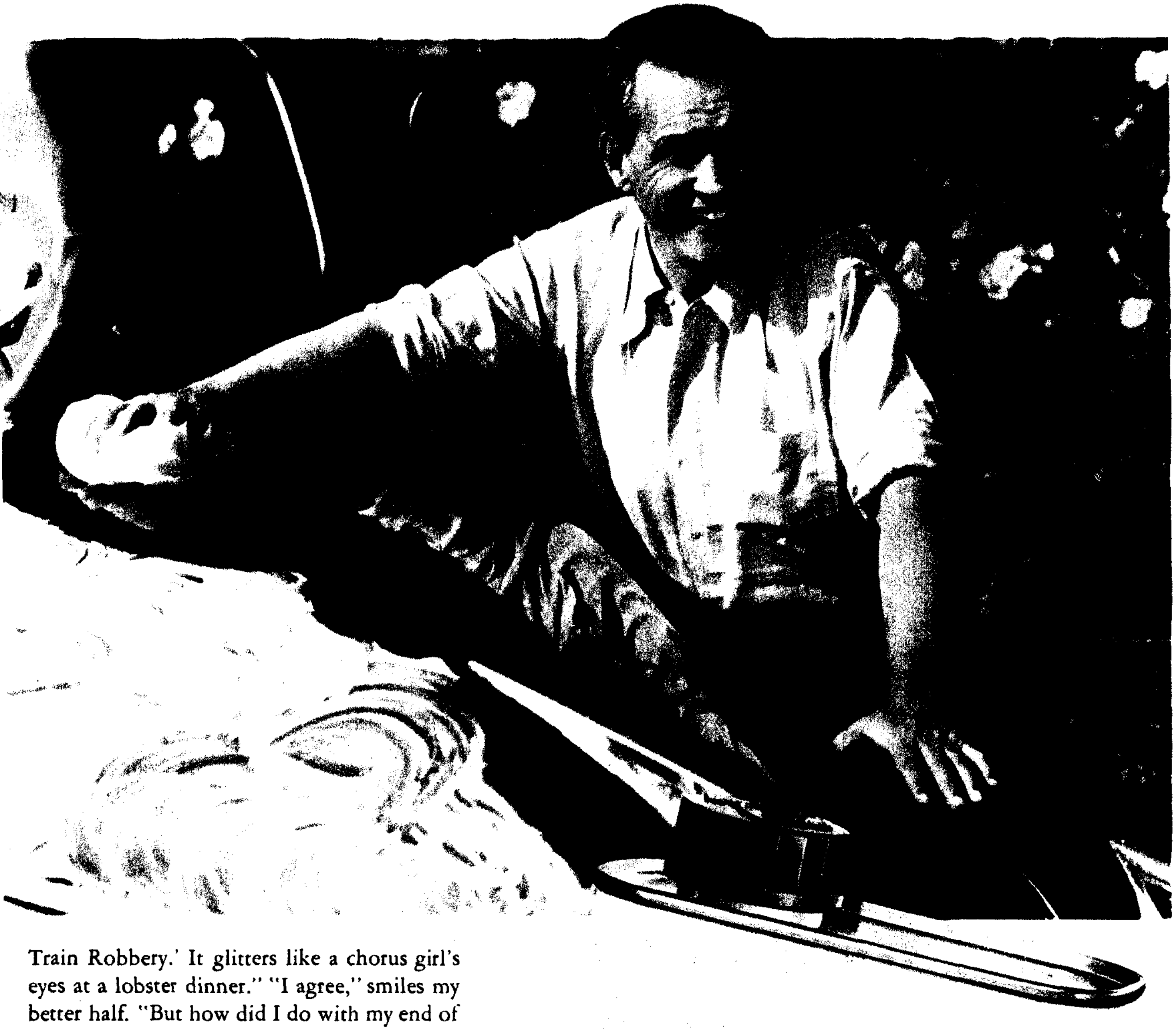
"Reporters generally handle their news sources pretty gently, Lieutenant."

"I'm not thinking so much about reporters," the lieutenant went on. "What I'm thinking about is: Who else could come up to him like that, and stab him with a samurai sword, while he's sitting there unsuspecting? You know what I come up with, George? A dame."

Madigan turned and picked up the diamond ring from the table. "Yes, sir, the lady who gave him back this ring. Look, a guy buys a ring for his girl, he gets it in a nice little velvet box, don't he? But if she gives it back to him she don't

Fibber McGee says: "This was pie for both of us!

Knowing that polishing the car with JOHNSON'S CARNU was a soft touch, I was just waitin' for a deal like this!"



I'm strictly a guy for a sharp trade. So when Molly wanted me to polish up the family heap, I was Jerry-at-the-rat-hole with a proposition. To wit: "Look, Snooky," I says, "I'll make you a deal. I'll slap a shine on that crate you can pluck your eyebrows in, if you'll whip up one of those butterscotch pies of yours that tastes like it was cooked in heaven and served in a dream." (Don't sell flattery short, fellas. It keeps the wrinkles out of your marriage license.)

Well sir, the Stock Exchange never closed a deal any faster than that! In five minutes, we were both cookin' with gas. Her with a rolling pin and me with a can of Carnu. Having taken the juicy end of the swap, I led right from the barrier. While she was fussin' around a hot oven, all I had to do was apply Carnu, rubbin' just hard enough to loosen up the grime and let it dry to a white powder. From there on it was a romp. I just wiped the Carnu off and threw my hands over my eyes so I wouldn't be blinded by the dazzle.

"Okay, baby," I says, very subsequently. "Get a load of the ancestral jalopy! You haven't seen a finish like that since the last reel of 'The Great Train Robbery.' It glitters like a chorus girl's eyes at a lobster dinner." "I agree," smiles my better half. "But how did I do with my end of the arrangement?" And she shows me a butterscotch pie that would take the gold medal in a manna exhibit. Excuse me while I go get a fork.

"Heavenly days, the lad thinks he's put one over on me again! I knew all along he'd win with Johnson's Carnu. And that's a tip for you, girls. When it's your turn to be dummy, let the man play his cards his own way. The score will always surprise him."

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It's a liquid which you rub on only hard enough to loosen the grime. Let Johnson's Carnu dry to a white powder. Wipe off—dirt and road grime disappear—leaving a sparkling shine that makes your car look *new* again. Try it.

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Molly McGee's Butterscotch Pie

½ cup brown sugar (light) 1 tablespoon butter
2 cups hot water ½ cup white sugar
2 tablespoons corn starch (stirred to a smooth paste with 2 tablespoons cold water)
2 eggs 1 teaspoon vanilla Pinch of salt

Cook brown sugar and butter in a frying pan until a little deeper brown. Add hot water and boil until lumps are dissolved (about five minutes). Put in double boiler with white sugar, add corn starch, and cook until thick. Add the yolks of the two eggs, mixing immediately with an egg beater to prevent curdling, and cook five minutes. Add salt and vanilla. Put in baked pie shell and top with meringue made with the whites of the two eggs. Bake in medium oven until the meringue is golden brown.

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"Women have been shot for that!"

MR.: Hey, just what are you up to? Grabbing one of my two remaining Arrow shirts for your own, my dear?

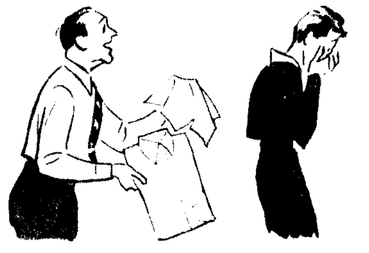
MRS.: Well, it looked so nice on you I thought I—

MR.: You did, eh? You thought I wouldn't mind losing that handsome Arrow Collar ...that special Mitoga figure cut...that—

MRS.: Look, Bill! Let's not get *silly!* You've got three or four shirts as it is, and—

MR.: Yes, Fond Wife! But only *two* Arrows! Arrows with that magic Sanforized label, meaning: No Shrinkage Over 1%—If That. Well, my answer is: "*Leave 'em alone!*"

MRS.: Listen—you big clown! *I* don't want your precious Arrow shirt. I wanted it for Eddie, your own son. He's going to some big party tonight, and there's a girl, and the poor kid remembered how you bawled him out for swiping a shirt from you before the war. So I—



MR.: Aw, don't cry, honey. Why didn't you SAY so? Take it. Women are so doggone devious, doggone 'em. Handkerchief? *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

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deliver it in velvet. Hell, no! She jerks it off her finger and throws a big scene. Right?"

"I don't know," George said. "It never happened to me."

"I'll lay hands on that dame," the lieutenant said. "It won't take long."

"Sure," George said. "Anything to avoid a politically embarrassing investigation."

"You think that, do you?" Madigan said. "The hell with you!" He looked keenly at George. "You know who my candidate is for the dame who wore this ring? Your friend, Miss Blaine, nee Patty Leary."

The lieutenant dropped the ring onto the little heap of Councilman Stover's personal effects. There was a knock on the door, and then Inspector Stranahan strode scowling into the room. Madigan did not notice; he was spreading out the objects on the table. He stopped and looked on the floor, and, when he straightened, his face was a fiery color. He shouted, "It's gone!"

"What's gone?" Inspector Stranahan asked.

"The key!" Madigan pointed at the table, and George saw what was missing, the straight iron key of the household type that he had noticed earlier among the objects on the table.

"Now who in hell took that key?" Madigan said, and a look of satisfaction replaced indignation on his pink face. "Whoever did," he said, "made one hell of a mistake!"

"There've been plenty of mistakes around here," Inspector Stranahan said. "And this here guy is making most of them," He advanced on George. "I talked to Joe Myles. He said he saw you leave the Council chamber this afternoon, and he noticed when Miss Padgett walked out, too. She went out of there a good three minutes before you did!"

Madigan swung around. "I knew damn' well you lied about that, George." He stepped forward, jabbed his forefinger at George. "What are you two covering up? You said you came down to the basement right behind her and saw her turn into the minority room."

George said, "Ask her. She probably looked around the building before she went down to the basement."

"She said she came straight here."

"Lieutenant," Inspector Stranahan said, "maybe that key hasn't got very far." He plunged a big hand into George's coat pocket.

George tried to back away, but Madigan caught his arm. George shrugged and said, "Go ahead and search me. I didn't take the key."

He stood like a patient horse in harness while the men went through his pockets. Suddenly the inspector cried, "Well, take a look at this!"

He held out his hand. The bloodstained handkerchief, crushed in a sticky ball, lay in his big palm.

"A lady's handkerchief," Inspector Stranahan said. "All covered with blood. And an initial on it, too. B for Barbara, it is."

WITH vicious satisfaction, Stranahan said, "I'll have that redhead picked up. It looks like we've broken this case, Lieutenant."

"Wait a minute," George said. "I can explain that handkerchief. Miss Padgett got a little blood on her hand, Inspector, and used that handkerchief to wipe it off. She was sort of knocked out, and I helped her do it, then I stuffed the handkerchief in my pocket."

"A little?" the inspector asked. "Look at this handkerchief. It's soaked. You call that a little? Which hand was it?"

George thought a moment. "Her right hand."

"That's enough for me." The inspector strode quickly to the door. "I'll send word to have her brought in, Lieutenant."

George moved over to the table an dropped heavily into a chair. Madiga stood looking down at him. "That goe to show," he said. "Never lie for a dame.

Anger rushed through George an tightened his muscles. "For God's sake Lieutenant, use your head! She's hi cousin. Why should she kill her cousin?

Madigan did not reply. He moved ove to the window, stood looking at the pigeons on the curve of walk, a little abov eye level outside the basement room George watched his solid back and said "It seems to me the inspector is in a he of a hurry to pin this on somebody."

Madigan did not turn his head. "Yo think so?"

"Ever since Ed Leary's daughter cam into the picture he's been in a lather, George said. "Why don't you pick u Marcia Blaine, too? How about that key Find who took that key and you'll fin your murderer."

SLOWLY Madigan turned. "The important thing is not who took that key George, but why that key was importan enough to take. That's what's puzzlin me. Just an ordinary key. The kind yo find in a kitchen door, or a closet." H sucked in his underlip.

George glanced up. The closet h thought of was in Jeff Stover's room i the Hotel Westbrook. Somewhere th mounted figure of Sachem McKeever the retired City Hall cat, was hidden, an in some way the theft of the cat relate to the murder of Jeff Stover. George wa as sure of it as he was that Stover ha taken the cat from the bar in McKeeve Place. The missing key, he thought would open the door to the murderer' secret.

"Lieutenant, that key is a godsend," h said. "It's the first tangible clue."

"How about *that?*" Madigan pointe to the bloodstained handkerchief on th table. "George, are you going to admi that you lied? You never saw that gir until you walked into the minority room did you?"

For just an instant George hesitate before he said, "Yes, I did."

Madigan took a cigar from his breas pocket, bit the end off it, and sat dow across the table from George. He chewe the cigar with the alert, absorbed air o a rabbit at work on a carrot.

"That blonde was never near this table that I noticed," he said. "Neither was Joe Myles. But Barbara Padgett was George, and so were you. Either one o you could have taken that key, and we know *you* didn't."

"There were other people around this table—"

"Yes. Dobbs Padgett for one. And those two councilmen, Nathan and Tannenberg. And old Tracy. That's eight people, including you. Two dames, three City Councilmen, two reporters and a lawyer. Some categories! Politicians, reporters, lawyers and dames. Can you trust any of 'em?"

"Or cops," George insisted.

"If you don't trust the cops," Madigan said, "you're an anarchist. Ever think of that? We're law and order around here."

"Look, Lieutenant, you know damned well Barbara Padgett didn't take that key, and you know damned well she didn't murder her cousin. What motive would she have? Be reasonable."

"Suppose we give the girl a chance to explain herself," Madigan said. "If she didn't do it, she's got nothing to worry about, has she? Be reasonable yourself." He leaned his elbows on the table. "I got an open mind, and *I'm* not trying to pin it on anybody, George. Right now what I'm thinking most about is that key. You see, anybody could have got into this office and jerked that snickersnee off the wall and let Stover have it. The door was wide open to anybody—until the somebody who took the key conveniently closed it. By snatching that key he narrowed the picture down to the eight of

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you." Madigan grinned happily. "I could kiss him!"

George stood up. "If you're through with me, Lieutenant, I've got a story to write."

"Yeah," Madigan said. "Let's get that part of it straight. You forget about that key. You're not putting that in your story. I want you to co-operate with me, and print what I tell you to print."

"Why should I co-operate with you?" George asked sourly.

"Skip it," said Madigan. "Just co-operate with me, George, and when a break comes, I'll let you in first. Agreed?"

"All right."

"Now get out of here before Stranahan gets back," Madigan said. "You have a bad effect on the inspector, George. I don't think he likes you."

George left the room in silence. As he got his hat in Room 9 he noticed that Tracy had apparently recovered from the bad clam served him at the Advocates Club. His skin had lost its yellow tinge and his eyes were clearer. George paused on his way out to ask, "Trace, did you notice Dobbs Padgett at the Advocates Club luncheon today?"

Tracy pursed his lips, hesitated, then squinted up at George. "Come to think of it, I think I did see him."

IT WAS late afternoon now, and the shadows lay long and lazy in City Hall Park as George walked to the subway. His nerves were keyed high and his thoughts jumped from fact to fact, but the facts were like slippery stepping stones that gave precarious foothold. He tried to visualize the scene when he had entered the minority room and found Barbara bending over Jeff Stover's body. Her own body had concealed her hands. Had he seen any movement? Had she been wiping the handle of the sword? He remembered her gasp, after he had crossed the room, and he remembered looking up to see her wiping blood from her fingers. That was the first time he had noticed the handkerchief, and now he convinced himself that it was the first time Barbara had noticed the blood on her hand. It accounted for the gasp.

George went to the Hotel Westbrook, and climbed the stairs to the mezzanine where Lew Gibson, the hotel's press agent, had his offices. Lew jumped up from his chair when George walked in.

"Say, did you have an advance tip on this murder?" Lew cried. "What were you working on when you called me yesterday?"

"Lew," George said in a tired voice, "will you do me a favor?"

"What kind of favor?"

"I want to take a look in Stover's room. I won't touch a thing. I just want to see what's in a closet."

Lew frowned. "What do you expect to find, a body?"

"In a manner of speaking," George said, "yes."

"That's for the cops, George." Lew shook his head.

"If I find what I'm looking for I'm going to call the cops. Immediately. How about it, Lew—can you get a passkey?"

"I don't like it," Lew said, but he was already on his way to the door. "I don't like it at all. But I'll get a key from the house dick. He's a pal of mine. Meet me at the elevators, George."

George went to the lobby and sank into a chair. He settled himself and had started to light a cigarette, when the elevator doors opened and a girl stepped out. He saw her coppery hair and the match burned his fingers. Jumping to his feet, George hurried to intercept her, calling softly, "Barbara?"

She spun around. Her face was pale, startled.

"What the devil are you doing here?" George said. "I've got to talk to you."

Quickly he glanced over his shoulder; Lew Gibson was not in sight. He took Barbara's arm and propelled her into the Westbrook bar. Leaning against the glowing horseshoe in the dimly lighted room, he whispered, "So you took that key."

"What key?"

"You were up in Stover's room, weren't you?"

"What if I was?"

"How did you get in?"

"The floor clerk knows me, George."

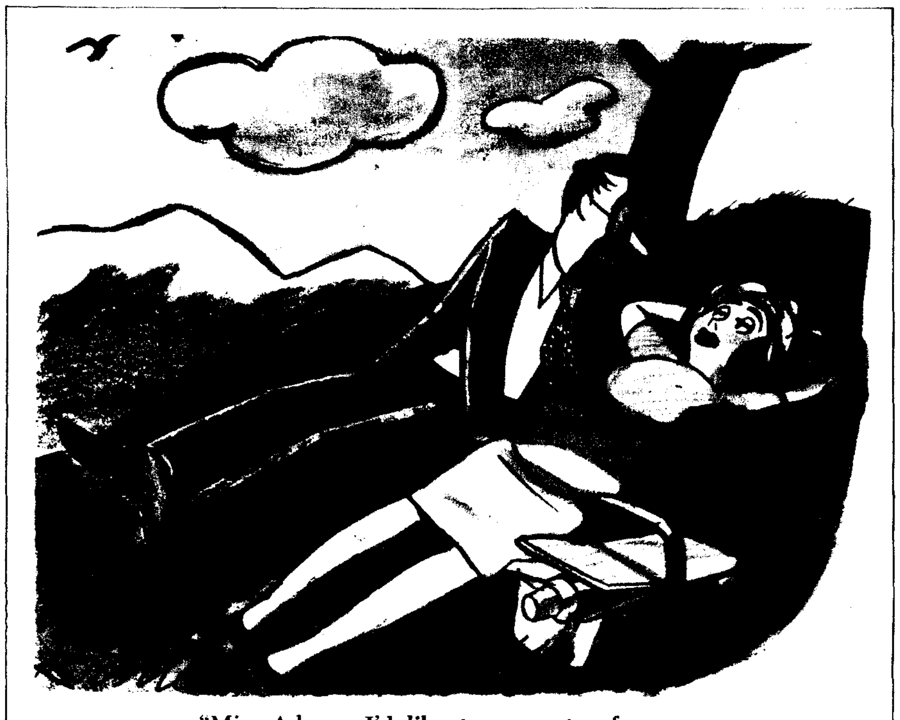
The barman moved up and George said, "Two Scotches." He looked at Barbara's intent profile as she studied the rows of bottles on mirrored shelves. In one of the mirrors he caught the reflection of her face. He thought that she seemed poised and sure of herself. Still watching her reflection in the mirror, he whispered in her ear, "The cops think you used that handkerchief to wipe the fingerprints off the handle of that sword. They found it in my pocket."

She jerked her head around, her lips parted. "Oh, that's silly."

"They want to know how you got blood on your hands. How did you, Barbara?"

"I don't know; I haven't any idea."

"And they want to know how long you



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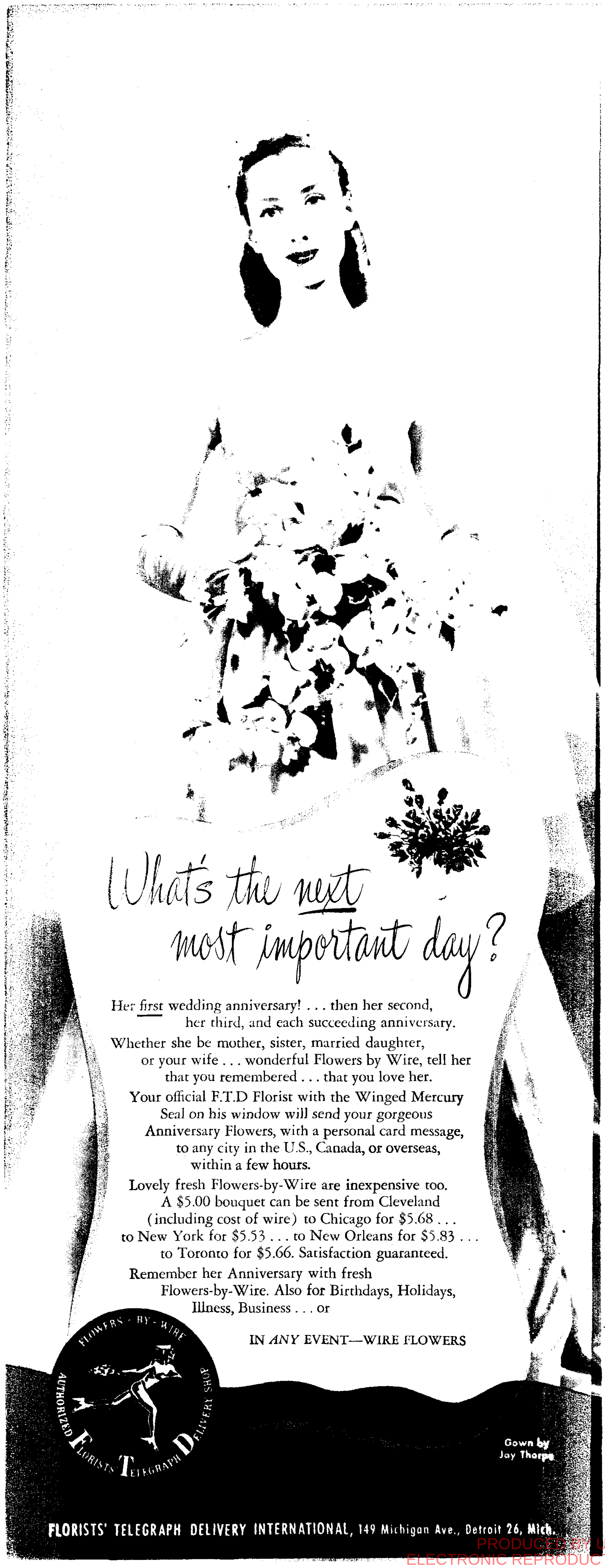

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were in the minority room before I got there," George said. "Joe Myles saw you leaving the Council chamber a long time ahead of me."

"Good Lord, I didn't do *it*. That's stupid." She seemed irritated, more than upset.

The barman brought their drinks, and George waited until she had taken a swallow, then he said, "You did take that key, didn't you?"

"What key, George? What are you talking about?" Her face seemed drained of color, but her voice was firm.

"What were you doing in Jeff Stover's room just now?"

BARBARA gave him a sharp glance, then put down her glass and started for the door. George caught her after she had taken only a few steps. "Come back," he said. "We've got to get this straight." He held her arm tightly, pulling her back to their place at the bar. She picked up her glass again with a gesture of impatience.

"Tell me this," George whispered. "How does Humpty Dumpty fit in?"

Because he still held her arm, George could feel the jerk of her muscles. He looked into alert gray eyes and heard her tense whisper, "What do you know about Humpty Dumpty?"

"I know he's your uncle," George said.

"Oh, no, you're wrong." She shook her head. Then she bit her lip and looked down at her empty glass. "How much did you hear last night?"

"I heard Stover say he was going to kick fat little Humpty Dumpty off the wall, and I heard you say he couldn't do it, and when he insisted that he would, you gave him back the ring."

"That's all you heard, George?"

"Yes."

Barbara turned and put both her hands in George's. Her face was very near his. "George, I want to ask you something. Please trust me, will you? I need time—just a little time."

"Time for what?"

"I asked you please to trust me."

"I'm not putting any pressure on you, Barbara," he said. "It's the cops who want to ask you questions, not me. I was asking only to see if I could help."

"Thank you. You can't help."

"Don't you think you ought to go to Lieutenant Madigan and explain everything?"

"Yes, I will. But not now. Not for a day or so, George. I can't talk to him yet."

"He's looking for you," George said. "There's probably a squad car waiting at your house now."

"Then I'll have to stay away from home, and the office, too," she said crisply. "That's all there is to that."

George hesitated, still holding her hands. "I'll give you the keys to my apartment. You can go there."

"No. I have a place to stay."

"Barbara, this is a murder case," he said. "You can't play fast and loose with a murder investigation. Don't try to protect anybody, for heaven's sake. It will only get you into trouble. If you know who killed your cousin, you ought to . . ."

She broke in, "I don't know. I swear, George, it isn't that."

"What is it, then?"

"You said you'd trust me." She withdrew her hands. "George, you'll forget you saw me here, won't you?"

"Yes."

The smile Barbara gave him then was tender, and wistful, too. She whispered, "You're the sweetest guy I know," and then she was gone, walking very fast toward the door that opened on the street. As the door swung to behind her, George reached for his glass. He drank down the rest of his Scotch, paid, and walked slowly back to the lobby.

Lew Gibson was waiting by the elevators. "For Pete's sake, what happened to you? Come on."

They got out of the elevator at the tenth floor, and Lew led the way to Room 1012. He inserted the passkey, pushed the door open, and stepped aside. George went in ahead of him and stopped short. Lieutenant Madigan stood by the window, chewing a cigar. He looked stonily at George. "You don't lose any time, do you?"

George grinned, but there was no answering smile on Madigan's round face. The lieutenant turned to Lew Gibson and said, "Who are you?"

"Who are *you?*" Lew said.

"Lieutenant Madigan, Homicide."

"Damn you, George," Lew said.

Madigan moved toward George. "Just what do you want here, kiddo?"

"I thought I'd take a look in the closets," George said.

"What's your interest in his closets?"

"I'm a newspaperman," George said.

Lieutenant Madigan gave him a hard, appraising look. "In the first place, there's nothing in his closets but clothes. In the second place, neither of those closets locks with a key. They don't have any locks at all. And in the third place the floor clerk says your little redheaded friend was up here just a few minutes ago." He jabbed his cigar at George. "What did she want here?"

"How should I know?"

"Where is she now?"

"I haven't any idea."

"All right," Madigan said. "Scram. No, wait. If you mention that cat in your story I'll have *you* stuffed."

George shook his head. "That cat is legitimate news."

Madigan put the cigar in his mouth. "You can print what you damned please," he said. "I'm just telling you, if you want any breaks from me you got to co-operate. Stick in a paragraph about the mysterious disappearance of a stuffed cat, if you got to, but for Pete's sake don't lean on it. That's all I mean."

George nodded. "Okay."

GEORGE walked across town to the office of the Record-Star. Madigan had said that the closets contained nothing but clothes, but certainly he was not overlooking the fact that Barbara had been there ahead of him. Obviously Barbara had been looking for something in Stover's room, and she was still looking for something. That was why she had asked for time. But George knew that time was running short. Of the eight persons questioned by Madigan in the minority room that afternoon, only one had no alibi. Only Barbara.

Tannenberg and Nathan had been at their desks in the City Council chamber. Joe Myles had come late to the Council meeting, but he had been lunching at Andrew's, and a waiter there had testified that Marcia Blaine had remained at the table after the acting majority leader's departure. Dobbs Padgett and Tracy had both attended the luncheon of the Advocates Club.

But for an ominous three minutes Barbara Padgett's actions were unaccounted for.

When George reached the Record-Star building, he moved into an elevator with a group of printers on their way to work. It was a mess, he thought. Barbara had said he had it all wrong about Humpty Dumpty. He remembered the impact of the nursery rhyme in childhood. If Humpty Dumpty was not Dobbs Padgett, who in hell could Humpty Dumpty be? Thinking back on the conversation with Barbara, he was struck by the realization that she had not denied using the handkerchief to wipe the handle of the sword clean. She had not explained the blood on her hand.

As George entered the city room Brickell got up from his chair and called, "Got it all wrapped up, George?"

"I think so, Brick."

"We've got it covered like a blanket," the city editor said. "Four men are assigned, and they've been calling in. Inspector Stranahan says an arrest will be made within twenty-four hours. That's what they always say when they're stumped. Any line on who did it?"

"No," George said. "But I have an exclusive angle, Brick. Ed Leary's daughter was questioned by the police. She's a singer and uses the name Marcia Blaine."

"Ed Leary's daughter?" Brickell whistled softly. "How does she fit in?"

"She was playing around with Stover."

"Get it up high in the story," Brickell said with satisfaction. "Slug it slay, George, and get working on it."

THE copy deadline for the first edition of the Record-Star was at 9:30. George had three hours to complete his story, and required nearly all of it. He sent out for sandwiches and ate at his desk as he composed the story and took a dozen telephone calls from the reporters assigned to cover various angles of it. As he made the end mark on the last take of copy at a quarter past nine his telephone rang. He picked up the receiver and said, "Hello."

"Mr. Wright?" It was a woman's voice.

"Yes."

"You made me pretty angry, you know. Was it necessary to drag me into it? After all, that sort of publicity won't help my career, you know."

"Is this Marcia Blaine?" George asked.

"That's right."

"Or should I say Patty Leary?"

"Marcia Blaine will do." He heard her soft laugh. "I do feel that I owe you an apology. I mean I was angry."

"It wasn't very friendly," George said.

"I'm apologizing, aren't I? Isn't that enough? Or should I do it in person? Should I buy you a drink, or something? Tell you what. You come over here to the Club Pigalle and I'll have a bottle in the bucket. How's that?"

"Fine," George said. "I'll be there by the time the bottle is cold." He hung up and carried the last page of his story to the city desk.

"Good piece, George," Brickell said. "I'm keeping you on that story for a day or two."

"All right." George put on his hat and looked up the address of the Club Pigalle in the telephone directory. He walked to Forty-sixth Street.

The Club Pigalle was one of those noisy places that promised in billboards and electric lights somewhat more than even the most naïve patron knew he could expect. The headwaiter led him to a table at the ringside and told him Miss Blaine would join him when she had finished her number. On the floor beside the table was a silver bucket, holding a napkined bottle.

The master of ceremonies had listened too often to headliners in his field, and, for that matter, so had George. The humor was footsore and as familiar as corns, and George thought that the Pigalle was so thoroughly second-rate that Marcia Blaine had probably bought a spot for herself. He was prepared for the worst when she was introduced and came smiling to the microphone.

But he was surprised by her voice. She had a throaty delivery that might have interested a laryngologist in investigating the possibility of polyps, but interested the layman very definitely in Miss Marcia Blaine. Watching her as she sang, George thought that this deceptive blonde, with her languorous, throaty voice and oblique green eyes, was as sexy as a page-one tabloid photograph, yet as lacking in substance. As she finished her song, she never once glanced toward his table, and he was surprised a moment later when she slipped into the chair across from him. He was still applauding.

"So you liked my song?"

"You're good," George said. "What are you doing in a dive like this?"

"Our gross last week was twelve G's," she said. "What do you mean, a dive?" She fixed her bright eyes on his face as a waiter opened the champagne, and her smile was warm and personal. All this, George thought, was more than an apology. Much, much more.

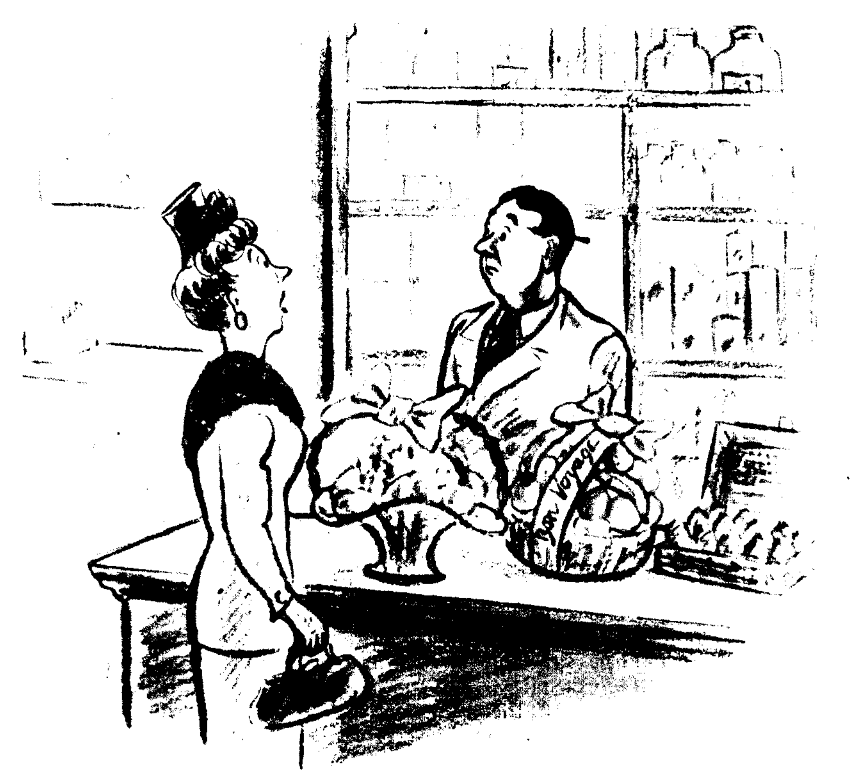
She touched the base of her glass to the rim of his, and her eyes made the gesture significant. They drank champagne, and she said, "You know, I thought you were kind of cute the other night. I mean when you took a poke at Jeff, but . . ."

"Hey," George said. "I didn't take a poke at anybody. Let's get that straight right now."

"Didn't you?" She smiled. "Well, what difference does it make? You're not on trial or anything."

"I'm not going to *be* on trial."

She shrugged, still smiling. "I hope not. Inspector Stranahan thinks you and the Padgett girl did it, but I said to him, 'What was their motive? After all, he and Jeff had a fight, and it was plain they did



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not like each other very much, but . . .' ”

“Listen,” George broke in, “I've got a lot better alibi than you have.”

She set down her glass. “What's wrong with my alibi?”

“Are you sure you paid that waiter at Andrew's enough?” George asked, grinning at her.

She grimaced. “Let's get off the merry-go-round. You know damned well I didn't murder anybody. You say you have an alibi. So all right. I'm glad to hear it. Now let's skip it. Let's have a drink.”

The waiter refilled their glasses. She sipped the champagne, and said softly, “I was going to say that I thought you were kind of cute last night, but it made me wonder—how long have you been with the Record-Star?”

George thought a moment. “Ten years, I think it is, not counting the years I broke in as a cub, working summer vacations.”

“When are you going to get out of it?”

“Get out of what?”

“The newspaper game. What's in it for you? The smart babies go in for publicity, don't they?”

“Do they?” George said.

“Why don't you get off a pay roll? Use your head. That's the trouble with modern times. Everyone gets on a pay roll and loses his initiative, and gets ulcers instead. Isn't that so? I mean are you going to go on working for somebody all your life, or are you going to get yours? That's what I mean. After all, what is life? I mean with a small L. It's only money. And with a capital L it's only money with a capital M. Isn't that right?”

“I guess I've never lived with a capital L,” George said. “Because I never had money with a capital M.” He reached for his glass. “Stop it. You're confusing me.”

“That's life for you,” Marcia said. “We're all confused.”

“With a capital C,” George said.

“That's just what I mean,” said Marcia.

“Honey,” George said, and picked up the bottle. “I like you.” He filled their glasses. “I like the way you come at me from all directions, like Jersey mosquitoes. Yes, sir, you've got change of pace. And that's not all. You've got a capital S, Marcia. The three-letter word, I mean.”

“You ought to get into publicity,” she said. “You know, we need a smart guy to handle the Pigalle. You can take that over as your first account. How about it?”

“The bottle's empty,” George said, and called the waiter. “Bring another bottle, please.”

“I mean it,” Marcia said. “You take over the Pigalle. I can fix it for you. I've got a quarter interest in this club.”

“I like you, Marcia,” George said. “In a lower-case way, that is. Not in capitals. I'm just a lower-case guy. I don't want to be capitalized. See what I mean?”

THE next bottle was at hand, already cold. George was getting tight—and he was enjoying himself.

“It was just a thought I had,” Marcia said. “I mean, I think you'd be fabulous at publicity. You ought to try it. And I thought you might be interested in money,” Marcia said. “And I mean with a capital M.” She leaned nearer him, her hand still in his. “Say a couple of hundred a week.”

George sighed and said, “What a woman!” He looked for an instant into her greenish eyes. They winked back at him innocently. He said, “What's the proposition?”

She put down her glass, shrugged. “There isn't any proposition, particularly.”

“Suppose we're not particular, then,” he said.

“You're looking for something,” she said abruptly. “So am I.”

George met her eyes again. “So you know what I'm looking for?”

She moved back in her chair, lighted a cigarette. For a long moment she examined his face, then she said quietly, “If you find it, sweetie, there's money in it. I mean fabulous money. Meanwhile, if you want to advise us on public relations, we'll pay you two hundred a week.”

“And what do I do for that?”

“Just advise us. Write us a press release once a week.” Her lips pressed together for an instant. “And of course you give us your word that if you find it, you deal with us first.”

“Who is us?” George asked.

“Me.”

“Lady,” George said. “I love talking to you.” He filled his glass again. “Love it, love it, love it!”

“I think you're tight,” she said.

“No, no,” he said. “Oh, no. It's just that my head is turned by all this attention. Champagne! Blondes! Two hundred dollars a week! Or is it two hundred an hour? It's a temptation. If I just didn't hate publicity so much! It's the curse of journalism. The newspapers are staggering under a load of press releases that outweighs newsprint two to one. Honey, I couldn't do it. I'd be a traitor to my class.”

“Damn you,” she said. “You *are* tight.”

“How did you happen to run into Jeff Stover?” George asked. “I didn't know he hung around the night spots.”

“I want you to call me in the morning,” Marcia Blaine said slowly. “When you're sober. You give it some thought, George, and then call me.”

George said, “I don't know what I'm looking for. What are *you* looking for? Is it the crown jewels? The Golden Fleece? It'll help if I know what it is when I find it.”

“Sweetie,” Marcia Blaine said slowly. “You go to hell!” She lighted another cigarette.

A figure loomed at George's elbow, and a big man slumped into the third chair at the table. He dropped a newspaper on the cloth and said, “Did you see it, kid?” His slack face was pale and angry. He had a round head, so covered with short white hair that it looked like a tennis ball not yet put in play, and cold, unmoving eyes. George saw that the newspaper was the Record-Star.

“They printed your name,” the man said. “Damn it, I had Stranahan on the phone. I told him to keep you out of it.”

George remembered the man from election nights and newspaper photographs. He was in the presence of a potent political force: Ed Leary, the district leader.

Marcia skimmed through the news story. Her expression did not change. She dropped the paper on the table and said, “Have some champagne, Dad.”

Ed Leary shook his head, and Marcia said, “Then brace yourself, old-timer. See that by-line? By George Wright. Dad, meet George Wright.”

The cold eyes turned to George, and color came in a rush to Ed Leary's face. He said hoarsely, “Lieutenant Madigan told you not to print that, didn't he?”

“The Record-Star isn't edited from your clubhouse, Mr. Leary,” George said.

THE district leader gave him a hard stare. When he spoke his voice was firmly controlled. “My daughter knew Stover in a casual way,” he said. “I introduced them myself, just last week. She hardly knew the man, and Inspector Stranahan agreed to protect her name. I think it was a reasonable request, to keep it out of the paper.”

“Skip it, Dad,” Marcia said.

“I don't want my kid mixed up in a murder investigation,” Ed Leary said, with sudden violence. “Get that straight! You keep her out of it.”

“She put herself in it,” George said. “We print the news. Nobody's going to tell us what to print.”

“Get out!” the district leader said harshly. “Get the hell out of here!”

“Now, Dad, relax,” Marcia said.

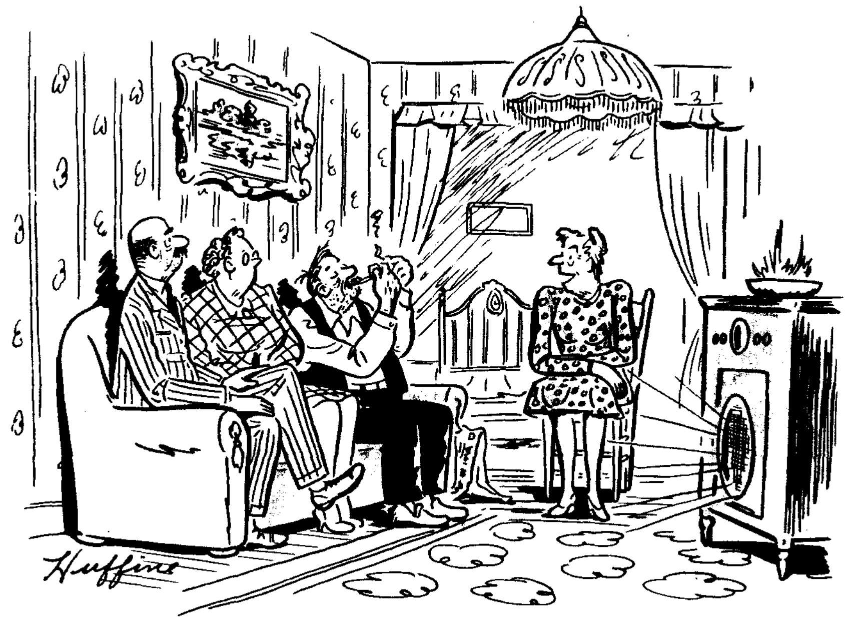
“I'll be leaving,” George said, and got to his feet. “Thanks for everything, Miss Blaine.” He moved toward the door, and was a little more steady on his feet than he had any right to expect.

As he was getting his hat at the checkroom a voice called, “George, wait a minute.” He turned, saw Marcia approaching him with an apologetic smile. She took his arm. “Don't go away mad. Dad will cool off, and I don't care one way or the other. But listen, you keep me in mind, and when you've thought it over, call me up, will you?”

“I'll call you, all right,” George said, and found his way to the street.

The street lights were softly diffused in the spring night, and the glow of the city brightened cumulus clouds overhead. George stood looking at the sky. Somewhere in the great city, under the radiant clouds, Barbara Padgett was eluding police, engaged in a mysterious search. Marcia Blaine was also looking for something and the value she set on it was high. Was it possible, he wondered, that they were looking for the same thing?

(To be continued next week)



“The President must be right—he said just what John has been saying”

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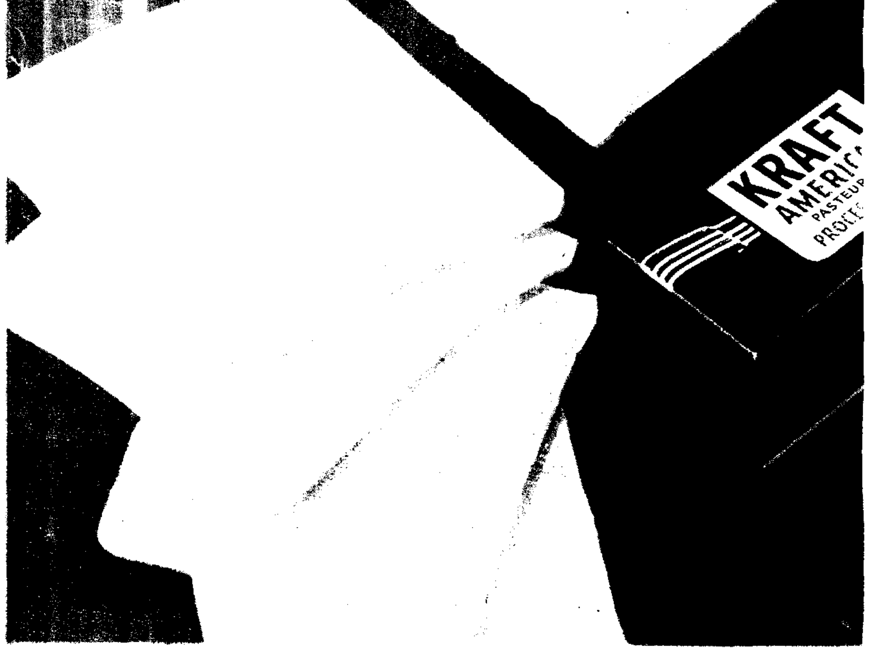
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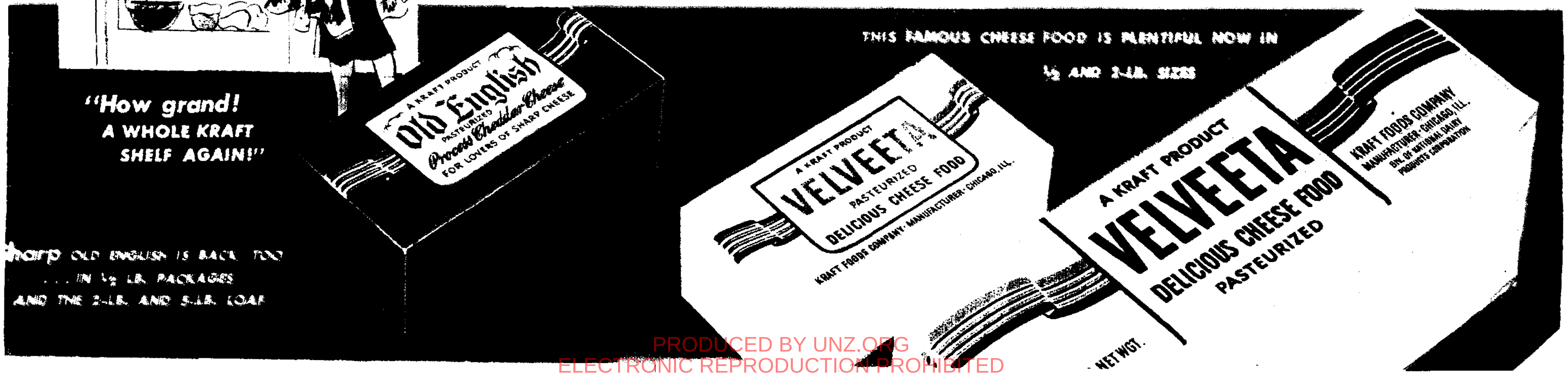
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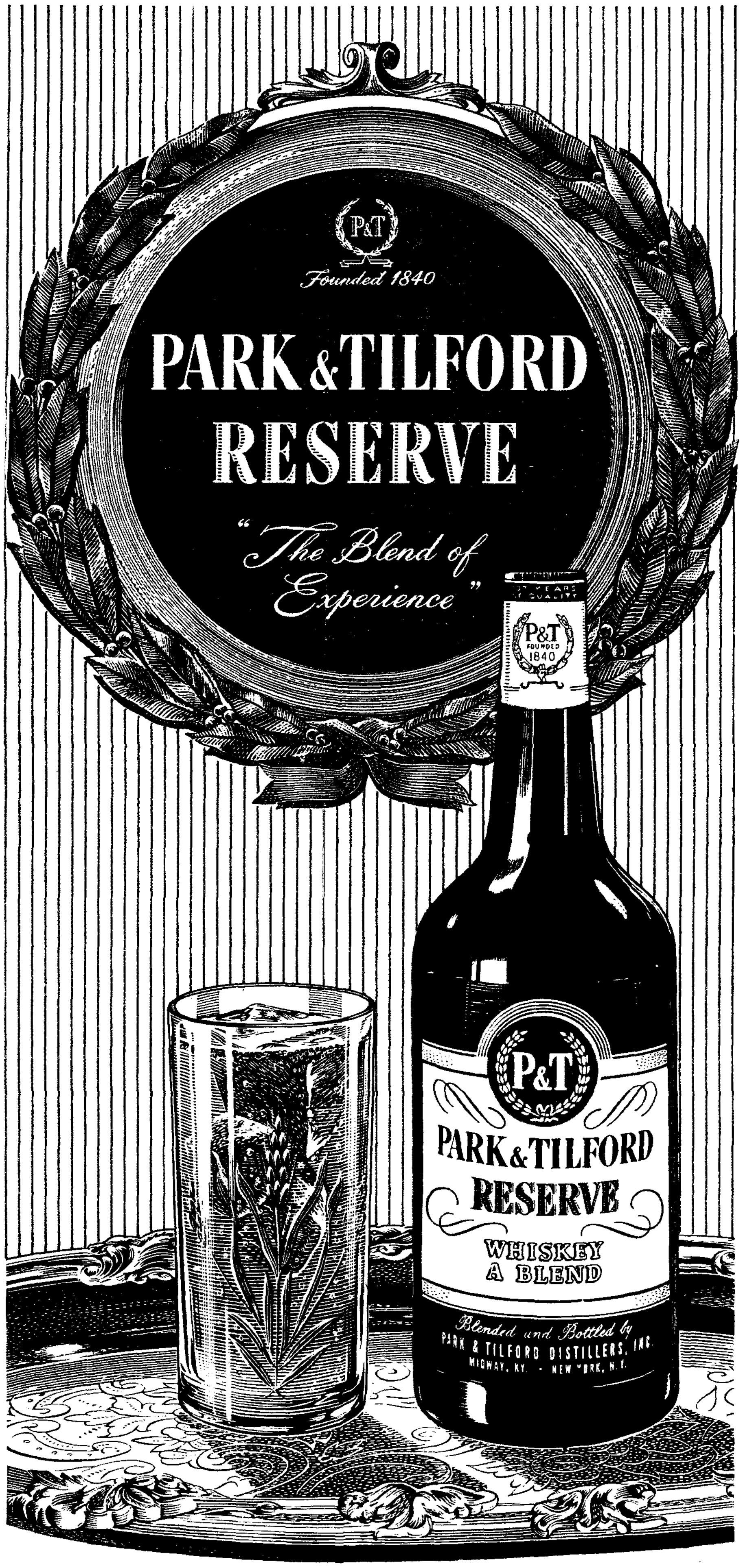

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BREAKDOWN

Continued from page 15

mean you gonna take this dead boy's clothes? I'm goin', boy! And I ain't travelin' with you."

"I sees you go," Piney said unconcernedly.

Callow seethed and strained to cry out as he heard the sound of Sam's shoes scuffling a retreat down the road. Then Piney moved into his line of vision again. When the convict spoke he seemed to be breathing right into Callow's ear.

"And now, dead boy," Piney said, "you' valet is going to disenrobe you, if you don't mind, suh? I needs them Sunday clothes!"

IT WAS dark, solid night and no help had arrived. Callow knew that he was lying on the floor boards of the smashed car now, his head partly out of the open door. He could make out a patch of the side of the road and a solid shadow in front of him that must be one of his front wheels stuck up in the air at a displaced angle. He judged that there was a sliver of a moon in the sky. He estimated, from the maneuvering involved, that Piney had left him practically naked, and gave up thanks to fate for at least having provided a Southern climate for the accident.

He could not understand why someone had not chanced along the road and decided that the main highway must have been reopened to through traffic just after he had passed the detour point.

His mind was clear; he had encompassed a thousand thoughts. He had even weighed the possibility that he was actually dead and his consciousness some spiritual phenomena. But he was too matter-of-fact an individual to consider this seriously. It suited him better to turn his thoughts outward—toward his surroundings, toward questions of time and place, toward rescue. Someone must come soon. He was on a road. There were people. He remembered that the road map had shown a town not far away. He tried to recall the name of the town, how big the dot marked it on the map. As he stared out into the night thinking of this, something moved out there, something along the side of the road. It moved toward him.

He saw a shadowy blob. As he sensed fright mounting up in him, the shape resolved into a human figure and several others joined it from the underbrush. He felt easier. The figures began whispering, and more appeared—some he could see and others he could only hear. As they converged on the wreckage, he heard sounds reminiscent of a car being torn apart in a junk yard. He knew them now. These were the people who lived in the miserable paper-plastered shacks along the road. The poor whites—Negroes perhaps—who had heard the noise of the crash. They had come, not to help, but to take what they could find or remove from the wreckage.

They were busy, silent shadows, but they did not molest him. It was as if they were awed in the presence of death. And there was death. The four his car had trapped must still be jammed between the two machines.

He heard an auto jack in operation and knew that the car was being raised. They were after the tires. He heard a knife slash through canvas and knew the car's top was gone. There was a scraping and whining of springs and he saw someone melt back into the shadows with the seat. He heard the creaking of good leather. That would be his bags.

Lying there, listening, unable to flex a muscle, he caught himself deeply interested in these looters. He wondered about their daily lives, their pleasures, their problems. Minutes passed and the noises slackened, the activity lessened. Figures moved back into the thickets.

He was alone with the night's dark stillness again, and he felt himself wishing that they had stayed a little while longer. He missed them.

Time and again he thought he heard approaching cars but the sounds faded out into night noises again. Like a mirage, he thought, only I'm hearing instead of seeing them. Somewhere about this time he lost consciousness, or perhaps just fell asleep.

He came to, hearing voices, and knew immediately that help had come. Men were out there talking, commenting on the accident. But in the same instant a shocking thought flashed into his mind.

What if help was here? The two prisoners, Piney and Sam, had seen him in twilight and had thought he was dead. So had the marauders who came later. How would those who were here now know he was not dead? Would they even bother to examine him closely if he lay there lifeless, his face probably formless, torn and overlaid with dirt and blood? Would they just bundle him off with the others—a nasty job quickly completed?

He fought off fear by telling himself that now, more than ever, he must keep his wits about him. His life depended on it, perhaps. He tried to think of something he could do—something to show them that he was still alive. Move! If he could move. But how? He was set fast as if in concrete and the conviction that nothing *could* move persisted. But he must try. Perhaps he had recovered some control over his muscles. Perhaps he could awaken something. He strained to move. Again and again he tried.

And then, he not only felt something give—he heard it? It came to him that it was a forefinger—yes—the forefinger on his right hand. He heard it beat against the floor board of the car. The sound was faint but he heard it. Had he been able to speak he would have cried out in triumph. As it was, he tapped with all the vigor he could summon. It was almost as if he were bragging boisterously that he was alive. Alive! Hear that?

HIS finger tired suddenly and he stopped. Better take it easy, he thought, till the right time. He waited. Footsteps sounded close. He saw two forms. Then a voice, a man's voice, casual as if experienced with these things, spoke out.

"Yes, that convict we caught wasn't stringing us none. It's just as he made it out to be."

Another voice came in. "And this is the fellow in the roadster, Sheriff? Killed, too?"

A light shone square in Callow's face, blinding him. He couldn't avoid it and it bored a bright shaft deep inside his head. Then the light went off.

"Yeah, he's through," the sheriff said. "Head snapped back like he'd been dropped through a trap on a rope."

The finger! Callow moved it. He heard its tapping—would they?

But just then a man called from out of the night: "Sheriff! You want the doc with you?"

"No!" the sheriff yelled. "This is morgue stuff here."

He and the other man moved off. It was over so quickly. The first opportunity was gone. A car with a noisy motor drew up. Callow was lifted up, and deposited aboard. His finger beat soundlessly in the air until he was lowered onto a flat surface. It was the floor of an open panel truck, a heavy, thick floor which deadened his tapping to

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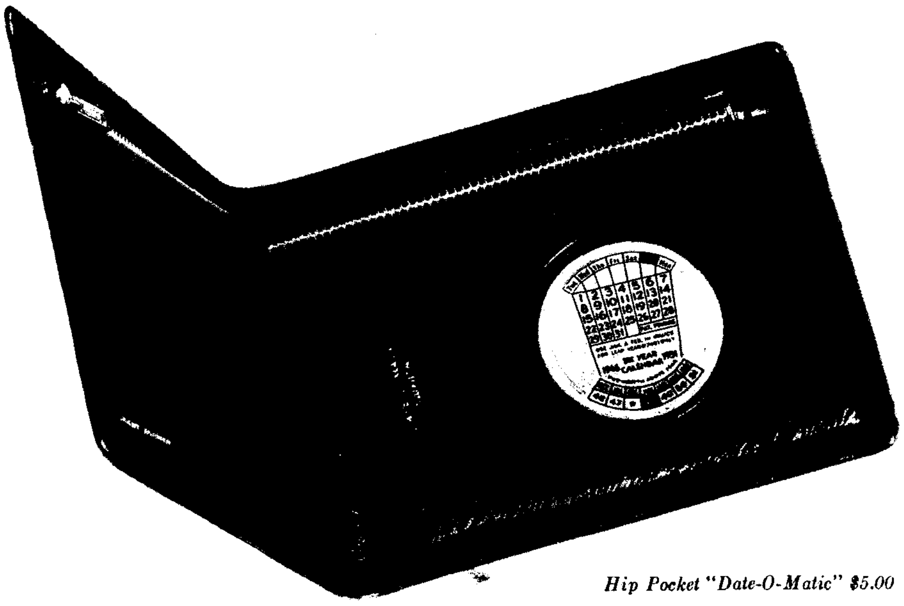

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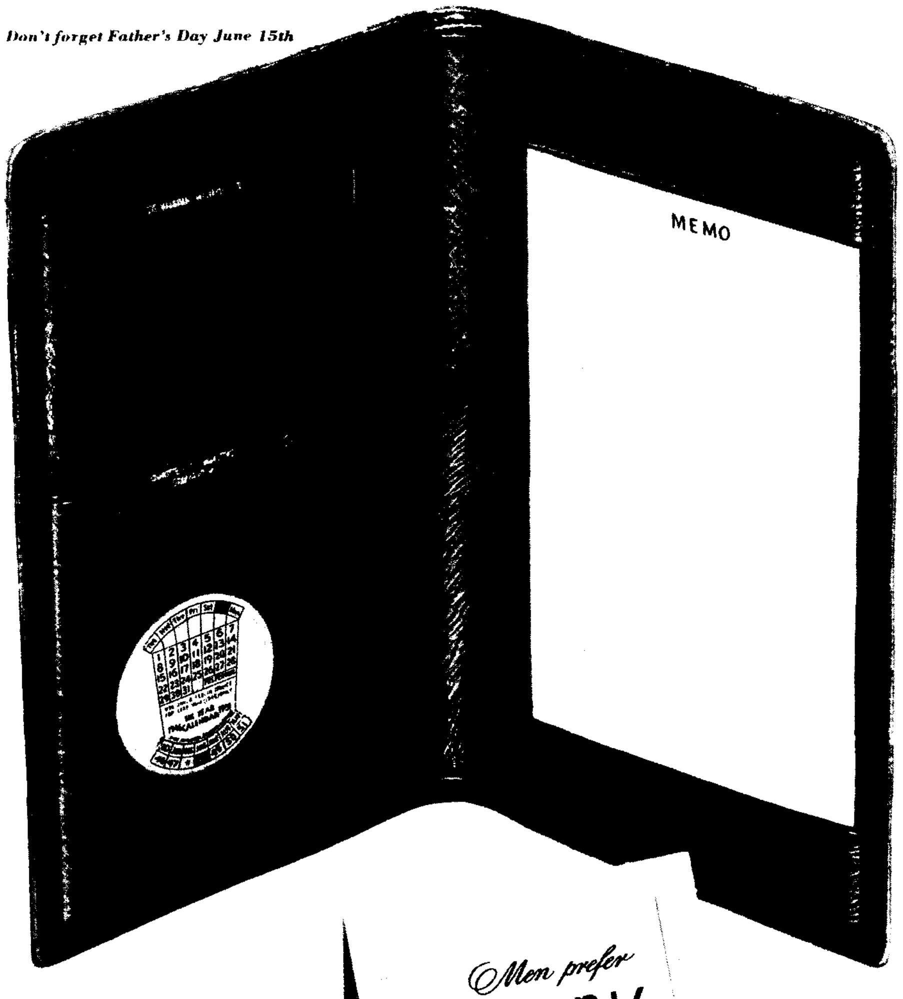

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only the faintest of sounds. Another motor roared and there was a rending as if a tangle of steel had come apart. That would be his car being pulled away from the truck so that they could reach the lifeless bodies of the others. They began piling the victims into the truck with him. When the loading was finished the truck moved off.

His thoughts flew on ahead. Could it be possible that he, the *living* he, would never be discovered? That he would be treated just as a corpse? That he would be, well—he couldn't stomach the first term that came to him and chose another—*prepared* for burial in the usual way?

HE DIDN'T answer the questions. He sternly told himself to either do some straight thinking or quit thinking altogether.

He was on his back. He could faintly see stars in the sky and, as the truck went on, occasional lights which floated by directly overhead. Soon, thickening traffic and the green and red glow of stop-and-go lights told him the truck had reached town. A few minutes later the truck came to a stop, and the driver and another man jumped to the sidewalk. He heard their steps and then the rattle of a doorknob.

When the door opened a conversation began. For the most part the voices were unintelligible as the soft Southern drawl was obscured in the background noise of passing motors. A few minutes later he heard the sound of small wheels and realized this was a roller stretcher. He heard a new voice, the voice of an old, tired man, he reflected, near the truck.

"You boys will have to cart them in, Bob," the old man said. "I don't know where I am going to put them all. Got three in there now. Tell me, they all identified?"

"All but one," the man called Bob said. "That furthest one in the truck, that naked boy. His stuff's missing. But the sheriff's got his license number. New York car. He's wiring tonight and you'll get a name on him tomorrow."

The words grabbed at Callow. New York! They would wire. For a second it represented hope. But then he recoiled at the thought of what it would mean. News of his death would circulate throughout the industry, among his friends, in his own office. He visualized the scenes. He saw his own board of directors in session. They would vote a resolution marking their bereavement and the company's great loss. Then, quickly, the business at hand, the selection of his successor. He thought of a half-dozen possible candidates and disliked everyone of them. The very idea of it made him desperate; galled him.

He had to get out of this before these shocking things could happen. It would be morning before a reply could possibly come from the New York State Motor Vehicle Bureau in Albany. He had till then. But he could not dare wait that long. He must do something tonight, now!

There was a thump as if someone had jumped onto the truck. From the sounds that ensued, he knew that one of the bodies was being removed. He heard the small metal wheels again as the body was rolled away. Quickly, he made a sort of plan. When it came his turn, after they had brought him inside, just as they were lifting him off the stretcher—then he would signal with his finger. At that moment they would have to see it, hear it.

He counted the trips. Four times the stretcher rolled its course. Each time the old undertaker, Chesey, peevishly issued instructions on the handling of the bodies. Each time he complained there was no more space and it made Callow uneasy. They might relegate him to some dark anteroom. He caught himself praying and cut it short to devote his fullest attention to what was going on.

Then he was being carried. The wheels sounded, the wall of the building came to him, passed over and he knew he was inside the undertaker's establishment. The narrow walls of a hallway passed on each side. There was another doorway and then he was rolled into a brightly lighted room. The ceiling stopped sliding by; he was no longer moving. Now! The moment they lifted him he would start. They would have to be looking at him. Then Chesey's weary voice broke into his tenseness.

"All right, Bob. He's the last. Might as well leave him on the stretcher and I'll snap off the lights. We'll move him first thing in the morning."

There was a mumble of assent from Bob, and the sound of departing steps. The upset to his strategy stunned Callow. Before he could struggle back to presence of mind again, the light flicked out.

Foolishly, he wasted moments as he tried to cry out in protest. Then he remembered his finger and beat it against the leather of the stretcher. But a door shut—shut, as he well knew, between the men and himself. Inside of him a shriek formed but he could not force it from its place. He was alone with the dead and the darkness, a darkness that now began to swirl around him. He could see it. Soon it grew into an inverted vortex that went faster and faster and he yearned to grasp it—to spin with it till he knew no more.

CHESEY'S voice. Callow heard Chesey directing that he be moved. Then all was quiet again. The darkness was gone but all he could see was a patchwork of red and brown flecks against a white background. In time he reasoned it out. He was seeing through the dried blood and dirt on his eyes, seeing a white sheet and the daylight beyond it. So he was still alive—and still marked for dead.

He felt more weary than frightened now and it was almost with disinterest that he became conscious of Chesey's voice again.

"There they be," said Chesey.

"Yes," said another voice, a voice that spoke with an authoritative ring. "We've got our work cut out for us, haven't we, Chesey? Well, as soon as the coroner's jury is convened out front I'll march them all back here to view the bodies. But after the preliminary evidence, identities, witnesses' names and so forth, I'll continue the inquest until we can get a full report of the sheriff's investigation."

"You going to give me a burial certificate on all these now, Coroner?" Chesey said.

"Yes, of course," the coroner said. "That is, all but that unidentified fellow from New York. No word on him yet?"

"No," Chesey said. "Expect I'll be hearing, though, before the day is over."

"Let me take a look at that man."

They were coming to him. The white flew out of the patchwork but the red and brown remained to obscure the plane of the ceiling above him. Two vague crescent shapes moved into the lowest extreme of his field of vision. These would be the heads of the two men, he reasoned.

A tuneless humming came from deep in the throat of one of the men and he felt it must be the coroner. The humming ceased and the coroner spoke. "Wonder what he looked like."

"Hard to tell, ain't it?" Chesey said.

Something in the tone the men used told Callow that his face must not be a pretty sight. The coroner was talking again, this time his tone more professional.

"Chest crushed. Extensive internal injuries, probably. Head's at an odd angle, isn't it, Chesey? Is that why you've got it propped up?"

"Yes. It's tilted so far back he'd be all chin and neck where his face should be if we let him lay flat."

"Yes," the coroner said, "it indicates a bad condition at the base of the skull where the spine makes its entry. But he seems in a fine state of preservation, otherwise. Barely cyanotic, I would say."

Chesey, his voice marked with the disinterest of one who has seen too many corpses in his day, said, "Think so?"

Something exploded in Callow's mind and wiped out the fog of apathy that had been clouding it.

This was his chance! The two men must be looking directly at him. He couldn't miss now!

His brain wildly set about to put his forefinger in motion and he felt instant response. But—there was no sensation of movement. Nor could he hear any tapping. Frantically he stopped and started afresh. Perhaps he had lost the knack of it. But he knew that wasn't the fault. He was certain the impulse had gone through to the finger as before—he could feel it in his finger! What was it?

Then it came to him. This feeling that his finger was trying to move but could not told a plain story of what had happened. When he had been lifted from the stretcher his hand must have swung down under his thigh, been caught by it as he was laid on the table.

His full weight was on the finger. It was trapped!

It was an excruciating realization, a thousandfold more terrible than he could stand. He was utterly beaten, and far beyond that. His mind could no longer resist a torrent of thoughts, pictures, phases of his life—all of which underlined the coming of his death. He saw the manner in which he would actually die under the undertaker's hand, and he saw it in horrible, if misconceived, detail.

Words, certain words danced through his mind and seemed edged with significance. When he could grasp them they proved to be the words Ed had spoken to him only two days before: *when all that he knows and all that he has learned convinces him that there is no hope . . . that's when a man's emotion comes into play . . . to save him.*

He tasted them bitterly. "To save him!" *God, how bitter, bitter!* he thought. Yes, to save anyone who at least had life, simple, sweet life to look forward to. But how to save me? How to save me from the stiff, solid flesh in which I am locked and which will not give? The marble that holds me and will forever refuse to let me free? Damn Ed. Damn everyone who walks through life and hides its truths with little rules and platitudes . . .

He stopped. It didn't matter any more. There was something else that did. He wanted it desperately. Not to be saved. He was past that. He wanted comfort. He was reduced to the lonesomeness and fright of a child.

If only someone would take his hand—and he could feel it . . .

But he could not have even that. Not even that. In his full desolation something happened to him, something which had not been allowed to overcome him since he had been a small boy met with sudden grief. A feeling gathered within him, swelled stronger, and would have overflowed but it could not get beyond his throat where it was halted in pulsing throbs.

"Chesey!" The coroner's startled tone rang through the room. "Look at this man, Chesey! There, at that dirt around his eyes and coming up from under! What is it? What is that?"

"They're watering," the undertaker said. "His eyes must be watering. Looks like tears to me, I'll be damned if they don't!"

"They *are* tears!" the coroner cried. "Good God! This man is . . ."

UNBELIEVINGLY, Callow saw one of the crescent heads duck down below his sight. Then it lifted back again, purposefully.

"Chesey, there's a heartbeat! There's a heartbeat and this man is crying. Chesey, get blankets, quickly! I'll get my bag in the front office and call the hospital!"

They were gone and still Callow dared not believe. Then Chesey was back with a blanket and was spreading it over him. As he tucked it in securely the old undertaker's head bent low and he began murmuring to Callow. His crusty voice deepened with compassion.

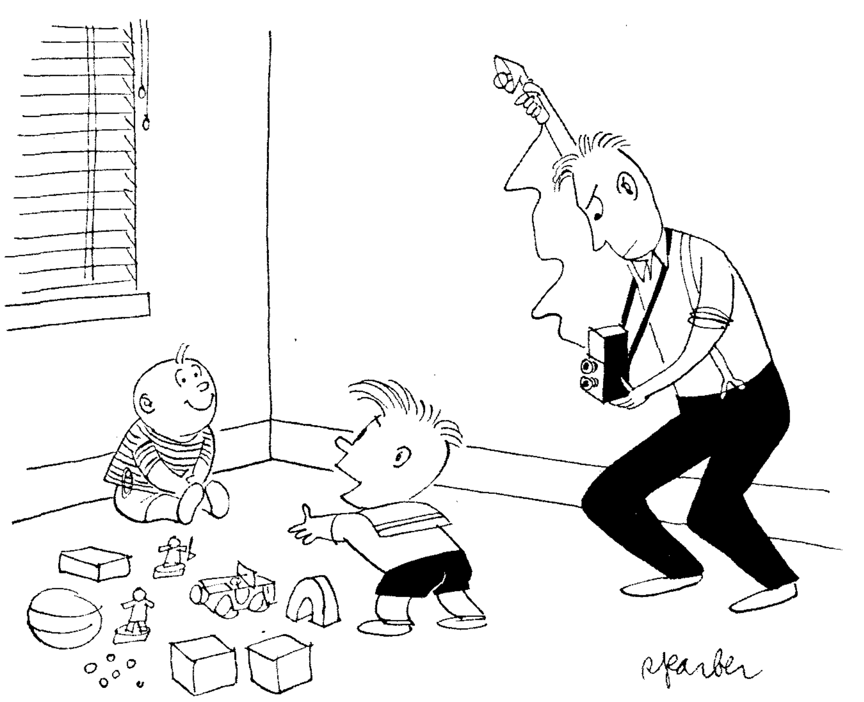
"There, there son," he said. "You're safe now. We'll take care of you. We know. Poor fellow, poor fellow."

Each word came as a loving caress to Callow, pressing him ever deeper to the warm bosom of life again. He wept, fullhearted.

THE END

TIMMY

by **HOWARD SPARBER**



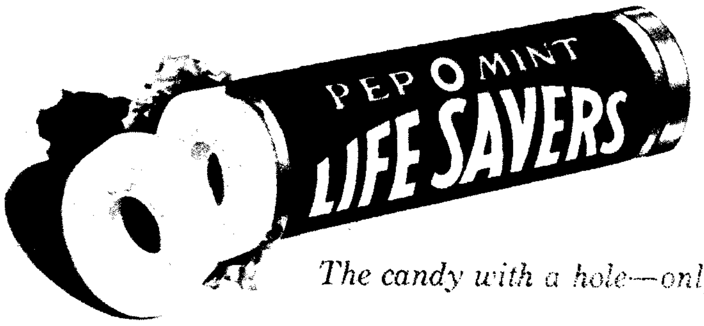
"Hurry up and do something natural, Hanky—then Daddy will let us play some more"

If she keeps you at bay like this . . .

When you'd like smooth sailing like this . . .

TRY THIS

MORAL: *For a sweet close-up after eating, drinking, or smoking, let Life Savers freshen your breath. Always good taste.*



The candy with a hole—only 5¢

METALS
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WALL STREET SEX APPEAL

BY JACK SHER

About 10,000 Americans are writing about finance. Only one is a woman: Sylvia F. Porter

THE touch of glamor, the upswept hair-do, the lipsticked smile were things no one expected to see at the last International Monetary Conference. But they were there in the person of Sylvia F. Porter, a pretty, brown-eyed, trim-legged young woman. Circulating on high heels among the globe's gray-haired financial wizards, its bankers and statesmen, Sylvia asked sharp questions about loans, interest rates, gold, currencies and similar matters connected with the world's financial migraine.

Sylvia F. Porter, a thirty-three-year-old brunette, is the only woman financial writer in the U.S. Her daily column on finance, syndicated nationally by the New York Post, has given her a "first name" speaking acquaintance with such international monetary experts as George Bolton of the Bank of England, Camille Gutt, Belgium's Minister of State, and Czechoslovakia's Jan Viktor Mladek, governor of the World Bank. Wall Street's money manipulators and Treasury Department officials are as familiar with Miss Porter's face and her crusading newspaper copy as they are with the countenance of the lady on the dime.

For twelve years, since the age of twenty-one, Sylvia Porter has been writing about Wall Street, international banking, stocks and bonds, cartels, inflation and government finance.

Secretary of the Treasury John W. Snyder inherited from Morgenthau and Vinson not only a two-hundred-and-seventy-billion-dollar debt, but the problem of handling the inquisitive and critical Sylvia Porter. Writing in the American Banker, she once called Secretary Morgenthau obstinate and stupid because of one of his rulings. In 1942, her constant and heated words against the silver bloc caused Senator Edwin Johnson of Colorado to brand her publicly on the floor of the Senate as "the biggest liar in the United States." But that same year the National Headliners' Club, a country-wide organization of newspapermen, awarded Miss Porter a medal for the best financial and business reporting of 1942.

No nation in the world has as many writers about finance as the U.S. Some 10,000 males and this one woman, Sylvia Porter, daily advise millions of readers of the expected fluctuations on the stock market and the relation of finance to politics. New York City alone has over 200 financial writers employed on newspapers and magazines. Followers of the stock market, from brokers to small-change investors, read the financial oracle in their daily newspaper as seriously and assiduously as a track hanger-on reads his favorite handicapper.

Since Civil War days, the financial columnist has been one of the more respected members of the Fourth Estate. Few of them use their columns to crusade. They limit their advice to dry comment on market conditions and government economics. Miss Porter won her 1942 award for arousing and leading her male colleagues in a battle against the silver bloc, which caused the passage of the Green Bill and released our silver for wartime use.

The girl who put the sparkle into what has been called the "dismal science" of finance dislikes people to think that her occupation is freakish for a woman. A Wall Street financier who tried to squelch her by being patronizing was brought up short by Miss Porter's caustic comment on his attitude. She ended her remarks with, "You see, sir, I believe that the brain has no sex."

Home Finance is Harder

Sylvia Porter is a tall, slim, pretty woman with dark hair and eyes. She is nervous, her face and body constantly in motion. She speaks rapidly, as though her words were trying to catch a deadline, and uses mannish newspaper jargon. She relaxes by playing the piano, dancing and reading murder mysteries. Although she sometimes deals in millions in her daily column, she often makes mistakes in her home dime-and-dollar finances.

Until 1942, few people other than her Wall Street contacts knew that Sylvia Porter was a woman. For a period of eight years, the executives of the New York Post were afraid to reveal that their financial editor and columnist belonged to the distaff side. Her column appeared under the by-line *S. F. Porter Says* and letters from her readers always began, *"Dear Mr. Porter."*

It was Ted O. Thackrey, the Post editor, who finally ended Sylvia Porter's masquerade. "On July 15, 1942," she said, "I became a woman." That day, her photograph and the by-line by *Sylvia F. Porter* appeared as the head for her column.

Miss Porter's readers accepted her newsprint change of sex stoically, except for one Newark businessman who had been writing to Mr. Porter three times a week for four years. His correspondence was always couched in dignified financial language expressing his views on investments. She always answered his letters briefly, signing the traditional *"S. F. Porter."* Two days after the new column head appeared, she opened the latest letter from her Newark correspondent. It began simply and intimately, *"Darling."* It went on coldly to discuss the stock market.

In her column, Miss Porter often uses rugged words. At the age of twenty-one, she began to write precocious, strongly worded pieces for the American Banker. It was then that she irked Henry Morgenthau. Not liking one of his rulings, the girl just out of her teens wrote, "Who is this obstinate, stupid, ill-advised Secretary of the Treasury?"

The result was a series of stiff notes to the paper complaining about S. F. Porter. Morgenthau requested that Mr. Porter be sent to see him. Clinton Axford, the editor, embarrassed at the thought of revealing that his ace financial writer was a slip of a girl, answered expressing regret that conditions would not permit Porter to make the trip. Morgenthau became curious about S. F. Porter and had some private investigation done. His sleuths discovered S. F. Porter was a woman. Morgenthau dropped the matter.

The Post's financial expert does not confine her activities to her daily column. She writes a weekly newsletter, Reporting on Governments, which is circulated to hundreds of banks, insurance companies, brokerages and corporations.

Unlike most financial writers, she keeps stock-market jargon out of her column and tries to simplify and personalize finance so it can be understood by the average man and woman. The trouble with many financial writers, she says, is that they are experts writing for experts, or disgruntled reporters who have been given financial copy to write as a punishment.

"Finance and economics aren't dry," she recently told an audience of clubwomen. "It's just that writers make them that way."

The 1929 crash was directly responsible for Sylvia Porter's jump into finance. The Brooklyn-reared girl was then sixteen, a freshman at Hunter College. Her father, a doctor, had died when she was twelve. Her mother, Rose Field, had become a successful hat designer.

So She Majored in Economics

During her second month at Hunter, Sylvia watched her mother lose almost all of her money in the stock market collapse. It made her angry and curious. She didn't see how it was possible to lose so much so *fast* and wanting to know the answer, she switched from an English major to an economics major. Four years later, she was graduated *magna cum laude*, winning every economics prize and a Phi Beta Kappa key.

At the graduation ceremony, however, it was Mrs. Field, not Sylvia, who walked up to the platform to collect the diploma and honors. At that time, Sylvia was somewhere in Kansas with Reed R. Porter, whom she had met and married during her junior year at college. When Sylvia married Porter at the age of eighteen, he was studying nights for a master's degree in economics at N.Y. University and working, by day, for the Guaranty Trust Company.

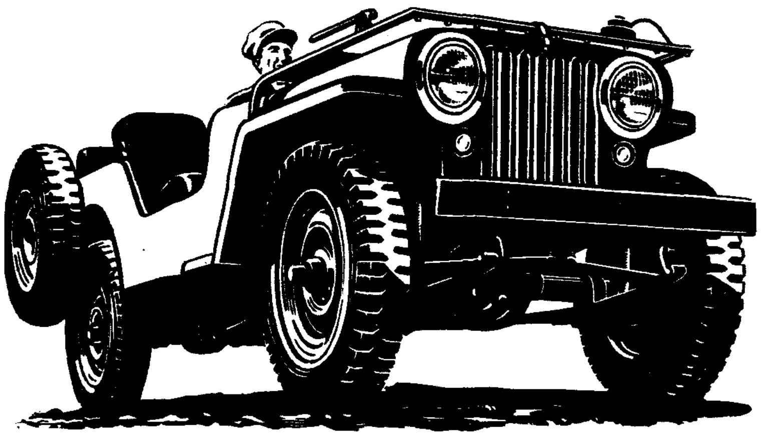
A week before Sylvia Porter's graduation, the Porter couple and three young men bought a secondhand jalopy and set off on a cross-country tour. The party of five started the trip with assets totaling $160. Several weeks later, they returned home broke and hungry, the last two days of the jaunt having to choose between food and gasoline. Back in New York, young Mrs. Porter tried selling magazine subscriptions; she also put her name on the waiting list for a job as dance instructor at Arthur Murray's.

On July 8, 1932, the day the stock market hit a twentieth century low, Sylvia Porter was reading the want ads

(Continued on page 91)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

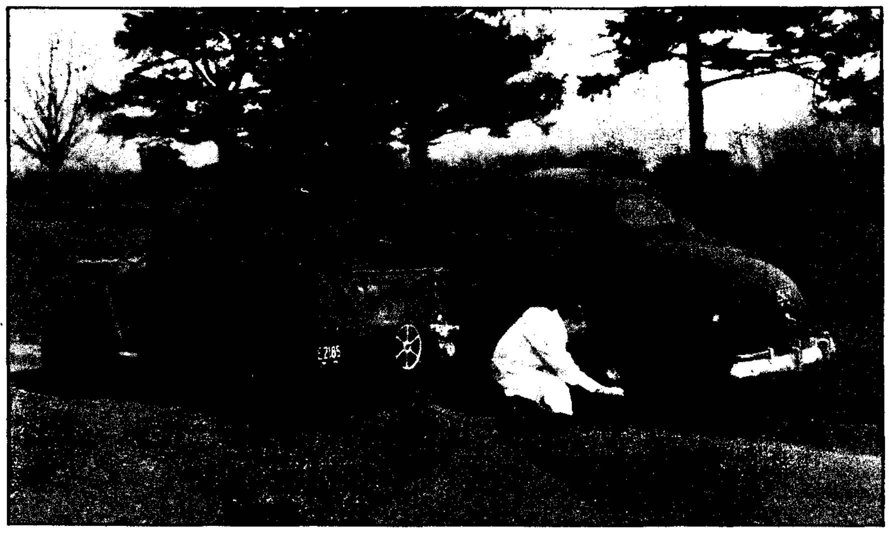
The 'JEEP' is a Working Girl!



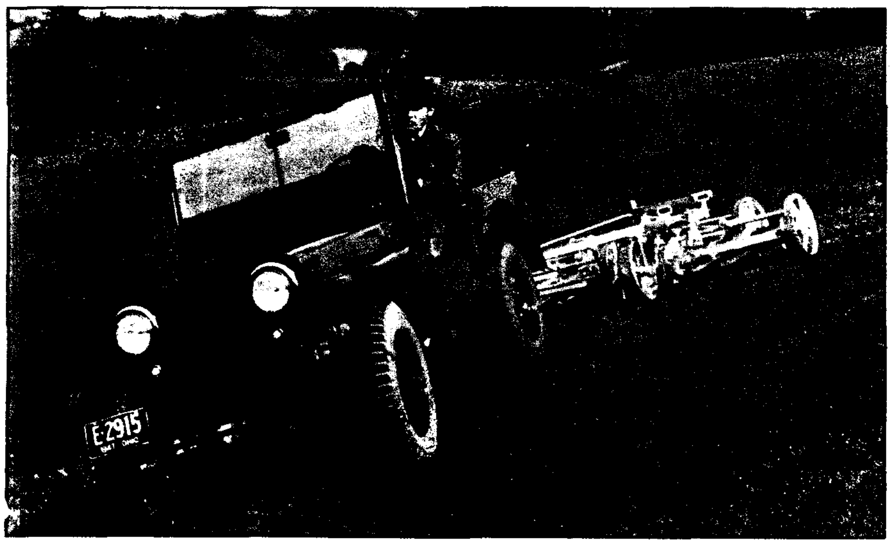
● No slick chick, the Universal 'Jeep' makes no pretense of being a coddled darling and doesn't dress as one . . . No chromium or frills, but with a world-wide reputation as one who can take it . . . and come up with a grin. That's why in almost every field of endeavor, the 'Jeep' is known as a willing and tireless helpmate.

The 'Jeep' bows to her flashier sisters on their stunning appearance, but takes a back seat to nothing on wheels when there's work to be done . . . Yes, the 'Jeep' is a working girl . . . and as such is earning the respect and affection of countless men in industry and agriculture, where usefulness and dependability are the only yardsticks of merit.

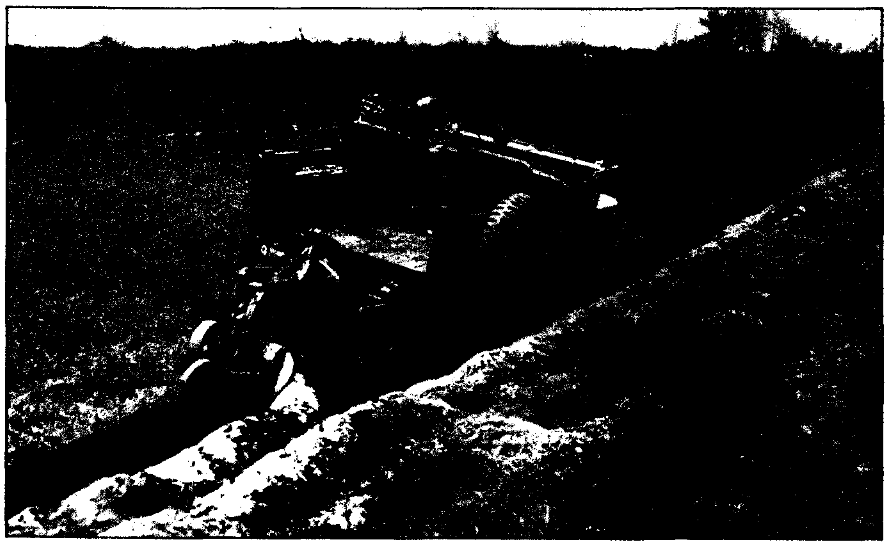
PUBLIC UTILITIES—By using 'Jeeps', less investment is required in vehicles. The 'Jeep' four-wheel-drive will get trouble crews to the job faster, carrying them across country "as the crow flies", following transmission lines. Equipment can be carried in the 'Jeep' and driven by power take-offs at front, center, or rear.



GARAGES & SERVICE STATIONS—Many garages are buying 'Jeeps' to carry air, batteries, tools and tow service to their customers. The 'Jeep' can carry and power its own air compressor . . . its 4-wheel drive enables it to tow loads far heavier than its own weight, and maintain traction on slippery roads.



GOLF CLUBS—With a 'Jeep' doubling as a tractor and pick-up truck, only one investment is necessary. The 'Jeep' will pull and power gang mowers, pull trailers, carry seed, run errands, be busy more hours per day, more days per week. Its four-wheel drive makes it sure-footed on slopes, safer to drive.

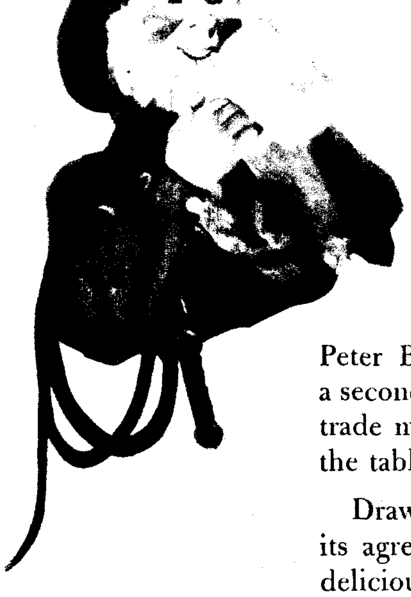


ON FARMS—With a 'Jeep' that can work all year long, in the field or on the highway, there is a positive saving in investment and operating costs. The 'Jeep' can serve farmers as a tractor in season, as a pickup or tow truck, and its power take-off drives other equipment with belt or shaft.

THE UNIVERSAL 'Jeep'

WILLYS-OVERLAND MOTORS, TOLEDO, OHIO—MAKERS OF AMERICA'S MOST USEFUL VEHICLES

He can make that whip talk," they used to say,
And he did—at the close of every day.
Snaking it out in the three-ring sign,
He brought barmen running with Ballantine.



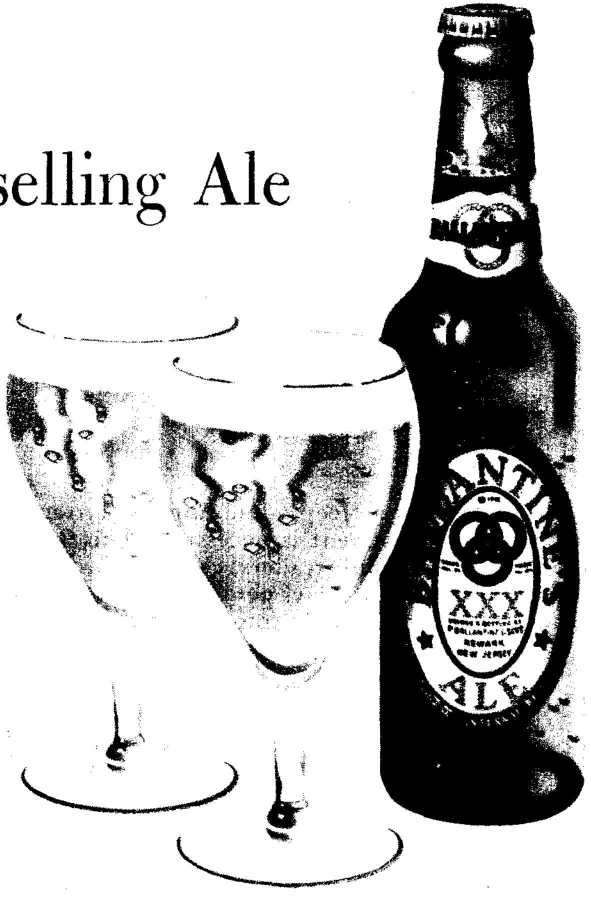
Great favorite since 1840...

it's America's largest selling Ale

Back in 1840, when his ale was ripe and ready, Peter Ballantine took one drink to judge its PURITY, a second for BODY, a third for FLAVOR, and chose for his trade mark the three moisture rings left by his glass on the table.

Draw up a chair and test Ballantine Ale yourself. Savor its agreeable lightness, its robust flavor, its downright delicious goodness—and chances are it will be Ballantine for you for good! Look for the 3 rings; call for Ballantine Ale . . . today.

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.



BALLANTINE ALE

PURITY BODY FLAVOR
TRADE-MARK

THE WAY JOE GOT MARRIED

Continued from page 11

about a promotion. You don't run around with good people either. And for the year that you've lived with us, I haven't seen you go to church once."

She stopped, her heart-shaped face frowning disapproval. Joe turned around and stared at Mrs. Watson's comfortably padded body.

"Mother," he said, "what's eating her today?"

Mrs. Watson shrugged. "She gets that way sometimes, Joe."

"She's just like her mother, Joe," Mr. Watson shouted. "There's no telling what either of them'll do next."

"Jim, you hush," Mrs. Watson said.

"Yes, dear," Mr. Watson said.

"You're twenty-seven years old," Tina went on, sounding as if it were a crime. "All you do is work five days a week in that factory, drink beer on Saturday, and groan all day Sunday because you've got a hang-over. That's no way to live. Now if you had a good wife to look after you, why—"

"I don't want a wife," Joe said. "Not one that'd sound like you, anyhow."

"As if I'd want to be your wife! I wouldn't marry a boozer."

"Boozer!" Joe said. "Just because a guy drinks a couple of beers he's a boozer, huh?"

"Children," Mrs. Watson said patiently.

"I wish I had a beer now," Mr. Watson said wistfully.

"Now, Jim," Mrs. Watson warned him.

"Look at you," Tina said. "Just look at yourself. You could be a good-looking guy if you'd only take better care of yourself. I know a lot of girls in our church who could go for a man like you if you weren't such a drinker. With those blue eyes, and that black curly hair, good clothes—"

"Will you shut up!"

"Isn't he terrible, Mother?"

"Joe is all right, Tina," Mrs. Watson said.

TINA flounced restlessly on her chair. Joe stared moodily at her red hair and then grinned into her green eyes, narrowed now against his gaze.

"When you getting married with your boy friend?" he asked.

"I wouldn't marry him for a million dollars," Tina said. "He's too callow. All he wants to do is to smooch on the davenport. I gave him his walking papers last night."

"Kids smooching," Joe said. "What's this world coming to, Mother?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Joe."

"If I was your father," Joe said, "I'd give you to smooch around."

"I'm old enough to know my own mind," Tina tossed her hair around angrily. "I wouldn't smooch around with a kid like that. Why, he's only twenty-two years old!"

"I wish I had an aspirin," Joe said wistfully.

"I'll get you one," Tina said, rising quickly. She went to the medicine cabinet in the bathroom and presently came back with two aspirins and a glass of water. "I'll give you the aspirins if you'll take me to twelve-o'clock Mass, Joe."

"What you want me to take you for?"

"I want you to meet some decent girls for a change. All you know are beer-garden bar flies."

"Now, Tina," Mrs. Watson said.

"I suppose your girl friends are perfect," Joe said.

"They're good, respectable girls," Tina said. "And very pretty, most of them. Will you take me?"

Joe turned to Mrs. Watson. "Do you think I ought to go, Mother?"

"It won't hurt you," she said quietly.

Joe sighed. "Okay. Give me the aspirins."...

"I don't know how to act in church," Joe said as they walked along toward St. John's-on-the-Boulevard. "I ain't been in church since I was sixteen."

"Just do what other people do," Tina advised him.

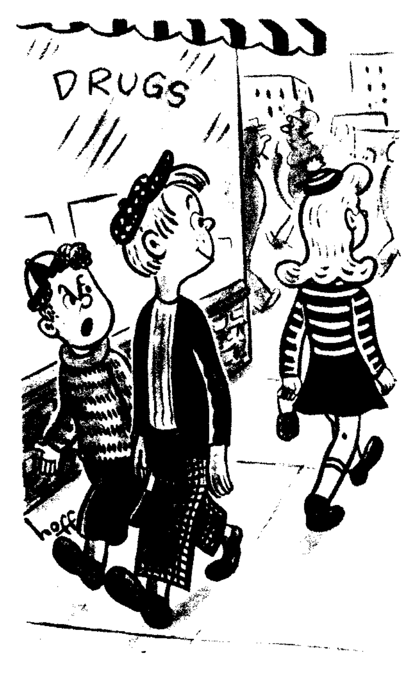
"You think I'm dressed good enough, kid?"

She stopped, stared critically at his blue suit, and then picked a speck off his lapel.

"You'll do," she said.

Joe swung alongside her in his smooth military stride, enjoying the warm autumn sun on his back. Tina held her head high; on it perched a round black box that was a hat. She had a wisp of a veil over her eyes. Her black dress fitted modestly and yet not so modestly that he couldn't see her good figure moving under it. If she weren't so young . . . but he pushed the thought away quickly.

He stood straight in the pew beside her and looked about timidly. He felt like an intruder in here. He hadn't been in church since his folks had been killed in that automobile accident when he was sixteen. Since then he had bummed around the country until the war came along. Then he went to the war.



"I dunno — you don't say 'The hell with dames' like you used to"

COLLIER'S SIDNEY HOFF

He had had three years in the Army and he figured that he was lucky to come out alive. He got himself a steady job in the biggest automobile factory in the world, and that was where he had met Mr. Watson, his foreman. When Joe told him how hard it was to get a good room, Mr. Watson offered him board and room in his six-room brick house at a reasonable price. They were good people, the Watsons, and they treated him fine. In the factory, he finally worked himself up to being a job setter, a well-paying job. Everything would be perfect if only this brat here wouldn't bother him so much.

He had boarded with the Watsons a year now. Tina was their only child, and they treated him as one of the family almost immediately. Sometimes, when he thought of how well they treated him, and remembered how he used to have it, he got a lump in his throat. He would do anything for the Watsons, he thought now, smiling into Tina's eyes, even go to church if that made them happier.

Tina's eyes disapproved of the smile, and he hastily erased it. He watched her covertly, and did what she did. He kneeled when she kneeled, bowed his head when she bowed.

Instead of going home right after Mass, Tina made him wait outside while she looked over the milling crowd.

"Who you looking for?" Joe asked.

"Some girls for you to meet."

"Look, kid," Joe said, frightened, "I don't want to meet no girls."

She made no reply. She darted into the crowd and presently came back with a good-looking blonde. Her name was Helen, he didn't catch the last name because he had turned suddenly shy. Her gray eyes smiled frankly into his and when he took her offered hand he mumbled politely over it.

"Are you two going to the parish dance tonight?" Helen asked.

"Are we, Joe?" Tina looked up at him strangely.

"Look," he said, "I—"

Tina said quickly, "He wants to meet some girls, Helen. He's thinking of getting married and settling down."

JOE breathed noisily. But he couldn't call her a liar in front of a church.

"Oh," Helen said. "I'll tell the girls."

"I never murdered no girl yet," Joe said as they walked along homeward. "But I feel like it now."

"I'm sorry," Tina said quietly. "I didn't know that you didn't want to go to the dance, Joe."

"I'll bet you didn't."

"You don't have to go," she said angrily. "After all, I can make excuses for you—even if it will embarrass me. I can tell the girls that you just got scared."

"I'm not scared of those girls," he said. "They're Christians. What I'm mad at—"

"If you're not scared," she broke in, "and you don't want to go, why, you don't have to. You know that. I'll make excuses for you. I won't tell them that you prefer bar flies."

"Now is that a Christian way to talk?" he demanded indignantly. "You got to love one and all. Not just Christians."

"Well, you don't love Christians," she pointed out. "You don't even want to dance with them."

"For a kid your age," he said, shaking his head, "you can sure get a guy mad."

"Kid!"

He would really like to bust her one. She never stopped talking long enough so that a guy could put in a word edgewise even. He felt that he was being forced into something against his will.

He ate his chicken noodle soup in grim silence. Tina sat across the kitchen table from him. You could see by the way she was eating, and by the prim way she was sitting what kind of a woman she would be someday. Just like her mother, who was still a good-looking woman even if she was past fifty. Joe studied Tina covertly, and saw the faint freckles that peppered her creamy skin. She was good-looking all right, and she would sure make some man a good housewife. But God pity the guy!

Mr. Watson sat down carefully beside Joe, his hair combed precisely, his glasses twinkling. "How was the sermon?" he asked conversationally.

"Pretty good," Joe said, not remembering a word of it.

"I suppose you'll go to church regularly now," Mrs. Watson said, washing a pot in the sink.

"He's going to take me to the dance tonight, Mother," Tina said, sounding excited.

Joe jerked up his head and stared angrily at her. He was about to deny it when he saw the appealing look in her eyes, the look that said: Go ahead, Joe,

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and hurt me if you want to, especially in front of my folks—I don't care. So he swallowed a noodle and said nothing.

"My, isn't that nice!" Mrs. Watson said.

Joe didn't see anything nice about it. He would have to go and meet a lot of Christians, and he didn't know how to talk to them. If it were in a bar now, or a dance hall, he wouldn't be worried about it. But he never had much to do with Christians in the past, he just respected them from afar, and he supposed that they danced in a sort of dignified way, maybe like they were afraid to sin or something.

"You'll have a good time, Joe," Mr. Watson said, winking.

"I'll introduce him to all the best-looking girls," Tina said generously. "He ought to be able to pick himself a nice one. There'll be a lot of girls there as old as he is."

"As if I'm so old," Joe said. "But if they got money in the bank, and a lot of seniority in the shop, why, I might think of marrying one. What I can't understand is: Why don't you get yourself a job, kid?"

"Oh, I'm looking around for something, don't worry."

"Eating off your old folks, too."

"Don't you worry about me, Joe. I can take care of myself."

AND of him, too, he realized as she introduced him to girl after girl. But after she would introduce him to one, she would say right away, "Come on, Joe, let's dance this one." She never even gave him a chance to ask one of these good-looking Christian girls for a dance. What surprised him, though, was that these girls looked the same as any other girls. They could really swing it, too, most of them.

So could Tina. She danced as if she weren't there in his arms, only her red hair kept tickling his chin in a nice way so that he couldn't keep his mind off her. And every once in a while, she seemed to move up too close to him, and he had to remind himself that she was only a kid. Then he would hold her respectfully away.

"You *think* maybe I ought to dance with some of the other girls?" Joe asked.

"It's too late now. We only got a couple more numbers left."

Lord, he thought, I'm a fool; he wanted to hold her closer and closer. Maybe there was something wrong with him. The orchestra was playing something about it's time to go home, and he didn't want to go home, he wanted to dance here with Tina like this for a long time. He couldn't understand why they had to go home so early since tomorrow was Labor Day, and nobody had to go to work in the morning.

"You're a good dancer, Joe," Tina said. "Where'd you learn?"

"My bar-fly girl friends taught me."

"I'm sorry about that."

"Forget it."

"I just wanted you to go to church."

"I'm glad I went now."

"Are you really?"

Somehow, for no reason, he was holding her close again. Maybe it was the soft way she talked that made him do it. And the way she looked at him with her soft green eyes made something lift up in his chest and push. Ye gods, he was getting like any sappy kid that wanted to smooch.

"I'm having a good time, kid."

"I'm so glad, Joe," she said softly.

There, she was up close again. Ashamed, he took his cheek off her hair. What was the matter with him anyhow, wanting to hug a kid like her? He ought to be ashamed of himself because Mr. and Mrs. Watson trusted him to take good care of her. And if they found out that he wanted to smooch with her, they would hate him for sure. He'd be a fine kind of heel, especially after the nice way they had treated him—as if he were one of the family. He had to keep remembering that.

Then the orchestra was playing Home Sweet Home, and he didn't want to go home.

They walked along the street slowly, and the street lights along the way were like so many moons. Everything was quiet, even the factories, and there was hardly any smoke in the sky. A soft breeze cooled their warm bodies, the houses that huddled along both sides of the street watched them silently. And as they walked, their bodies bumped and moved away, bumped and moved away, and Joe apologized every time. If he had had a drink he might think that he was a little high. But he felt better than any drink ever made him feel.

"I'm sorry I scolded you this morning, Joe," Tina said softly.

The way she said it, the soft way she said it, made his neck hurt. He had been lonesome all his life, especially in the Army, and now, all of a sudden, he wasn't lonesome any more. He wanted to talk, mostly about himself, about how he ought to quit drinking, how he ought to work harder for a promotion, things like that, but he was afraid because she was so young.

"You're a good kid, Tina."

"I like you, too, Joe."

He wished she wouldn't talk like that to him. Not in that soft womanly way. He had never thought that she could because she was always scolding him about going to beer gardens, not dressing right, and especially for not going to church regularly. She was the kind of girl, he knew now, that most guys like him, soldiers, were always looking for and never really expecting to find. Maybe there were a lot of girls like her, he didn't know, because he hadn't taken the time to find out. When a guy spent so much free time in bars and dance halls, chasing just any old babe that might come along, he didn't have time to realize that there were a lot of good people like the Watsons in the world.

"Good night, Joe."

"Hey, kid. . . ."

But she was gone. Bewildered, he saw that they were in the house, and that she had disappeared into her bedroom. He fumbled his way into the bathroom, brushed his teeth extra hard, and then went to bed where he smoked cigarette after cigarette.

STARING into the darkness, he knew it was time for him to get out of this house. It wouldn't be like it used to be any more because now he knew that he was in love with Tina, had been for a long time, only he hadn't known it till now. He couldn't stand seeing her every day, or listen to her scold and kid him, and not want to reach for her. Because if he did, and the Watsons found out, they would be disappointed in him. The best thing for him to do, he knew, was to get out while they still liked him. He wanted to remember them in a nice way, and he wanted them to remember him in the same way. It would be hard; this had been the only home he had had in a long time.

"How was the dance, Joe?" Mrs. Watson asked in the morning as she fried him bacon and eggs.

"Pretty good," he said, sitting down at the kitchen table.

Tina came clipping into the kitchen, her hair high upon her head, her green eyes glowing softly.

"Is there anything to eat, Mother?" she asked.

"You're old enough to cook your own breakfast," Joe said morosely.

"Wuff-wuff," Tina barked at him, ruffling his hair. "Hello, grouch."

She didn't sound like the girl of last night to him. Maybe he had only imagined the whole thing.

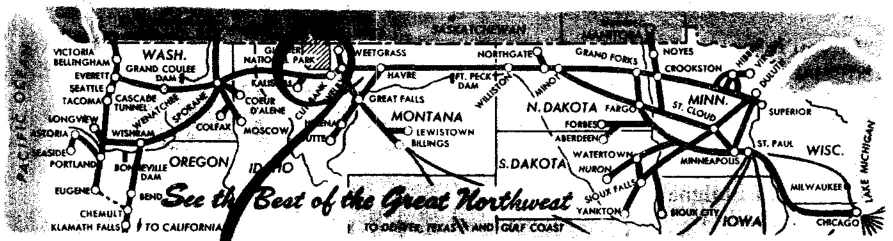
"Did you meet a lot of girls, Joe?" Mr.

In Glacier National Park

Seattle and Mt. Rainier

Vancouver, British Columbia

Southern California Beaches



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GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

Watson said, searching in the refrigerator. Joe heard bottles clink coolly.

"Yeah," Joe said. "But I didn't dance with any of them."

"How come?"

"Tina here made me dance with her all the time."

Tina sat down across from him and broke a slice of bread. Then she made a face at him.

"Why, Tina!" Mrs. Watson said.

"I didn't want the girls to frighten him, Mother."

"Have a beer with me, Joe," Mr. Watson said.

Joe looked at the beer thirstily. Then he looked into Tina's eyes.

"Go ahead," she said. "You look thirsty."

He had a good notion to, but changed his mind. "No, thanks," he said firmly.

"Hey, what's the matter, Joe?" Mr. Watson sounded astonished.

"I been thinking that I'll quit." Joe lowered his head over his empty plate. "I'm leaving town, too," he added quietly. A long silence followed, which made Joe squirm. "I'm getting kind of restless again. I been settled too long."

"Why, Joe!" Mrs. Watson said at last.

"I mean," he went on lamely, not thinking that they would take it so hard, "I'm just crowding you folks here. This housing shortage'll last a long time yet, and if I stay here you—" he stopped.

"You know we have plenty of room, Joe," Mrs. Watson said.

"Maybe Tina's been scolding you too much," Mr. Watson said.

"No, no. I enjoyed her doing that. I'll always remember you folks as the nicest I ever met in my life. But I just got to go."

He bent still lower over his plate. He couldn't tell them that he was crazy about Tina, and that if he stayed here he wouldn't be able to hide it from them. He was much too old for her, and he didn't have much to offer even though he did love her.

The whole setup was not right, it never would be. He would be better off bumming around the country, and Tina would be better off married to some nice kid her own age.

"I'm sorry you're leaving, Joe," Tina said quietly.

Mr. Watson, shaking his white head, went into the living room. Mrs. Watson followed silently after him. Why were they leaving him alone with Tina? Didn't they know how dangerous it was? Maybe he had hurt them in some way. He moved restlessly upon his chair and stared miserably into his empty plate. After a long while, he looked up and saw Tina watching him.

"We all like you a lot, Joe. We'll miss you."

Then he saw the tears in her eyes. They didn't fall, they just quivered there and made her eyes look softer.

"What's the matter, kid?" he whispered, not wanting the folks to hear.

Then her head was upon her arms, and her shoulders were shaking gently. He rose quickly and went around the table, and lifted her.

"Hey, kid, what's the matter?"

Then she turned and was in his arms, and somehow, dammit, he was kissing her. He had known that this would happen if he hung around long enough, but he couldn't help it, he didn't want to help it now.

"Quit it, kid," he whispered. "Don't cry."

"Joe, Joe," she said, kissing him.

AFTER a while, he looked up and there was Mrs. Watson standing in the living-room doorway. Joe let go of Tina, wanting the floor to open up and swallow him. Then Tina ran to her mother and hugged her impetuously.

Mr. Watson came into the kitchen, still holding the two bottles of beer.

"She finally get you, Joe?" Mr. Watson asked, grinning.

Joe jerked up his head, his eyes wide, his heart lifting crazily.

"I—I'm crazy about her, Mr. Watson. I hope you folks don't mind. I must've been crazy about her a long time. I know she's young—"

"Young!" Mr. Watson snorted. "Her mother snagged me when she was only seventeen. Here, Joe, have a beer."

Joe took the beer, looking from one to the other in bewilderment.

"Heck, Joe," Mr. Watson said, "Tina's been trying to marry you the past six months or so."

"Why, Dad," Tina said, and she sounded the same way her mother did when she disapproved of something he said.

Joe stared at them, and his heart was in his eyes. They liked him, these folks did—him, a guy who hardly knew what it was to be liked. And suddenly, looking at their kindly faces, something broke inside him, something rose up against his throat, and then pushed painfully up the back of his head.

To cover up his weakness, he protested, "But I haven't got a thing."

"You've got yourself, Joe," Mrs. Watson told him kindly. "That's enough for us."

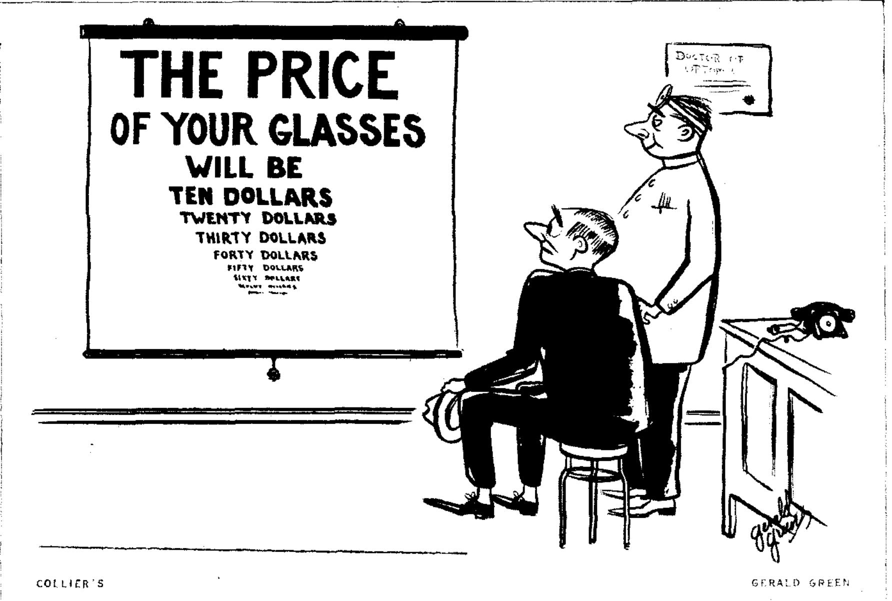
"Sure, Joe!" Mr. Watson slapped him upon the shoulder. "We can all live together until things ease up a bit." He took a long pull on the bottle. "Me, I always wanted somebody around that I could go fishing with, Joe. Why, I know a place up on Lake St. Clair that—"

"Jim," Mrs. Watson said.

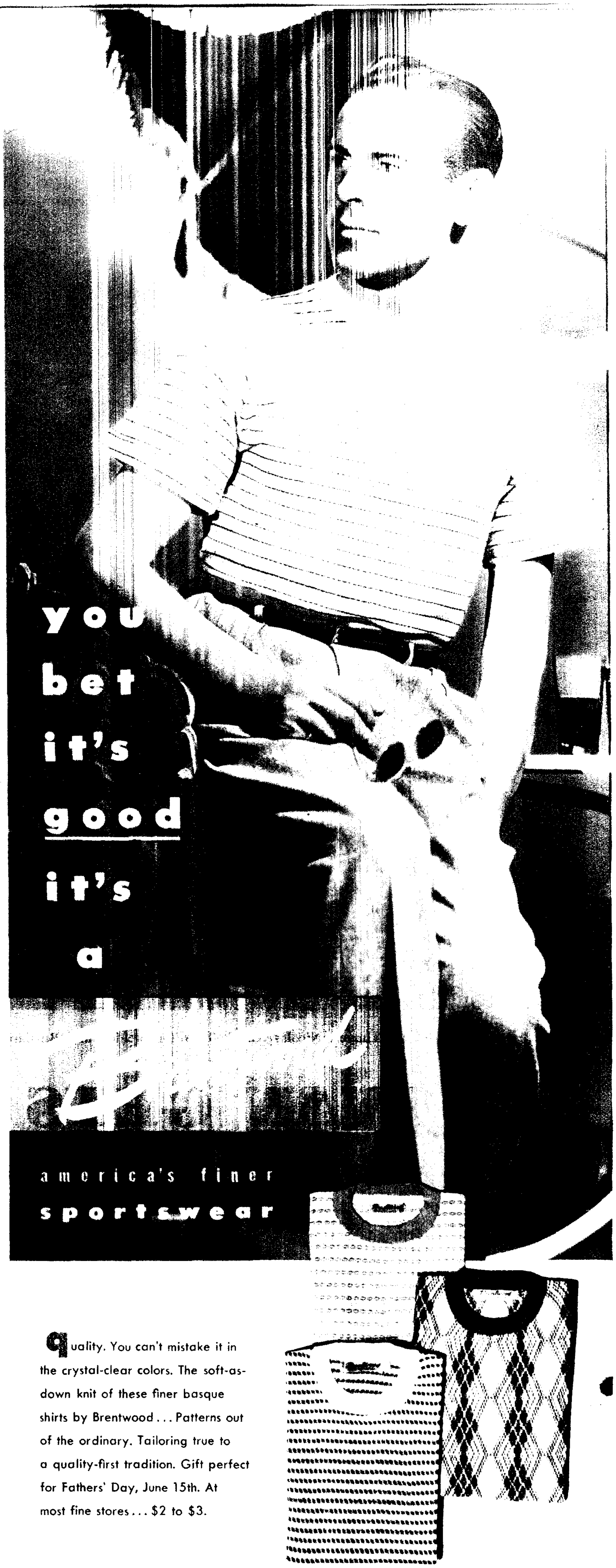
"I don't know what to say," Joe said, looking into Tina's eyes.

"You come on in the living room," Tina said practically, "and I'll tell you what to say."

THE END



COLLIER'S GERALD GREEN


you bet it's good it's a Brentwood
america's finer sportswear

Quality. You can't mistake it in the crystal-clear colors. The soft-as-down knit of these finer basque shirts by Brentwood . . . Patterns out of the ordinary. Tailoring true to a quality-first tradition. Gift perfect for Fathers' Day, June 15th. At most fine stores . . . $2 to $3.

BRENTWOOD SPORTSWEAR • PHILADELPHIA • NEW YORK

Congress wanted to know why the State Department is spending $138,000 a year broadcasting to Moscow. Call it propaganda if you like, but here is what the Russians are getting for our money—including some singing commercials

Director Charles W. Thayer, Nicolas Nabokoff, editor-in-chief, and Russian-speaking Secretary Mira Best prepare for their daily news broadcast to Russia

IVAN GETS AN EARFUL

BY EDWARD P. MORGAN

T WAS one of those smoke-filled rooms. Four men crowded around a disordered desk, poring over a sheaf of papers marked "secret" in red ink. The men's brows were furrowed, their neckties askew. The air was pregnant with impending decision. The telephone rang.

"Hey, Charlie," a voice said, "switch on your speaker. I've found a recording of Tavern in the Town that will prostrate Ivan in the aisles."

The man named Charlie pressed a button and instantly the room was flooded with loud, rollicking music. "Magnificent," he said shortly. "It goes." Then he cut off both the phone and the speaker and turned to the other three men. "This is likely to lay somebody in the aisles, too," he said, indicating the papers, "but we're late. How the devil do you translate 'overwhelming odds'?"

Sixty minutes later, there bounced off the ionosphere each in its turn into a limited number of Moscow radio sets the hot heartbeat of American jazz and a verbatim translation of President Truman's warning to Congress that to checkmate Communism in the Mediterranean the United States must not fail to "aid Greece and Turkey in this fateful hour."

Whether this, the government's new daily "Voice of the United States of America" broadcast to the Soviet Union, is giving the commissars ulcers of the stomach or sweetening ever so little their appetite for democracy is a question that has provoked broad and bitter comment. Winchell cried that such "diplomatic Sanskrit will never dent the iron curtain." The New Republic was torn between pointing with pride and viewing with alarm. A cynic suggested that the State Department warn Stalin it would add singing commercials to these dinner-hour programs if he didn't settle his Lend-Lease account pronto.

Sensitive to this commotion, a lot of congressmen classified the program as an international boondoggle, wasting the government's time and taxpayers' money, and, less than four months after it began, moved to cut its funds out of the appropriations bill along with all the rest of the State Department's foreign broadcasts. This sent the program's supporters hurrying to senators and representatives with data to show the Russian broadcast was beginning to pay off and that, as budgets go, it would only require pin money to keep it on the air at least for the next fiscal year, assuring it a fair and balanced trial.

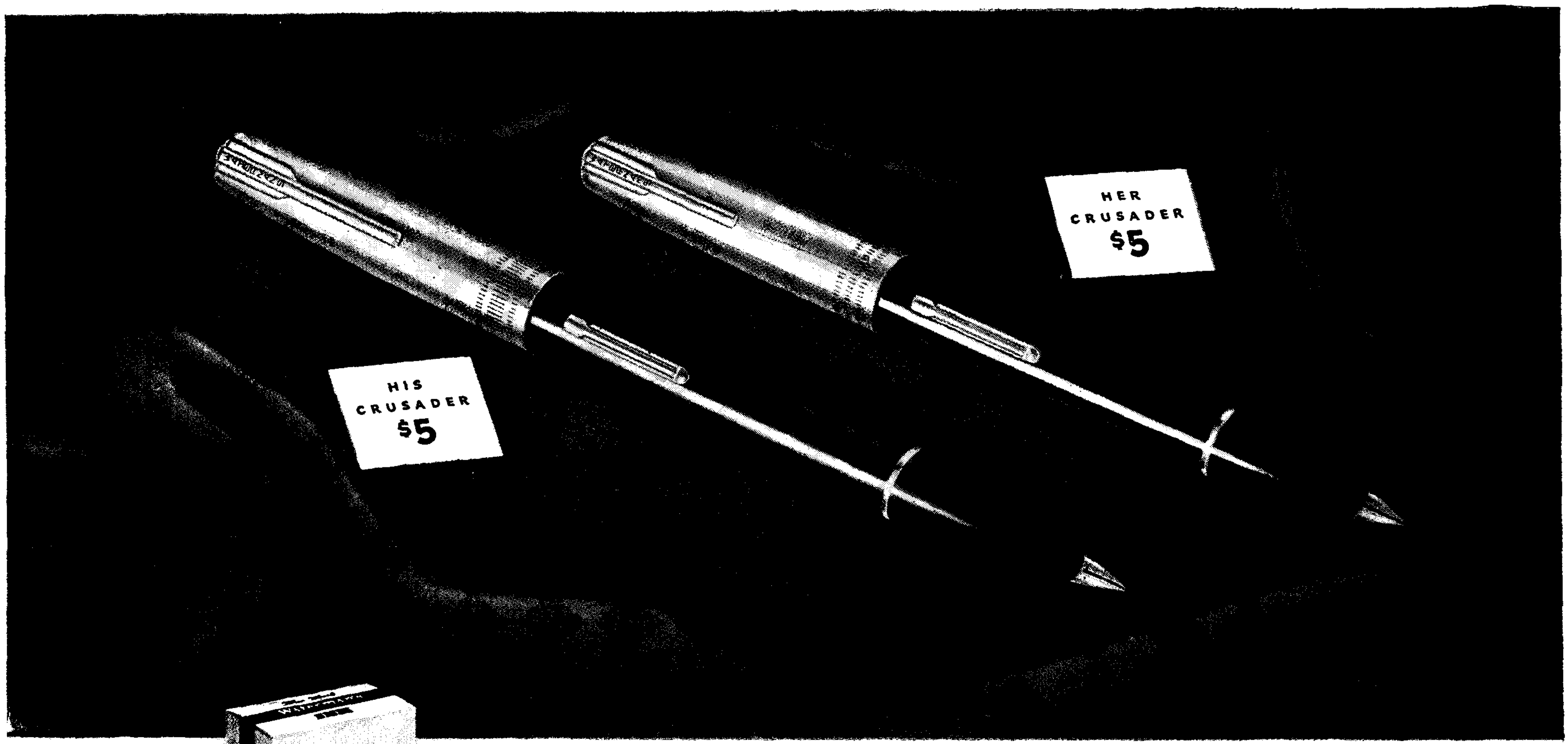
The experts readily concede that unless the Kremlin should unexpectedly give a Russian Hooper orders to sample the tastes of Soviet audiences, it

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK MANNING

...a *New*
Waterman's Taperite
for only $5

The
Crusader

- Meet the new *Crusader.*
- Yours for only $5, it's the kind of pen $5 couldn't even *look* at before. For *Crusader* is a Waterman's Taperite—and Taperites are the *only* hooded-point pens that provide point variety to match your own writing style.
- Note the slim, modern silhouette, the satiny lustre of the Lumalloy cap, the grace of the hooded-yet-visible 14 kt. gold point. "Expensive pen" features, yes—and there's even more.
- The Crusader proves again that Waterman's holds *writing* quality foremost—with points ground by hand to perfect smoothness... with the famous Inkquaduct Feed... with the simplest-of-all One Stroke Filler, that requires no pumping, no fussing.
- You'll find the new Waterman's Crusader displayed now at better dealers—those who believe, as we do, that you buy a pen to *write* with... and no other pen *writes* like a Waterman's.



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Waterman's new 15¢ size gives you 3 full ounces... *50% more than ordinary 15¢ inks!*

Blue Black
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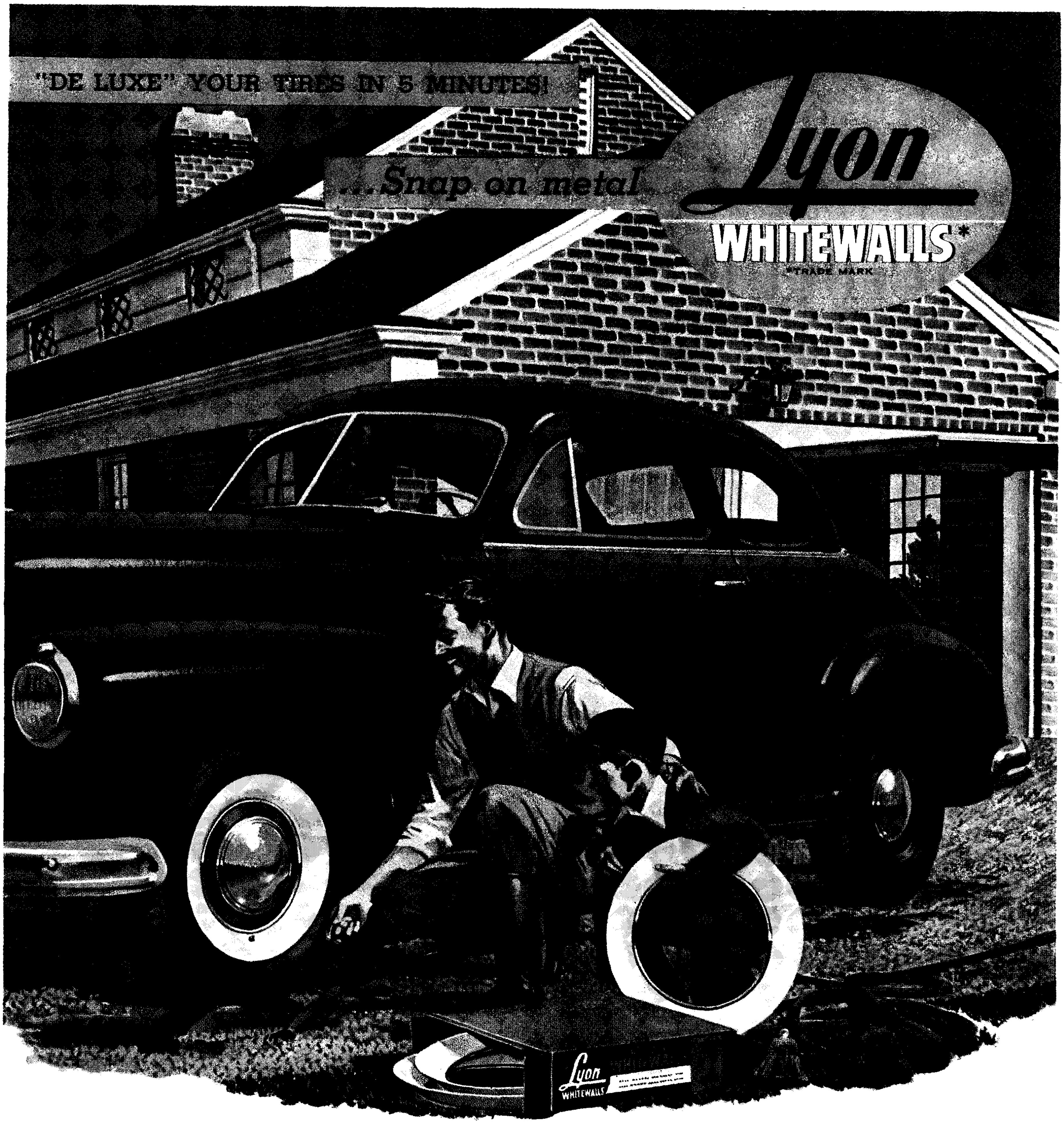
Tune in Gang Busters Sat. Nights: ABC, 9 E.T., 8 C.T., 7 M.T., 9 P.T. • L. E. Waterman Co., N.Y. 13, N.Y. • (In Canada prices slightly higher)

Waterman's *Taperite*



. . . and add the final touch of smartness!

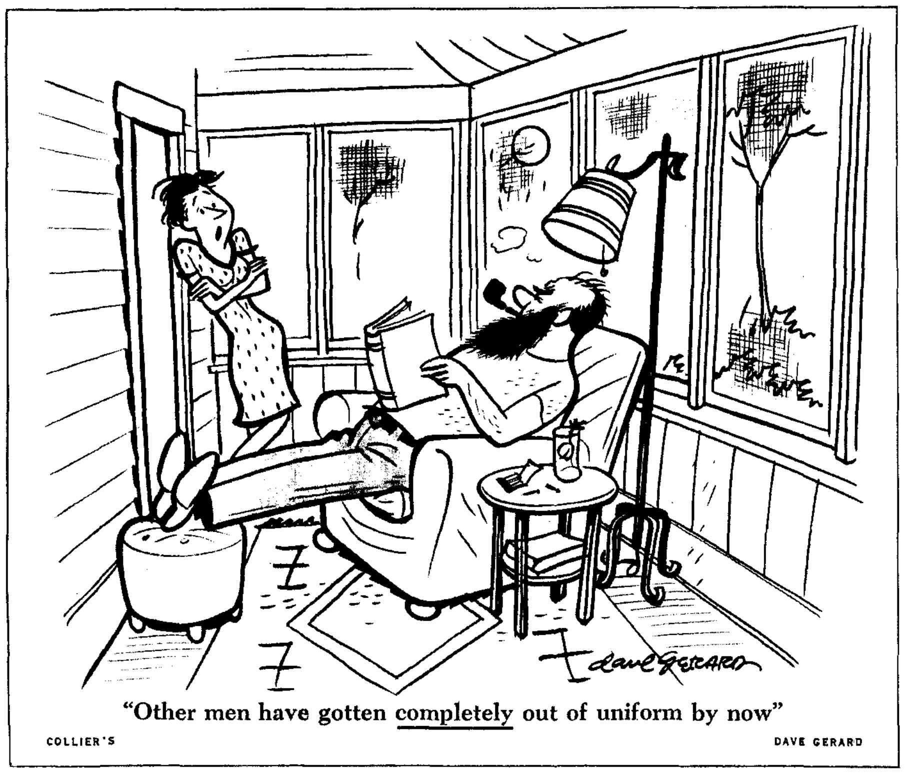
The easiest way in the world to make your car look a hundred per cent smarter is also the most inexpensive and practical. Snapping on metal Lyon Whitewalls is easy—you can put them on all four wheels in less than five minutes. And they cost less than half what you used to pay for white sidewall tires which had none of these revolutionary features: Lyon Whitewalls are *easy* to clean . . . *can't* scuff on curbs . . . have *no* upkeep expense . . . and they achieve the car-appearance designers have always sought—even *smaller* wheels to give your car a *longer, lower* look than ever before! Ask your dealer to show you Lyon Whitewalls next time you stop for gas. You'll be amazed how they add a final touch of smartness to your car!

★ ★ ★

PRICES: Standard Steel Model (16" Wheels) $6.95 Per Set of Four. De Luxe Steel Model (15" and 16" Wheels) $9.95 Per Set of Four. Sets of Five Priced Higher. A Fair Trade Product Sold Under Applicable Fair Trade Laws.

[illegible] WHITEWALLS ARE THE EXCLUSIVE [illegible] PRODUCT OF LYON [illegible] CHICAGO [illegible] will take a long, long time to tell the real effect of these American programs on Ivan Ivanovitch. But after a long absence of official Russian reaction, they were secretly delighted with the recent blast of Ilya Ehrenburg, a top Soviet writer, who likened U.S. short-wave propaganda to that of the Nazis. They reasoned that the violence of Ehrenburg's philippic (he is no mean propagandist himself) meant that so many Russians were actually listening to the broadcast that the government was forced to take notice of it, which is just what they want.

The program has come in for bales of criticism. For instance, it was widely accused of featuring a biography of Henry Wallace just at the time the ex-Vice-President was denouncing President Truman's foreign policy to European audiences. Actually, this feature was never released to Russia at all; it went to Germany. State Department officials privately complain that most of the program's critics, including those on Capitol Hill, never bothered to find out what the Russian unit was trying to do, or how it functioned. They (and this includes Secretary Marshall) are convinced that an attempt to inform the Russians of the facts of life in the U.S.A. is worth the most serious effort the government can possibly muster. They think the main trouble is that Americans are giving themselves only half a chance.


"Other men have gotten *completely* out of uniform by now"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

"The B.B.C. has been broadcasting to Russia for a year and is beginning to catch brickbats from the Communist press," a State Department spokesman says, "a distinction we are just beginning to achieve.

"Moscow Radio has been broadcasting in English since before the war. What's more, the Soviets have just completed a 2,000-kilowatt station, believed to be the biggest in the world, to be beamed on Germany. It probably will be audible all over Europe. That gives you an idea of how much importance they attach to radio."

In contrast, the maximum strength of the Munich plant from which the U.S. programs are relayed to Russia is a puny 125 kilowatts and the frequencies first picked accumulated a load of unlovely sound effects from the aurora borealis while passing through the arctic regions. These atmospherics, plus the fact that some squeaky European station may ride the same wave lengths, all but ruined a distressing proportion of the early programs.

(There has been no "jamming" as such, but the Soviets recently resumed broadcasting on a frequency—previously allotted to them—which is the same as one of the State Department's. Some weeks ago the State Department released an official story saying the Russian hour had been "sabotaged" by somebody who reversed an antenna in Munich and beamed the program to South America instead of the U.S.S.R. Later, however, a State Department official admitted that a closer investigation had failed to prove sabotage and that the whole thing may have been due to carelessness. Reception improved rapidly after this mistake was corrected.)

The Russian unit of the State Department's International Broadcasting Division is operating on a budget of less than $150,000—chicken feed in the opulent field of commercial radio. There are a couple of dozen people in the Russian unit, headed by Charles W. Thayer, director, and Nicolas Nabokoff, editor in chief of the broadcast. Not always knowing how their programs are going to get through or what the real reaction is to them, they sometimes feel as if gunny sacks had been slipped over their heads, muffling their speech and impairing their vision.

"We're flying blind," Thayer often tells visitors, "but we're proceeding on the theory that if we can convince even a small audience that we're not hopelessly decadent, that we aren't a nation of stinkers and that we aren't trying to encircle the Soviet Union, then we've made a worth-while start."

Each day's program has to be constructed with a lavish expenditure of loving care and overtime on such details as whether the word *rukovodstvo* means "textbook" or "leadership" (it can mean either). A typical hour might run as follows:

News, foreign and domestic, read by two male voices.

News features such as the invention of a self-delivery frozen-food machine, and reviews including press comment on the film revival, The Brothers Karamazov. This is read by a woman. (The Russians like female voices on the air.)

American cowboy and mountain songs.

Feature: Motels along U.S. highways.

Dance music.

Feature: How people live in Houston, Texas.

Recapitulation of the day's headlines.

Billboard of what's coming on tomorrow's program.

"*Spokonoy nochi!*—a sweet good night."

A citizen may well ask how in thunder we can expect to pick up votes for the American way among our Soviet constituents by a rendition of the Lone Prairie, a dramatized night in a trailer park, Open the Door, Richard, and a vignette of life in a state which has yet to decide whether to let the rest of the country join it.

The IBD boys figure it works this way:

1. The various Soviet republics are enthused about developing their own regional music. This glimpse of American folk songs touches a common point of interest. (Tomorrow this spot might be filled with Beethoven and Mozart chamber music—not to press the classics but to emphasize the talents of a group like Chicago's Fine Arts quartet.)

2. Russians like to travel, even though it is difficult in the U.S.S.R. The motel piece gives an opportunity to show how easy it is to move around the U.S. at reasonable cost and what a large number of working-class people have cars—all without offensive, swaggering superlatives.

3. As scores of G.I.s found out when they met them in Germany, one of the Russians' secret passions is American jazz and they seldom get it from their own stations.

4. Most foreigners think of the U.S. in terms of Broadway or the Brown Derby. Sketches like the Houston one aim to "take the Soviets out into the rest of America."

Theme Hymn Rouses Ire in Dixie

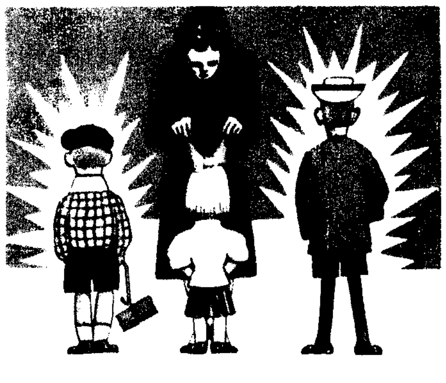
On top of other worries, Thayer and his associates have to deal with assorted taxpayers who have their own ideas how radio programs to Russia should be run. After the inaugural broadcast in mid-February in which the Battle Hymn of the Republic was (it still is) played as the program's theme song, State Department offices in both Washington and New York were peppered with calls from irate citizens south of the Mason and Dixon's line wanting to know what sort of damyankee monkey business was this.

They were politely assured the piece was picked solely as a stirring air and bore no resemblance to Union propaganda living or dead. The music was suggested (verses aren't used, of course) by George Kennan, former counselor of embassy in Moscow, who is now deputy director of foreign affairs at the National War College. "Our truth goes marching on," Thayer cracked, recalling the incident.

Although the program isn't normally heard here, IBD's fan mail continues at the rate of about 40 letters and telephone calls a week, pretty evenly divided between the very pro- and the very anti-Soviet public. One gentleman sent along an excellent Russian translation of Poe's The Raven—thought it might add atmosphere. A church organist in Auburn, New York, asked for an audition with his composition entitled Vatican City March. A man in Washington wanted the State Department to televise a cartoon. Another donated an album of music, stressing it was the international language of love. Most of the tunes involved a character named Bunny Rabbit.

A matron in Rochester, New York, complained that the announcers' voices were uncultured. And one dear old lady from Manhattan turned up with a feature which she vowed would stop the revolution cold, but its success pivoted on one vital sound effect. Her script called for "the sound of roots being pulled out of the ground."

Their flexibility in dealing with such emergencies may be attributed to the fact that neither Thayer, Nabokoff nor any of the other men and women in the unit except Eddie Raquello, the production manager, ever had any experience in radio. The translators, announcers and feature writers are an interesting flock of talent, which includes an artist,



She's the young mother of three

trim little tricks who, even on her modest income, always look like they're in their Sunday best. She knows that the real way to thrift is to watch the cost of "incidentals." When she heard that Arm & Hammer Baking Soda (for which she pays just a few cents) is a good tooth cleanser she checked with her dentist at once. He told her, "It's an approved dentifrice."* Now they all brush their teeth regularly with "Arm & Hammer." The saving is substantial and she has proved that it is possible to cut cost corners without sacrificing quality.

*Arm & Hammer Baking Soda and Cow Brand Baking Soda are among the dentifrices that meet the exacting requirements of the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association. Both brands are classified as acceptable dentifrices and have enjoyed the Council's seal of acceptance longer than any other dentifrice.

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10 Cedar Street, New York 5, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOK describing uses of Baking Soda; also a set of Colored Bird Cards.

This offer good only in the United States

Please print J-74

Name____________________

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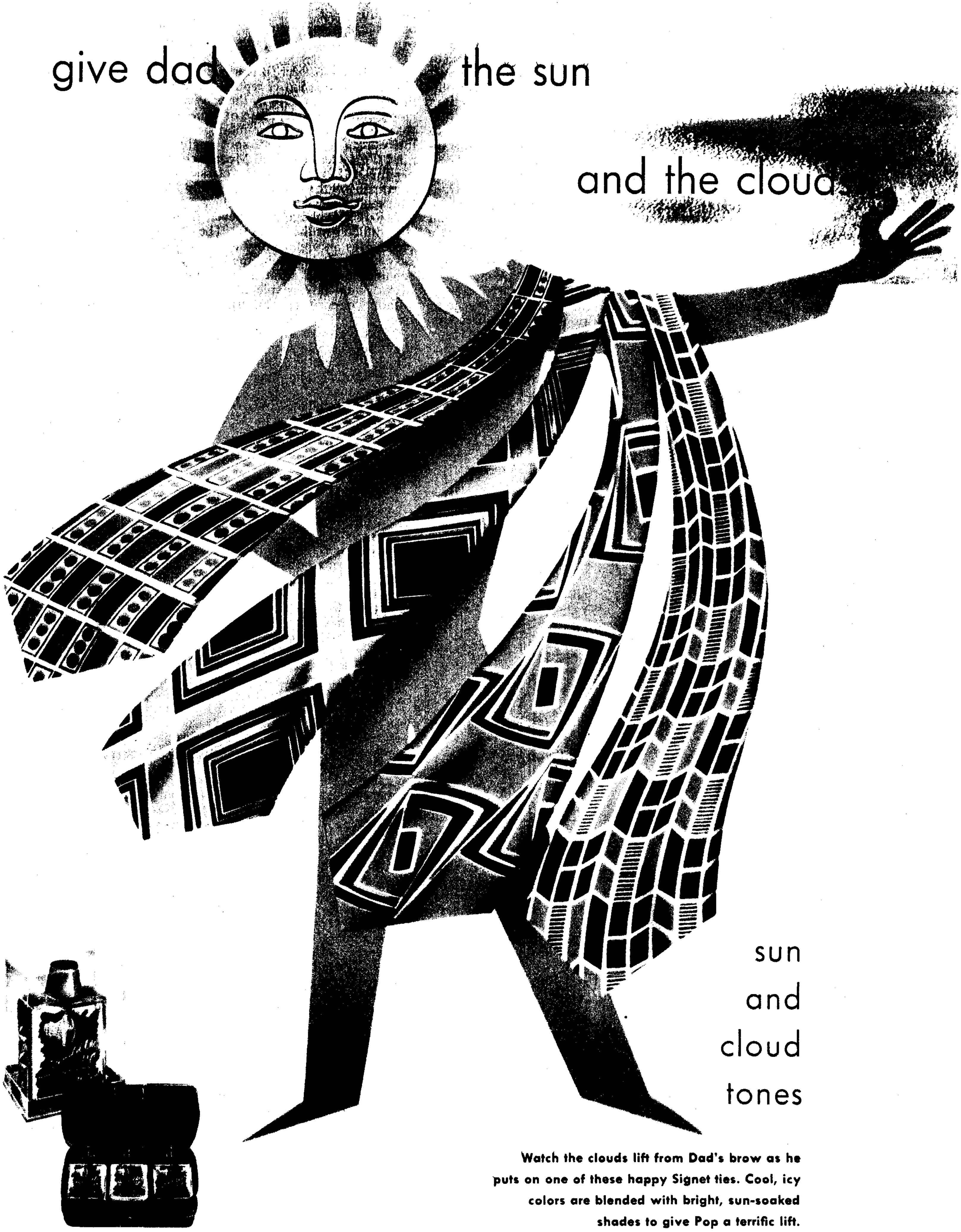

give dad the sun
and the cloud
sun
and
cloud
tones

Watch the clouds lift from Dad's brow as he puts on one of these happy Signet ties. Cool, icy colors are blended with bright, sun-soaked shades to give Pop a terrific lift.

Nothing but the best for Dad! Add good taste in grooming to Dad's gifts—with tingling, masculine "*Saddle-Up*" Toiletries by Signet! . . .

Signet TIES and toiletries

Arthur Siegman Inc., 16 E. 34th St. • New York City an actor, an architect, a couple of ex-G.I.s and a former interpreter at the Nuremberg trials.

They are shepherded around the studios by Raquello, an excitable and engaging gentleman who speaks 10 languages and used to alternate between broadcasting with Norman Corwin and hitting the road with the Lunts. Nervously sorting his newscast script against deadline, Eddie is often apt to shout fiercely to one of his comrades who gets in his path, "Go away, I hate you! . . . Tovarich." Despite a bad press at the beginning—most of which was due to the scarcely inspiring opening program—the unit's collective inexperience is rapidly rubbing off, and on completion of the first month of broadcasting, the office received a ringing message of congratulation from Ambassador Walter Bedell Smith in Moscow.

Thayer and Nabokoff often tell each other that they must have been balmy to tackle such a job (which keeps them at their desks 12 to 16 hours a day, seven days a week) and that no sane person could stand the pace. Thayer, a curly-haired fellow in his middle thirties, was at least sane enough to get through West Point, after which he resigned from the service and went to Russia on his own.

The Versatility of Mr. Thayer

When Mr. William Bullitt opened the first U.S. embassy to the Soviet Union, Thayer was quickly hired as the ambassador's personal aide. He has been a public servant ever since, including seven years in Russia, with such diversified assignments as opening a legation in Afghanistan with the assistance of four dogs and a Chinaman; heading a secret mission to Tito as a lieutenant colonel in the O.S.S.; and arguing with the Russians under blossoming cherry trees in Seoul on the joint occupation of Korea. Among other things, he is equipped with a fluent knowledge of Russian, a weakness for tired tweeds and a sense of humor as lively as a Halloween barn dance.

Once he was charged with providing entertainment for a Christmas party at Spasso House, the American embassy in Moscow. Knowing the Russian weakness for animals, he procured a seal act from a circus. He persuaded the trainer to perfect a routine whereby one seal entered the dining room with a small lighted Christmas tree balanced on his nose (it was a long time before they could get the beast used to candle wax dripping onto his snout), followed by two other seals, one toting a bottle of champagne and the other a crystal goblet.

The act was such a sensation that nobody noticed the trainer retire to a corner with the champagne, where he quietly passed out. It was not long, however, before Thayer was attracted to the kitchen by a wonderful cacophony of barks and wails. There he found a trembling Viennese chef atop the sink, holding three hungry seals at bay with a saucepan. The cook was finally ransomed by the fish course, which the guests in their convulsions never missed.

Nabokoff (not to be confused with his writer-cousin Vladimir) was born 44 years ago between Minsk and Pinsk in the village of Lubcja in what is now Byelorussia. After successfully studying and writing music in Berlin, Stuttgart and Paris, plus unsuccessfully operating a bee farm in southern France, where most of the creatures died of dysentery, he came to New York in 1933.

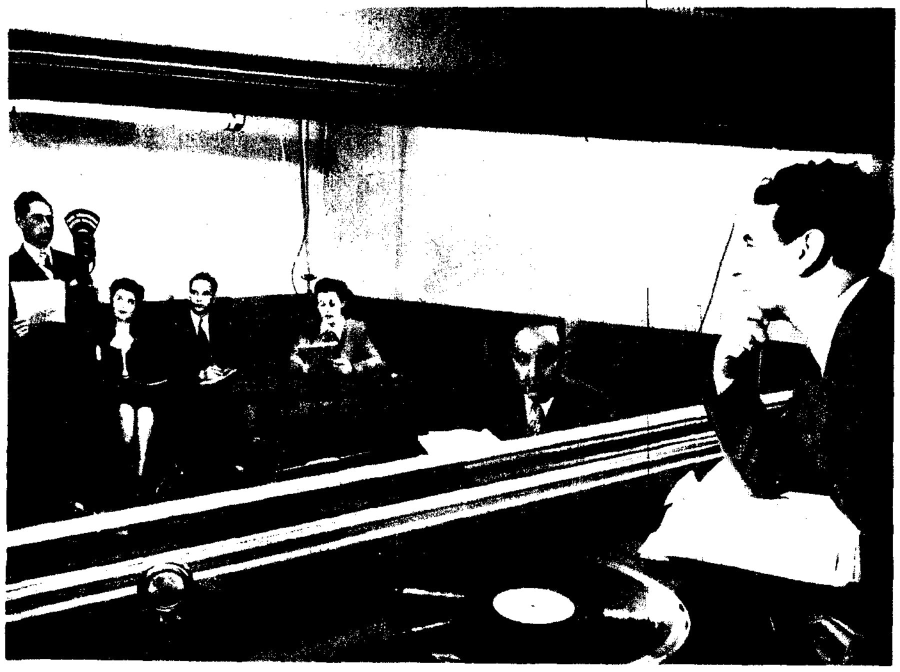
Now a U.S. citizen, he has taught in several American schools including St. John's College in Annapolis, where he was director of music and professor of liberal arts. Well known as a composer (he wrote the musical score for the ballet in the film Union Pacific), he can carry on a conversation in at least four languages on such technical hors d'oeuvres as the difference between the Temple and the navel orange—which incidentally was a subject aired on a recent broadcast to interest Soviet agriculturalists. He recently returned from Berlin, where he was adviser to Ambassador Robert Murphy on cultural affairs.

He often carries an officer's baton like a graduate of Sandhurst but his favorite piece of haberdashery is a flaming red tarboosh which he wears to bed as a nightcap. Discussing his new job with friends he once remarked "my only previous connection with radio was to turn it off whenever possible. Now I am being punished with bad dreams of Russians doing the same."

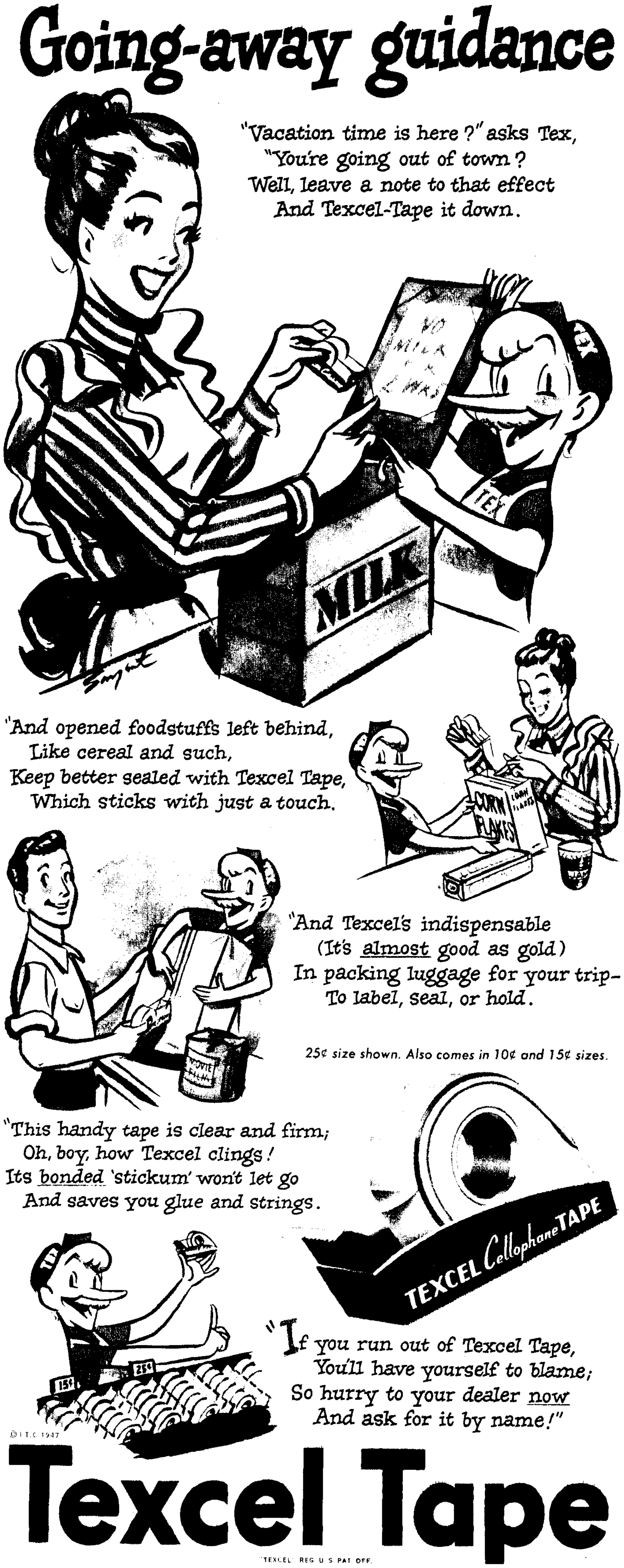
Thayer guesses that there are something like half a million short-wave sets in the Soviet Union capable of picking up "Golos Soyedinennikh Shtatov Ameriki," as the program is laconically labeled in Russian. But say the impossible happened and an audience of two million listened to the full 60 minutes every night in the week (the program is aired at 2 P.M. Eastern Daylight time—9 P.M. in Moscow), what of it? After a spell of democratic indoctrination, would the proletariat storm Red Square and petition the Politburo to resign? What basically are we trying to sell the Soviets?

Lieutenant General Smith, a diplomat but a tough gent with an aversion to

Scene at an actual broadcast from New York. Man at the mike reads news bulletins while other announcers and commentators wait their turn. Ronald Rim (right), assistant producer, monitors the show



JACK MANNING



Going-away guidance

"Vacation time is here?" asks Tex,
"You're going out of town?
Well, leave a note to that effect
And Texcel-Tape it down.

"And opened foodstuffs left behind,
Like cereal and such,
Keep better sealed with Texcel Tape,
Which sticks with just a touch.

"And Texcel's indispensable
(It's almost good as gold)
In packing luggage for your trip—
To label, seal, or hold.

25¢ size shown. Also comes in 10¢ and 15¢ sizes.

"This handy tape is clear and firm;
Oh, boy, how Texcel clings!
Its bonded 'stickum' won't let go
And saves you glue and strings.

"If you run out of Texcel Tape,
You'll have yourself to blame;
So hurry to your dealer now
And ask for it by name!"

© I.T.C. 1947

Texcel Tape

TEXCEL REG U S PAT OFF

CELLOPHANE TAPE — STICKS WITH A TOUCH

Industrial Tape Corporation · New Brunswick, N. J.

American Originals

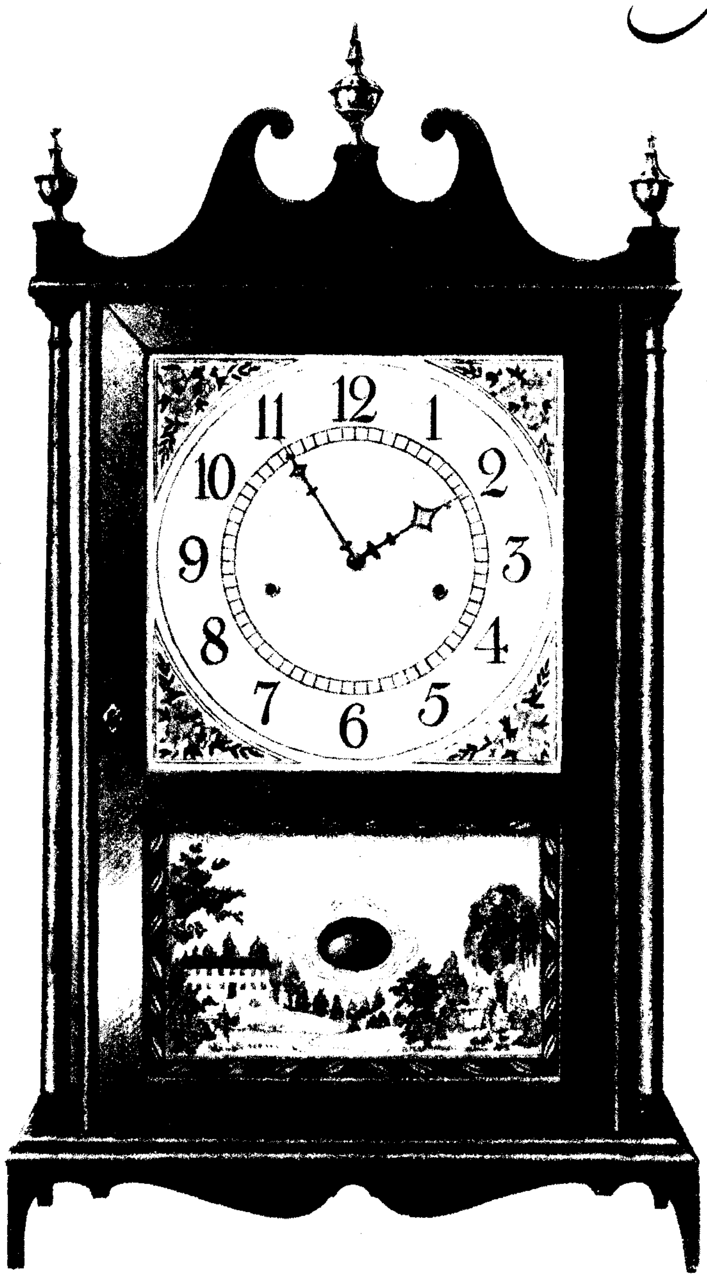


Illustration based on the original Terry clocks designed and made by Eli Terry about 1795 in Plymouth, Connecticut.

Here is a gin that is truly an American original. It represents the first basic improvement in gin-making in more than 300 years.

You can *see* the difference, for this rare and wonderful gin has the color of fine vintage champagne... a *natural* result of our leisurely, time-honored way of producing it.

You can *taste* the difference because this exclusive Seagram process results in a gin so smooth and mellow that it always makes a perfect cooling Collins or "the dry-est Martini in the world".

Seagram's Ancient Bottle distilled dry Gin
Original
Seagram's Ancient Bottle distilled dry Gin

When available, our time-honored "ancient" bottle will replace the present "victory" bottle.

Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin

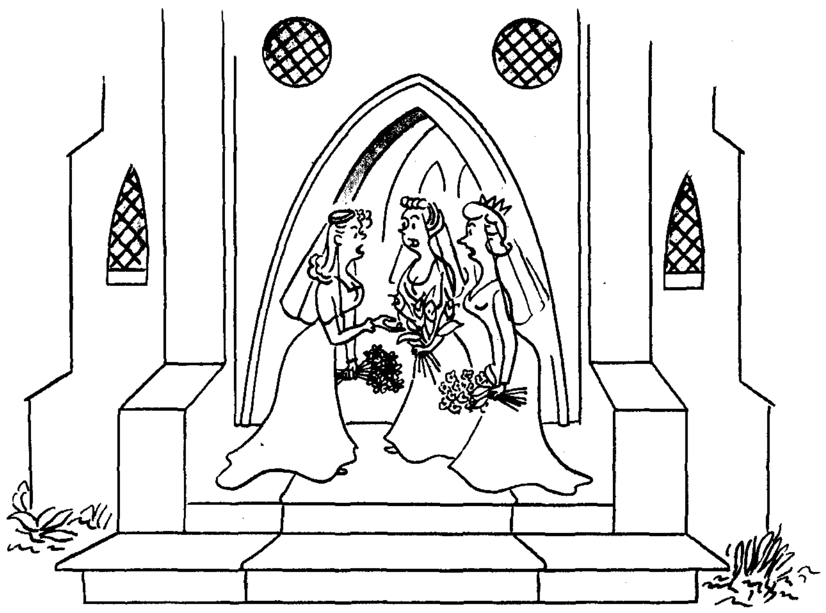
DISTILLED DRY

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN. 90 PROOF SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK hogwash and lilac water, provided a pretty fair answer to the last question in a dispatch he cabled back to the IBD shortly after the programs began.

"As the OWI waged psychological warfare, so the IBD must wage psychological peace," he said. "This does not mean we should lay on our peace-loving intentions with a trowel. It does mean, however, subtly pointing up the whole . . . program to the idea that the U.S.A. is fair and progressive and not to be shoved around. . . .

"We should not try to hide our problems from the Russians, nor should we indulge a guilt complex, which so frequently seems to afflict the American mind, by making a point of our faults. Our aim should be to emphasize what we as a great democratic people are doing to solve our problems."

Smith's daily and detailed criticisms have been enormously helpful in orienting the programs and are consistently punctuated with pungent bits of wisdom: "Lay off lugubrious oboe solos," he once cabled after the Russians had been jarred by a spate of modern music in minor key which had not been made any more melodious by a particularly bad night of static. "Avoid esoteric dissertations on fertilizer," he begged again when the features seemed to be getting too technical.



"And did he have red hair?"
"And did he have a little mustache?"
"And did he wear glasses?"

COLLIER'S J. S. MACDONALD

The program's backbone is news. One of Nabokoff's former Soviet colleagues in Berlin recently praised the program in general but urged him to eliminate the news altogether. "That was the highest compliment he could pay us," Nabokoff said later. "The man is a professional propagandist who knows the value of news—particularly when it's stuff that doesn't get printed."

(Whether for good or bad, the full translated broadcast of Mr. Truman's "quarantine Communism" speech rocked the Russians who heard it so far back on their heels that they couldn't believe their ears. One of them asked an American in Moscow if they had been listening to an "underground station." "We haven't heard anything like that in 30 years," he exclaimed.)

Now and then there emerges a heartening little shred of positive evidence that the news is taking effect. A Russian writer was impressed by an item revealing that Soviet scientists had been invited to visit Canadian arctic bases to see for themselves what Canadian and American military staffs were up to. "There you are," she said. "And yet we are always criticizing."

"That's the kind of people we're trying to reach," a State Department official has said. "The intelligentsia, the schoolteachers, the engineers, the factory chiefs. They are strictly a limited audience but they are important."

(Can it be, some analysts are asking themselves today, that the reason the Soviet press gave such full and generally objective coverage of the Moscow Foreign Ministers' conference, including a verbatim translation of Secretary Marshall's definition of "democracy," was that foreign propaganda is beginning to get, just a little bit, under their skin? That maybe the government is obliged to broaden its focus on the news in self-defense? Answers aren't available now but the situation is worth watching.)

Thayer and his crew turn out the bad news along with the good, including such ticklish topics as strikes, lynchings and Bilbo, but they try to set it all in the proper perspective so it won't look as if the whole foundation of American life were giving way. When Labor Secretary Schwellenbach said he thought the Communist party should be outlawed in this country, they aired his views faithfully and then added the following tag line: "As is well known, no minority political group in the United States is banned which seeks to reach its goals through the ballot instead of by force, violence or subterfuge."

After the New York Cotton Exchange strike was settled, the script emphasized that the minimum weekly wage increase of $6 meant that an employee could buy, if he wanted to, an extra pound and a half of butter a day. "Not that any one man could decently use it," Thayer said later, "but that much butter would stick in the mind of a ration-minded Russian a lot longer than just six bucks."

Next to news, music is the program's most important ingredient. "Our purpose is not simply to shorten their long winter evenings," Thayer recently told a visitor, "but constructive entertainment is necessary if we are going to attract listeners." Jazz is definitely classified as constructive (although popular tunes have been periodically banned in the U.S.S.R. as being unworthy of the revolution), and Thayer and Nabokoff recently made Benny Goodman, the King of Swing, an unpaid musical consultant of the show.

The special-feature department regularly grinds out treatises on such highly varied fragments of Americana as the national park system, fluorescent lighting, the maple-sirup industry and perils and problems in the lives of night truck drivers. (There were some hasty changes made one day when it was discovered that a discussion of artificial snow and a critique of The Iceman Cometh had been billed for the same hour. It was felt that Mr. O'Neill's play would be tough enough to explain without cluttering up the broadcast with a man-made blizzard.)

To criticisms that these efforts are too technical or too long, Thayer and Nabokoff usually reply—after welcoming the comment—that the Russian taste in entertainment and cultural matters is a little more sober and ponderous than what Americans are used to. One of the "messages" they're trying to get across is that the average American, surprisingly enough, is human. The producers certainly cannot be accused of lacking a change of pace. Their most ambitious effort to date was a 12-minute sketch which endeavored to explain to the methodical Soviet mind the social significance of singing commercials and what's funny about radio comedians.

"I won't say we answered the question satisfactorily," Thayer will admit if pressed, "but the Russians are tremendously interested in the art of American advertising. I remember a commissar of food who was so fascinated on a visit to New York by grocery packaging and neon lights that when he returned to Moscow, the home of noncompetitive products, he had local cheese rations wrapped in green paper and a huge outdoor sign built which simply said 'Buy Sausage.'"

Hard to Make Moscow Hear

There is an interesting point of honor involved in the continuing attempt to cure the almost lethal case of laryngitis which plagued the "Voice of the U.S.A." at first. Several Russians were overheard chuckling to themselves over the failure of the Americans, the alleged technological giants of the Atomic Age, to boost a radio signal from New York to Moscow that could be heard with reliable consistency.

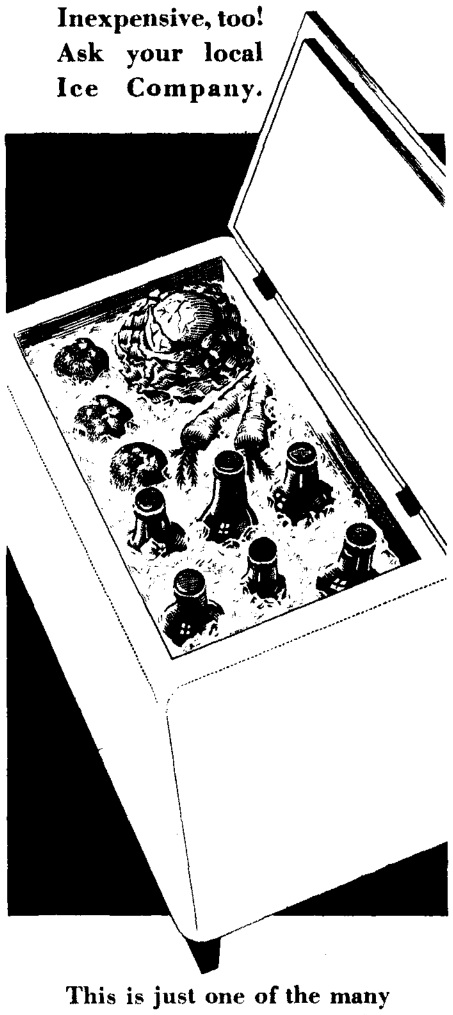
For years they have been broadcasting in English to the United States, not just a measly 60 minutes, but a total of three hours and 50 minutes a day. The B.B.C., which has been beaming three programs totaling 1½ hours daily to the Soviet Union for the past year, has had its troubles but its reception is generally better than the State Department's "Voice."

No less a personage than former Secretary of State James F. Byrnes is credited by Washington sources with the statement that the Russian program alone is worth the entire $8,600,000 which is IBD's annual budget now for *all* broadcasting. According to an IBD official's horseback estimate, the Soviet show's prorata share of that, to handle 365 programs a year, is only $138,000—which would finance the Jack Benny spot for approximately three and two-fifths appearances on a national hookup.

"As usual," a responsible observer remarked the other day, "we're doing things the half-baked way. We know that propaganda—and why be afraid to call it propaganda?—is important. Isn't Radio Moscow bombarding us for periods four times as long as our own? We know that our official propaganda magazine Amerika has a circulation of 50,000 copies in the Soviet Union and that its actual readers probably number a quarter of a million. We know that our radio program has a germ of an audience that will spread if given a chance. But we're trying to lob an intellectual atom bomb over the iron curtain with a Ping-pong paddle—and now some people are arguing that even the paddle should be taken away."

Thayer, Nabokoff & Company already are plotting a new half hour to be aimed at the Russians at midnight, Moscow time, to give them something to sleep on, if they can get the money and the machinery. They already have the energy.

THE END



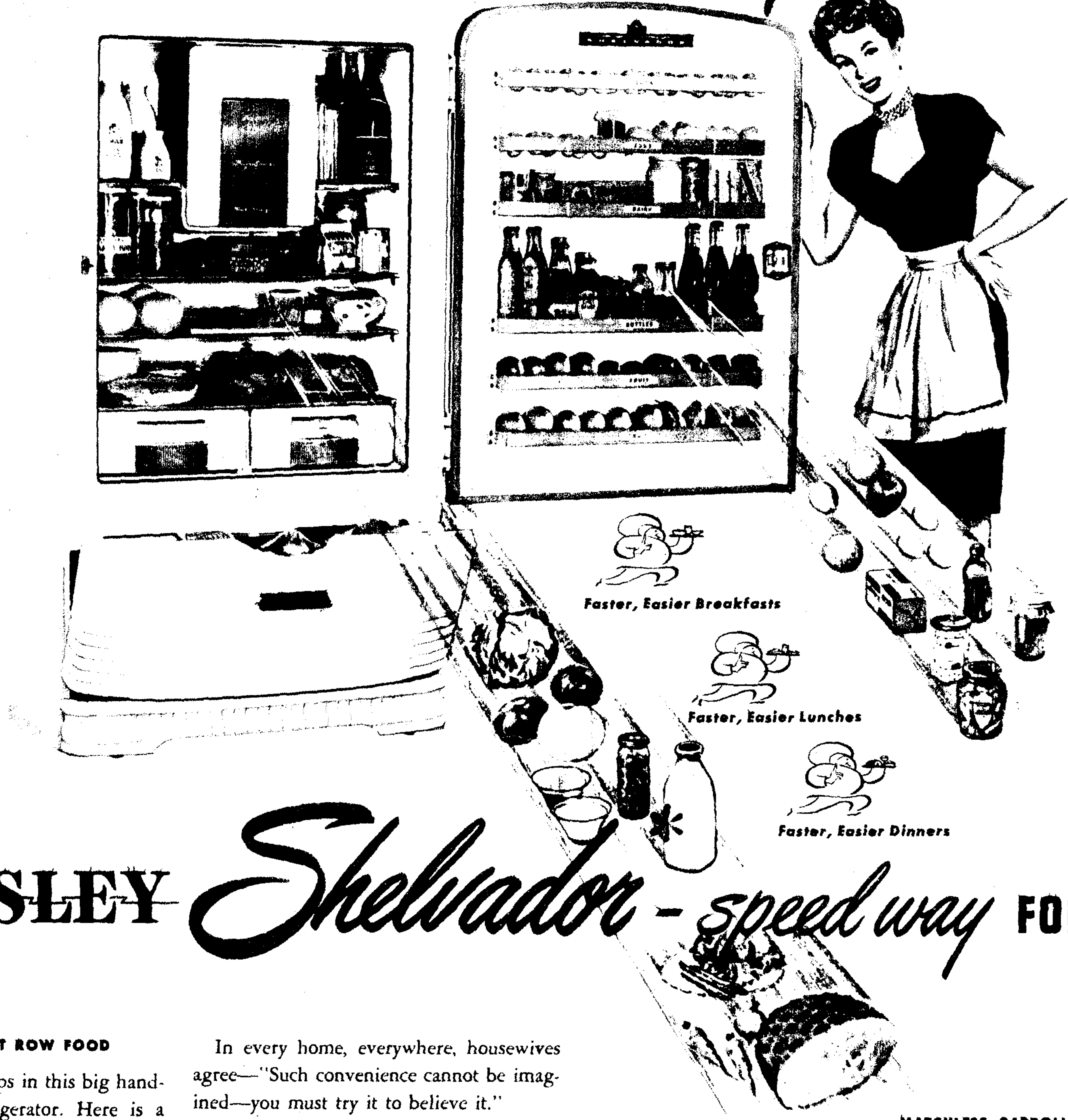
do you know...

that you can get a beautiful little ice chest that is ideal for keeping on hand a bountiful supply of pure, crystal-clear ice for every cooling need . . . for chilling bottles quickly . . . for relieving crowded refrigerators . . . for that *extra* supply of hard-frozen ice cubes? Inexpensive, too! Ask your local Ice Company.

This is just one of the many new, post-war services the progressive Ice Industry is providing for *better living*. You ought to know about them *all*. Just get in touch with your local Ice Company.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES
1706 L Street, N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

a wonderful new experience



CROSLEY *Shelvador* - *speed way* FOR MEALS!

28 FEET OF FRONT ROW FOOD

All this at your fingertips in this big handsome Shelvador* Refrigerator. Here is a time saving convenience—dozens of times a day every day in the year. The refrigerator that has everything—giant froster, over-size crispers and a beautiful easy-to-clean finish.

In every home, everywhere, housewives agree—"Such convenience cannot be imagined—you must try it to believe it."

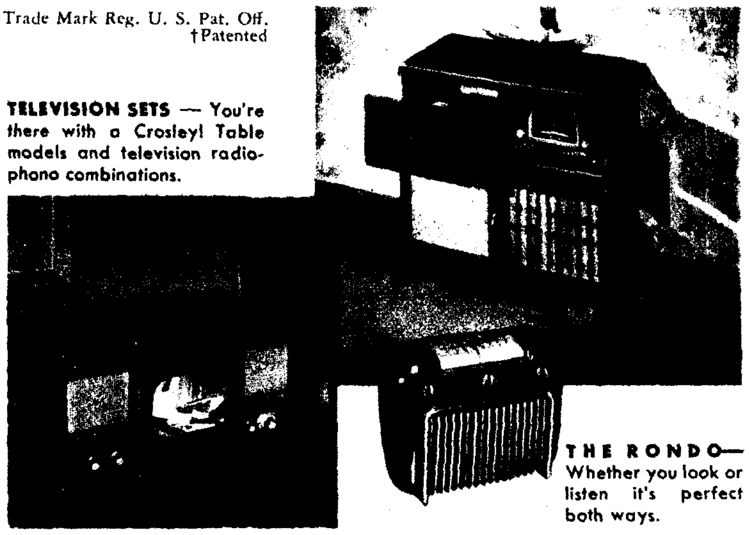
Have a wonderful new experience, see the Shelvador* at your Crosley dealer's.

CROSLEY Division—AVCO Manufacturing Corporation, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
†Patented

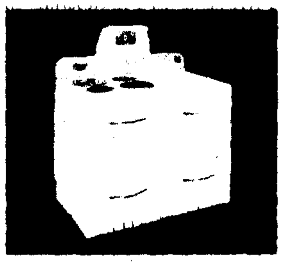
MATCHLESS CARROLLTON RADIO-PHONO WITH F. M. and Floating Jewel† Tone System that says "Goodbye" to needle noise—chatter—hiss—and scratch! Records last up to 10 times longer—and sound better.

TELEVISION SETS — You're there with a Crosley! Table models and television radio-phono combinations.

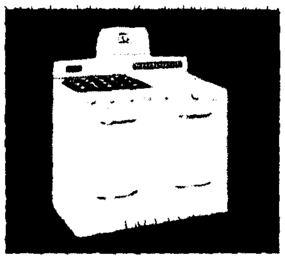


THE RONDO—Whether you look or listen it's perfect both ways.

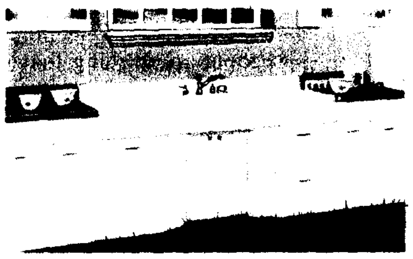
ELECTRIC RANGES—Crosley SERVI-CHEF Control Timer is just one of many features you'll appreciate.



GAS RANGES — Featuring the waist-high broiler and other conveniences for better, easier cooking.



FURNISH YOUR KITCHEN — beautiful Crosley Servisink and Cabinets—simplify all kitchen tasks. Save time and steps. Easily installed.



YOU'VE GOT TO BE TOUGH

BY ROBERT TURNER

I'M a thorough guy. I take pains. Old Bloodhound Joe Kosky, they say down at headquarters. But I always make a pinch and that's what pays off. No dead ends. Take this Dineen case:

Leo Dineen is in and out of the can a good part of the last fifteen years, but never anything serious. But this time I'm telling about, he shoots up an East Side ward heeler and the powers that be cry for Dineen's scalp—though some feel he should get a medal.

Dineen digs in somewhere. We know he's in the city because all the exits are covered and he'd have to be a Houdini to get out. But somehow months go by and we don't find him. It drops out of the papers and everybody forgets about it but the department. I'm yanked off the case, officially, but I keep putting some spare time to it.

Checking way back on Dineen, I find out he has a daughter, Sheila. He hasn't seen the kid in ten years. Mrs. Dineen dies when the child is nine and some friends bring her up. She knows nothing about her old man.

I find out that Sheila Dineen is a singer, now, breaking her tonsils in some Queens joint. I drop out there one night and catch her act. I don't know singing but I know right off this girl is good.

But I hadn't gone out there to hear Sheila sing. I'd thought there was an outside chance of Dineen being there, the blood being thicker than water. But it was a dud. There was no reason why it shouldn't have been, seeing how Dineen hadn't seen his girl in ten years. But I don't like to miss a bet.

The idea didn't come to me right off, but one afternoon my own girl, Kathy, age eleven, is playing piano at one of these children's recitals. I'm no music lover. I'm not a sentimental man but I got to hear my kid. You couldn't keep me away. Several people try. Inspector Haggerty's got a special job for me. He raises hell when I goof off, but I don't care. The Dodgers are playing what looks like a snazzy double-header. I don't care. I got to go to the kid's musicale.

If an icicle like me goes for that sort of thing, I figure, so will Leo Dineen. I don't know where he is. But there's always ways and means for a guy who is short on qualms.

That's another thing the boys ride me for. Joe Kosky, they say, he'd bring in his own grandmother if she pinched a loaf of bread when she's starving. But you don't get gooey, making lieutenant of detectives the hard way, like I did. You're short on brains so you use whatever else you have. So maybe I got no sentiment. The pinch is the thing.

I get to the right people and I have this Dineen kid heard. I get her moved to a Broadway spot. A flatfoot's been around like I have knows where at least one body's buried and he can toss some weight in an emergency. This is one.

This spot the Dineen kid gets signed up to sing at, through my finagling, you might say—though the way she looks and the way she sings, helps—gets a play in the columns and runs heavy advertising. They build up the Dineen kid right off and all I have to do is hang around the bar nights until Leo spots some of the ads or promotion and comes in.

The fifth night he makes it. He wears his hat low in front, coat collar way high so you can't see his face. I don't have to. I'd run Dineen in once before. I can almost smell him the minute he comes in. I get back out of sight behind a fat guy and his gal at the bar. Dineen gives the place the double-O but doesn't spot me.

He wedges into the bar and I hear him ask what time the show starts. He's got ten minutes. I let him order a drink and get it in his hand before I move.

"Don't get jumpy, Leo," I say. "It's Kosky. Remember? I got to take you in."

He doesn't turn but I can see him in the bar mirror. He pushes the hat up in front and he looks like death. He's a big handsome Irishman, ordinarily, but holing up in some Bowery stinkpen has done him no good.

"Finish your drink, Leo," I say. He looks at me and his face suddenly goes lax and he looks a little relieved. "I'm almost glad," he says. "I knew it would happen, sometime." Then he frowns. "Joe, I—Joe, I don't want to cause you any grief, but I got a favor. Let me stay here, right like this, about ten more minutes." He's looking toward the dance floor and the band in the back. "I—I want to hear my kid sing. Just once."

I think about that. It is not good. I ought not to do it. A case like this, you don't take chances, you bring the guy in, pronto. But somehow I get to thinking about my Kathy and the recital that time and how hell and high water couldn't keep me from hearing her play in public. I remember how I'd felt, watching her up there on the platform, my kid, old Joe Kosky's little girl, playing so pretty. I say: "That's what you came here for, isn't it, Leo? Just don't get jumpy."

Something like a smile comes over that white, drawn face. He doesn't look at me any more. He watches the dance floor until they clear it and the spots go on and a girl comes out. She's small and built and with her burnt-orange hair and Irish blue eyes, she's something to see. She's something to hear, too. The people in the place go crazy for her. I look at Leo Dineen but only once. It is a terrible thing to see, that face of his. Remorse and pride and all the things he wished could be changed and done over are in his eyes, making them full and shiny.

We stay until she finishes her last encore and the people let her get off the floor. Only once Leo Dineen speaks. He says softly so I can hardly hear: "My baby, a star on Broadway. . . ."

After it's over, I find the smoke is making my eyes smart, and I take Dineen's arm to go. It doesn't pay to go sappy.

He hits me. One clip and when I come to, Leo Dineen is gone and the people at the bar are very nice and the 'keep gives me a drink on the house but that doesn't help.

I SIT there, sipping that on-the-house rye, for they tell me I was out a good five minutes and there's no sense getting excited about Leo now. He's long gone. I think over what happened and in my mind I kick Joe Kosky up and down the town. I think about turning in the badge because when Joe Kosky goes soupy in the heart, he's done. A guy shouldn't be tough, eh?

I leave the club and wonder how I'm going to sleep this night. I stand outside and the doorman tries to flag a hack and somebody touches my arm. I snap around. It's Leo Dineen.

"Don't get jumpy, Joe!" I can feel the iron he took back off of me gouging my ribs. He says: "I been thinking things out. My kid in there doesn't know who she is, I mean about me bein' her old man. I can't even figure how you dug it out. You think you could keep it quiet?"

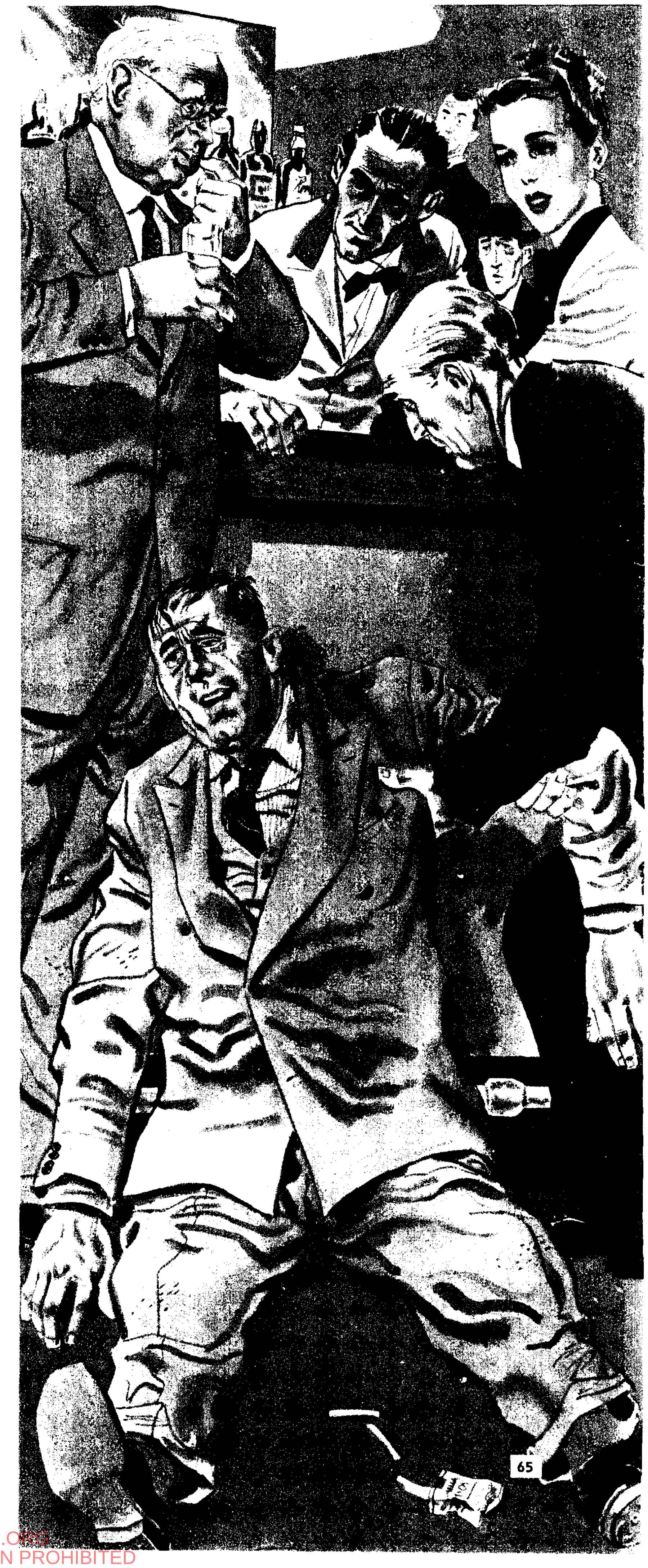
I toss that around. After a while, I say: "It might be arranged." The iron grinds into my ribs. I say, very fast: "Sure, sure, it can."

"That's your word?"

I say: "Leo, I picked you up in the Fiftieth Street subway station, remember?" I had to swallow hard. This would have been a hell of a story. Publicity doesn't hurt a guy in my position and I've worked a smart angle to bring Leo around very neat. It would have been nice for folks to know about.

"Okay," Leo says. He takes the iron from his pocket, and hands it to me. "I figured you'd make a smell about me getting away and where and why and how. I wouldn't want to do that to my kid, her on top like she is."

We walk over to the cab the doorman has flagged and I think: The chump! There you are, Joe Kosky, you see what sentiment will do to a guy!



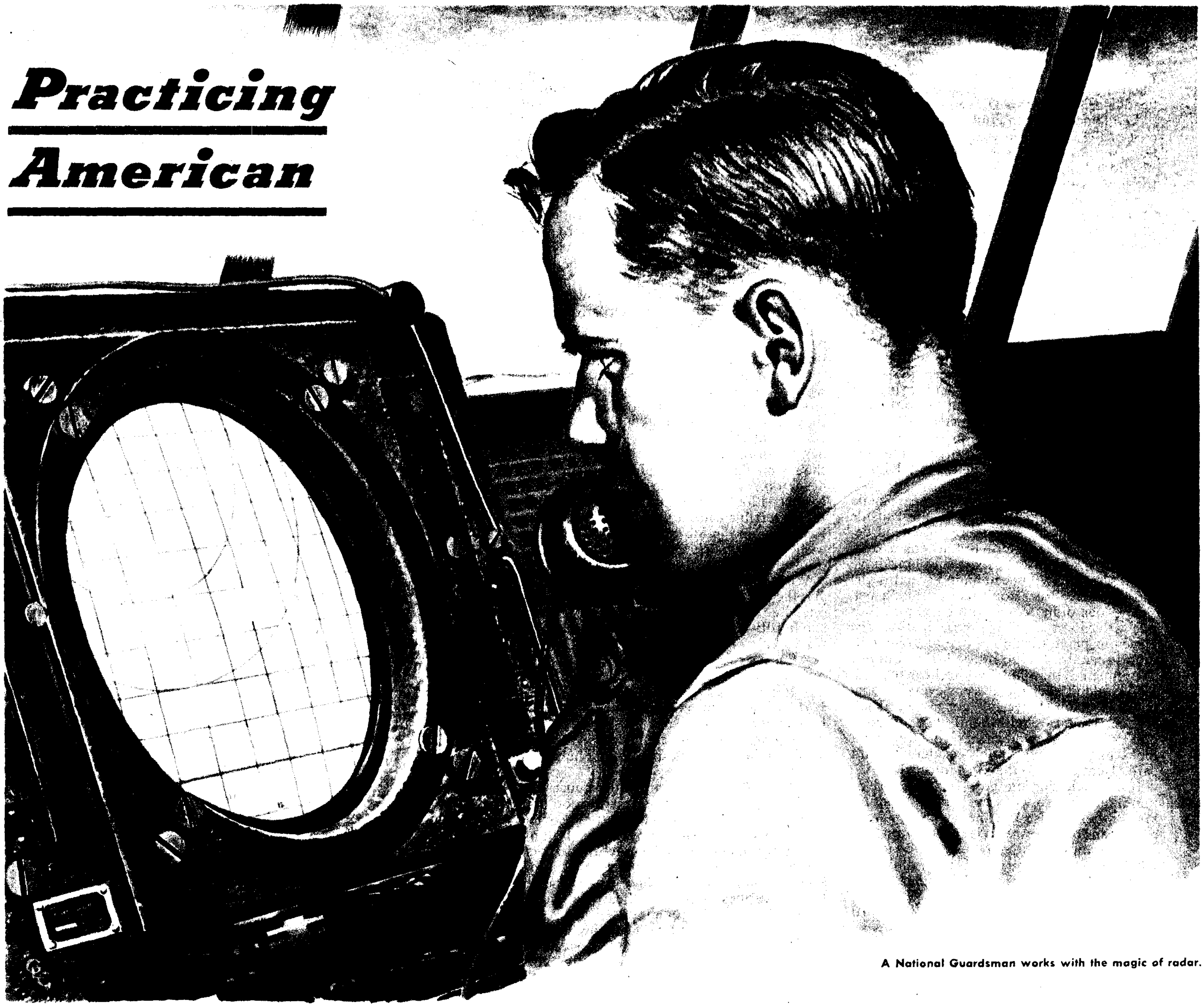
I push in next to him and take an iron from his side pocket.

When I come to, Leo is gone and everyone is very nice, but that doesn't help

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

Practicing American



A National Guardsman works with the magic of radar.

WHEN he was just a little guy, he learned to box. Not to pick fights, but to keep Old Man Trouble on the other side of the street. That's the American Way.

Today, he's a National Guardsman—one of hundreds of thousands of thinking young Americans. ALL cherish an abiding faith in themselves and their Country. They are proving it now by giving of their spare time—voluntarily—that America may stay strong and forever free.

In the 48 states, in the territories . . . the *new* National Guard builds upon a tradition that is old as the nation itself. But "Hayfoot-Strawfoot" has gone the way of powder-horn and musket-ball. This is the Atom Age. Every awakened citizen knows that it could happen here—swiftly and without warning. If ever again Old Man Trouble threatens, a mighty force of trained civilians will be ready and able to put him in his place.

The new National Guard aims at high, Regular Army standards. Its personnel must meet identical physical and mental requirements. While training, National Guardsmen get Regular Army pay and instruction from hand-picked specialists.

They maintain and operate modern air and ground equipment—radar, radio and complex signaling devices . . . a variety of ordnance. They study business administration, the basic principles of leadership. Much of this training augments the Guardsman's earning power.

The National Guard stands shoulder to shoulder with the Regular Army. A vital instrument for Peace, it deserves your whole-hearted support. It is *your* Guard—do all *you* can to encourage its high purpose.

HERE IS HOW: If you are a WIFE—Encourage your man's decision to serve his Country *at home.*

If you are a healthy, young AMERICAN—Serve your Country, with your friends and neighbors; earn the respect of those who are close to you.

EMPLOYERS do a great public service by granting Guardsmen-employees 15 days for summer training at no sacrifice of their income or vacation period.

★ Listen to the "National Guard Assembly," with Paul Whiteman, every Wednesday, 9 P.M., EDST. ABC Network.

• • •

The National Guard is raised by the states. Strength, composition, training and efficiency are under the guidance of officers selected by the War Department. There are National Guard units in each state, in Hawaii, Puerto Rico and the District of Columbia. "Your National Guard helps guard the peace."

For full information about the new National Guard, contact the officers of your local unit or write to the Adjutant General in the capital city of your state.

The National Guard

☆ ☆ ☆ OF THE UNITED STATES ☆ ☆ ☆

NIGHT IN DAKOTA

Continued from page 21

hall was thick with sweat and dust and it put me to sleep. Charley sat stolidly through, gravely watching the screen.

I was glad to be outside again. The hot afterglow of sunset was gone and it seemed cooler; or at least the sky, bright and star-flecked, looked cool.

The hundred or so others in the audience streamed slowly out behind us. A tallish blonde, hips moving beneath thin red stuff, went by with a darker girl. Charley spoke to them and they kept on, giggling to each other. We followed them. As soon as we were clear of the crowd, they hurried away from our slow pursuit. But, before they outdistanced us, the darker one turned her chin over her shoulder and something drifted back to us that sounded like ". . . dance."

"Don't tell me there's a dance."

"Dunno," Charley said. "I saw somethin' in the pool hall. Le's go check."

WE WENT back to look. Theo and the harelipped man, faces gleaming sweatily in the glare of the green-shaded light, were still at it. None of the watchers had moved since we left but there were more of them. The same gaunt, expressionless men in clean shirts and worn trousers. Charley pointed to the sleazy, hand-printed poster tacked to a wall beside the door. We read it:

DANCE TONITE!
NINE P.M. AT SHELTON'S BARN.
½ Mile East of Town on the Mouse River Road. 50¢.

Charley said, "I guess we better go crank up th' truck, huh?". . .

A light at the ridgepole of the barn and the high keening of dance music across the bright darkness showed us the place. Twenty or thirty cars were parked in the farmyard and we pulled the truck up into the lighted space before the barn. We had a lot of tools in places we couldn't lock.

Through the big door, the stalls were cleaned and lighted and the hard-packed dirt runway was swept clean. A rickety, newly built stairway led to the loft. We paid our fifty cents at the foot of the stairway and a man thumped a rubber stamp on an inked pad and pressed the stamp across the backs of our left hands. Our hands read: Paid!

Upstairs, the mow was lighted with rows of bulbs flickering in time with the coughing rhythm of the two-cycle engine turning a dynamo somewhere about the place. The bare studding and rafters threw long bars of shadows on the single row of plank benches along the walls.

In one corner, a four-piece band—violin, saxophone, traps and a tinny little piano—opened up and shuffling couples moved out on the mow floor. The rough boards were streaked with little heaps of yellow corn meal. Its powdery dust rose in clouds about the dancers' ankles.

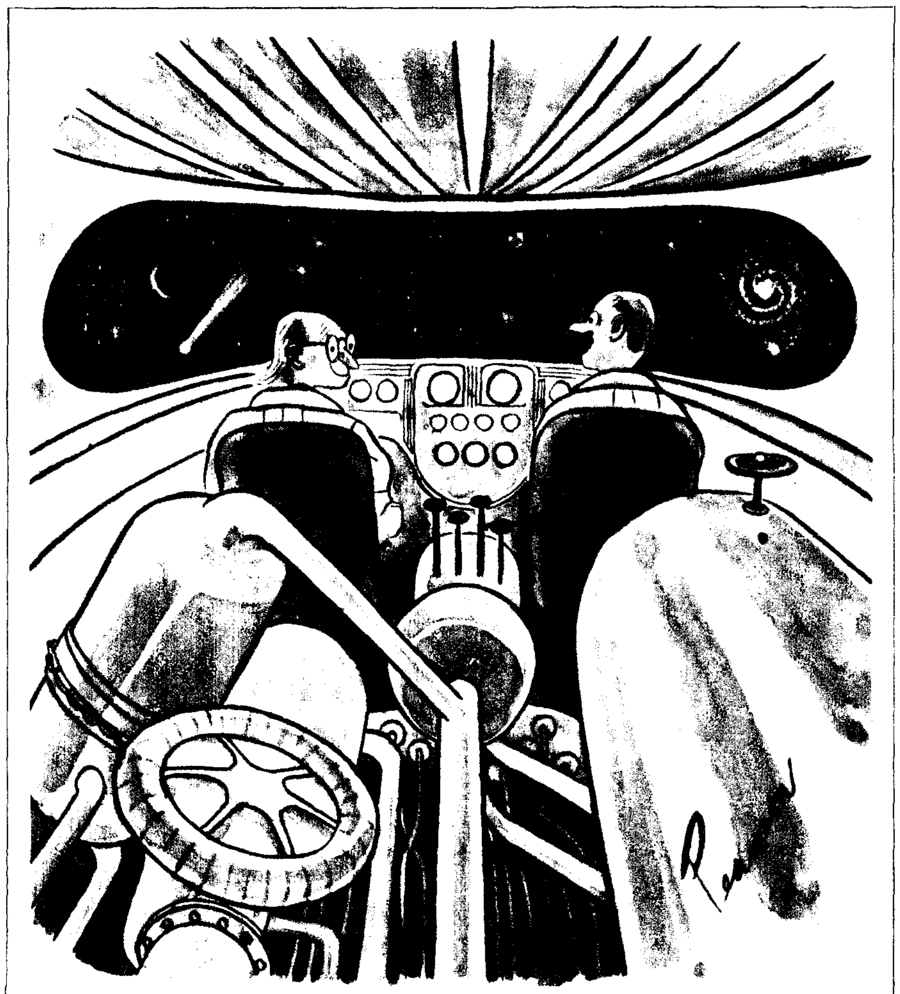
Charley looked about him with a practiced eye. "Same bet?" he asked me, leering around.

I hated to do it, but I had to say, "Okay. Same bet."

I hated to say it because the bet was on our luck picking up girls on a particular night; the bet was five dollars; and Charley was the old hand at this, which I was not. I was the junior of the crew and five dollars was a day's pay for me. But I had to do it because while we had been making the bet all summer, charging off my few successes against Charley's bad nights, I was still thirty-five dollars behind and Charley was not the man to overlook it.

I should have known better. Charley's glance stopped and he said, "Hey, there's that bucket uh soapsuds from the beanery! Guhby!"

He threaded expertly through the dancers toward his waitress. I looked along the line of waiting maidens on the benches. The red dress was there.



"You certainly get a sense of speed when you're going 1500 miles an hour"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

I stopped in front of her and said, "Dance?" She smiled briefly and stood up. Away from the bench, she stepped into the circle of my arm, almost as tall as I. We moved away.

She said, "You can't do that. I guess barn dances are something new to you, aren't they?"

"Can't do what?"

"Slide your feet like that. They'll stick. Least, till the meal's spread and worked in. You've got to pick them up sort of. Like this."

She showed me. "A barn dance is something new," I admitted. "It doesn't make a bad place, though."

"We have them all the time, in the spring and summer. It doesn't seem so hot as it does in town."

I felt sweat trickling down my back and looked over her shoulder at Charley, who was pushing the waitress past us. I could see he was already at work.

I said, "Yeah, it's been pretty hot every place we've stopped, all week."

"It's been hot, all right. What're you and that other boy doing up here?"

"Stringing a telephone line. To Regina in Saskatchewan."

"Where do you live?"

"In Des Moines. In Iowa. I just got this job, a couple months ago."

"Des Moines!" she murmured against my shoulder. "I guess you don't have to go to barn dances, there. But we don't have to, all the time, either. In the winter, we have dances in town with bands from Minot. Sometimes even Fargo or Bismarck—when the roads aren't too bad."

I said, "I'll be coming back this way before winter. We'll go to one of them."

"Don't get so sure of yourself. You better ask me when you come back. If you come back."

The music stopped and the leader scraped his bow across strings in a wailing period. We clapped perfunctorily and I walked back to the bench with her.

AS WE left the open dancing space, the instruments started again. I touched her elbow and stopped, listening.

"What on earth is that?"

"Oh, that means the old folks are going to have a square dance."

"Dance! To that?"

"Not to that. That just means they're going to have one, and for people to start making squares."

"But what is it?"

"What they're playing? Shoo, shoo, shoo-lye."

"What!"

"Shoo, shoo, shoo-lye. Or maybe you've heard it called Nebraska."

"I never heard it called anything. Or heard anything like it."

She laughed. "I guess it does sound sort of funny if you never heard it before. I've heard it all my life. The words are even funnier." She hummed, very low:

"Shoo, shoo, shoo-lye reel,
Shoo-lye, shacka-bubba shacka-bubba coo,
Since I saw the silla-billa hills,
Ska-bibba-lala-boo and a slo-o-o-ow reel!"

I said, "Are you sure that's English you're talking?"

"No," she told me, seriously, "probably American."

On the floor, people—older people coming from the knot about the stairway and the deeper shadows in the corners—were forming squares of eight, a couple on a side. A gaunt, wind-burned man stepped up beside the violin player and clapped his hands.

"C'mawn now! C'mawn now! Two

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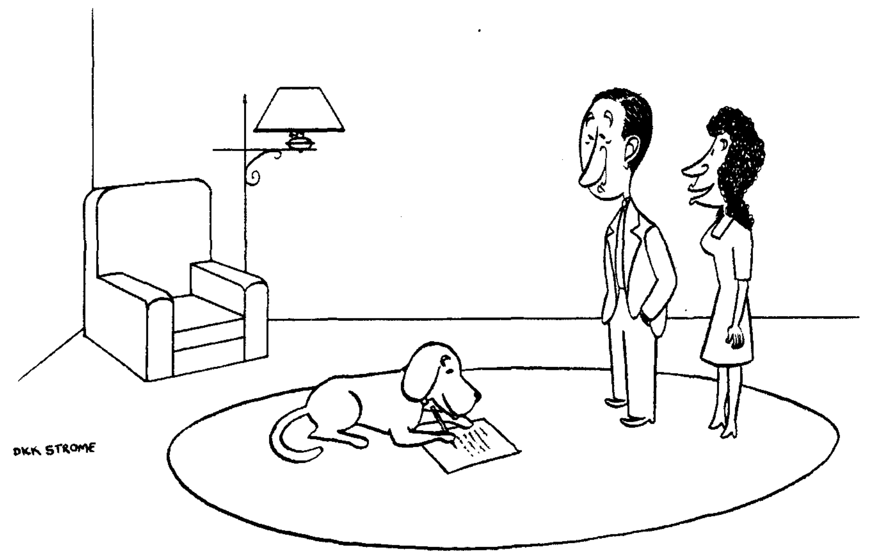
more squares on thuh far end! Le's some uh you ol'-timers get you uh gal an' git out! Show these young bucks how. C'mawn now! One more square! Two more couples! Rube Miller there! You gonna let thuh ol' lady git away with that? She's been out here on thuh floor waitin' fer five minuts. Git you one uh these chickens 'n' show Miz Miller who c'n kick up their heels! Jus' one more couple!"

The girl beside me giggled and caught my arm. She had pulled me on the floor before I could protest or hang back. The leader yelled, "Las' one's filled. Okay, boys, le's go!"

"But I've never even seen a square dance!" I protested.

A graybeard on my other side chuckled. "We'll show yuh, bub. You'll never git tuh learn any younger."

They showed me the figures but I couldn't relax enough to master the springing grace of the others' prancing steps through the intricate patterns. I had a vague idea that the leather-throated leader was calling the movements, but I learned only one. That, when a husky young farmer swung his partner until her feet left the floor and swished past my nose.



COLLIER'S "Isn't that cute, dear? He's trying to tell you something" DICK STROME

Then when I heard, "Swing yer partners!" I had some revenge on my red-dressed betrayer.

It ended at last. I mopped at my face. "After that," I muttered, "I need a drink. Want one?"

She said, "All right. But, if you didn't bring it, you won't get any out here."

I said, "That's all right. We've got some. We better find Charley, though."

"Charley?"

"The guy with me. And you better tell me part of your name, anyway, so I can tell him what to call you. Mine's Roy."

"Mine's June. June Jensen."

"June? I like that."

She laughed. "Pretty nice name for a farmer's daughter, I think myself. But we have the same months here that they have every place."

LATER, Charley and the blond waitress rode back with us in the truck, all of us packed in the cab. We let the other two off in town, and drove on through. The truck rattled and crashed over the rutted wheel tracks, but the flat prairie was softened and almost lovely under the July moon.

June watched clustered farm buildings, shadowed and quiet in the moonglow, go past us. She pointed out a track leading away from the section road and I turned off.

At the top of a low rise, she said, "Better stop here. The folks'll be asleep and this truck of yours makes such an awful racket."

I stopped and snapped off the lights. I reached for her but she slid away from me along the wide seat, laughing. From the sound of her laugh I thought maybe I hadn't worked all this day for nothing, after all.

Her lips were firm and still laughing, at first; then they softened under my mouth. I slid one hand behind her and the long, smooth muscles under my hand were taut and arching upward.

I didn't realize what she was actually doing until she had twisted the handle and was out the open door and away from me, running down the wheel tracks toward the house below.

I couldn't catch up to her until she was through the swinging wooden gate and it was between us. She laughed again, panting a little. "Now," she said, "I feel safer."

I kissed her across the gate, grumbling. "Nobody would've hit you over the head."

"Don't be in such a hurry. You said you were coming back, didn't you?"

"Sure. That's not tonight."

"There's always tomorrow night."

"Not for me. We'll be moving tomorrow."

"Then—don't move. Stay here."

"You know someplace they let people eat for nothing, do you?"

She stopped laughing. Even by moonlight, I could see her eyes go thoughtful. She said, "There's jobs here. For anybody that wants one."

"Jobs doing what, for instance?"

"Doing whatever needs to be done."

"Farming, I suppose."

"Even farming."

I laughed and reached for her across the gate. "Maybe your old man would give me a job. Where do you put the hired man?"

She backed away from my hands as I touched her. I felt a funny taste come into my mouth, all of a sudden. That brassy taste you get when you're hit hard around the head, or—most like it—what you get from a little house current when you get careless with a socket.

June said, "It takes a man to work for my father. I never saw him hire a road bum yet."

That should have made me madder than it did. "I didn't steal that truck, you know," I told her. "I've got a job. One I like. One where I don't have to scrape barn muck off my shoes and wipe an inch of dirt off my neck so I can go to a dance in somebody's haymow on Saturday night."

"Where you don't ever have to go to the same one twice, either. Isn't that more what you mean?"

"I'd go to this one twice. Is that a place you'll want to go when I come back in the fall?"

I reached across the gate again. She didn't stir. She said, "If you come back, we'll see."

I dropped my arms. "We'll see about what?" I asked her. "See about whether we'll go out to Shelton's barn again? It'd be kind of out of my way to come back, if that's all I was coming back for."

She looked at me. Then she moved up to the gate, pulled it out of the way, and came out. She stopped in front of me, standing close. "Is that what you've got to know? Why you shouldn't go away?"

I don't know what I said. Whatever it was, I don't think she heard it. She said, "All right. But we have to get one thing clear. Nobody's ever picked me up at a dance—or anywhere else—before. Not ever."

I STARTED to tell myself that we had to get *that* over with, sooner or later—but then I looked back at her and I knew it was true. Then there wasn't much to say.

"That's all I want," she said, "just for you to know that." She turned and started back up the hill toward the truck, hurrying in long swinging strides.

I didn't want to follow her. That taste was in my mouth and I knew what it was, all right. But I still didn't want to follow her. I hadn't been looking for anything exactly like this.

I looked out across the wheel tracks over those acres of wheat, soft and pretty in the moonlight. I knew how much softness there was in this country. And nothing but a lousy little prairie town, ten miles away, to break the monotony. A town without even the little glamor it had had when it was just another overnight stop at the end of the wire. The wire that Theo and Charley, tomorrow, would go on unreeling across the country, stopping every night at the end, wherever the wire had brought them.

I turned and started up the hill toward the truck, telling myself I always had one last chance. I could go up there to her and still go on in the morning with Theo and Charley, just like any other morning. I would even be able to tell Charley, for once, that I didn't owe him any more money.

Sure I could. Except that I knew I wasn't going to. How I knew, I couldn't tell you. How I knew that this was going to be so different from all the other times—when memory lasted no longer than the next town on the line.

Or why I was so sure there wouldn't even be a next town. Whether it had been long smooth legs moving under a thin red skirt, or a voice humming that silly song in my ear—or that funny taste in my mouth—somewhere along the evening something had warned me that this was going to be different—that I wasn't going to get in that truck and come out a free man.

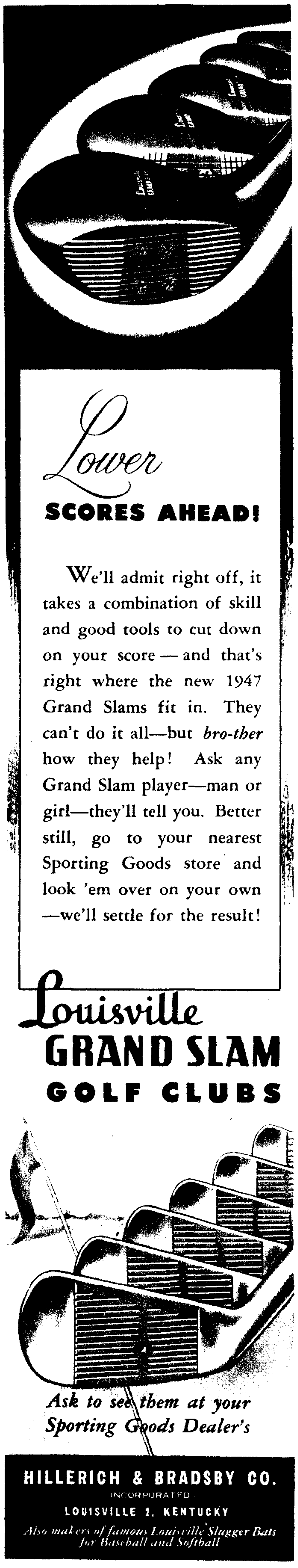
She was in the cab, holding the door open, when I came up. I put a foot on the running board and looked one last time down the hill at the huddled farm buildings. I thought of how hard Old Man Jensen probably was going to be to get along with as a father-in-law.

I could even see him. One of those gaunt, red-eyed men I'd seen in the pool hall, wearing wrinkles from the sun and the wind and from work—wrinkles as deep as scars. Looking just like I was going to look, twenty years from now.

It didn't seem to make any difference. Because I couldn't get in the truck. And I knew that she had known all along that I wouldn't be able to. Or she wouldn't have been there at all. I just stood there with my foot on the running board looking at her. Oh, she knew. She looked back at me for a minute. Then she smiled and nodded and put out her hand and I helped her down.

I put my arm around her waist and we walked back down the hill together.

THE END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ASH CAN TO MUSEUM

Continued from page 16

museum in half a generation"—Houghton and Gates looked up Sculptor Sidney Waugh, who had won several medals at the Paris salons and the Prix de Rome in sculpture in 1929.

For hours the three men discussed the possibility of attempting truly great work in crystal and in the end Waugh was retained to furnish sketches for glass engraving.

One of the basic policies adopted at this meeting was to divorce design from craftsmanship. Formerly it had been the practice for glass blowers and engravers to originate their own designs, and often they strove for the difficult and unusual rather than the artistic. Then followed the day of the industrial designer whose starkly functional creations were directed at the consumer public. Steuben now proposed to place design solely in the hands of artists, leaving the artisans at Corning, among the most expert living, free to concentrate on execution.

For Steuben, the only glass company anywhere whose products are exclusively handmade, this principle is vital. The enormous expense of the basic material—Steuben crystal costs about 28 cents a pound, ordinary glass about 4 cents—and the highly skilled labor involved make it imperative to turn out only the finest pieces.

To Europe for Inspiration

At the start, Gates and Waugh knew nothing of the possibilities and limitations of crystal. They spent as much time at the Metropolitan Museum, the Public Library and at exhibits as they did in their offices. They copied, traced and adapted any piece they believed to have inherent merit. "I hardly dared send my shirts to the wash," says Gates. "The cuffs were covered with sketches." He and Houghton spent the next summer in Europe, buying up objects that might provide inspiration.

Finally a few original designs were sent to Corning, and by the fall of 1934 the store they had rented on Fifth Avenue, New York, actually had something to sell. The first items were mostly tableware and cocktail sets; there were only a few ornamental pieces decorated by Sidney Waugh. The stuff sold.

Gates then decided he needed a design department to relieve him of much detail work. He combed the country's leading architectural schools and selected seven young men, all expert draftsmen educated in the arts.

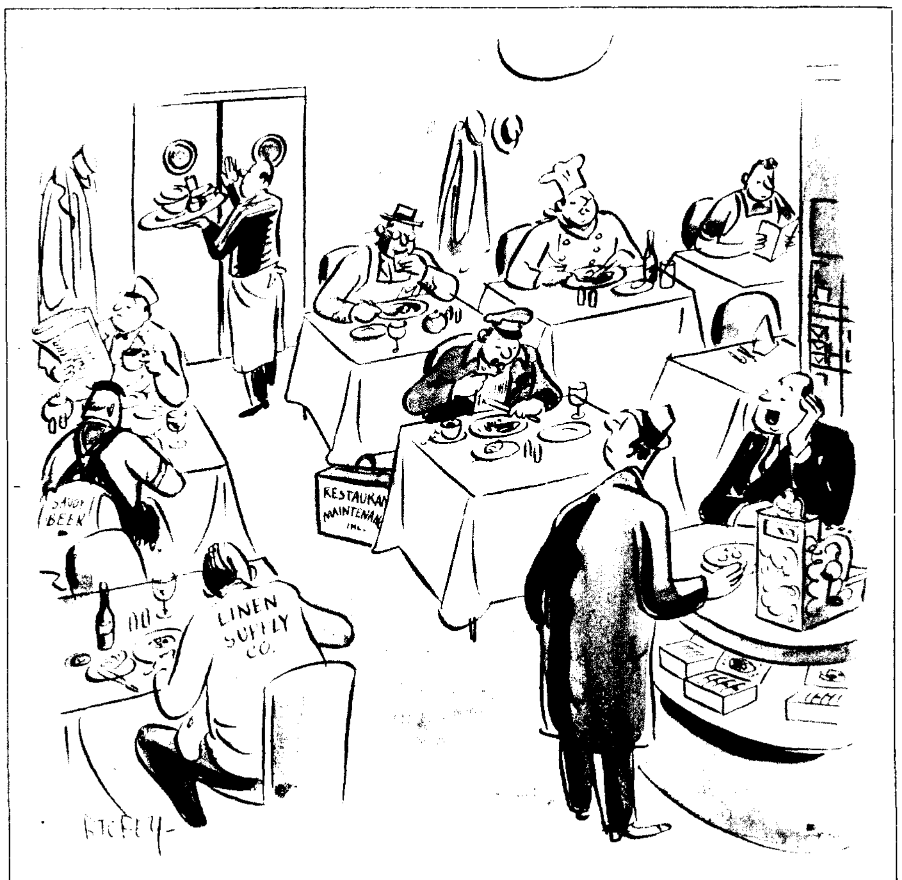
Only a fraction of the designs are ever realized in glass. Gates estimates that more than 40,000 sketches and rough drawings are scrapped each year. "Some of these are excellent," he explains. "But they just aren't Steuben." He finds it hard to characterize Steuben design but believes the eye can readily detect it. Many people consider it an adaptation of the classic. However, the firm insists it is more original than that. In its own poetic words, ". . . a perfect understanding has been effected between material and workmanship. The natural flow and shape of molten glass has been translated . . . into soft and subtle curves, into frank and vigorous surfaces, into deep and cool masses." That's as lucid as it cares to be.

By 1935, Steuben was scarcely out of swaddling clothes and producing a scant hundred items a year. But the young executives were bubbling with confidence. The glass was not only selling but getting flattering attention in art circles. One day Gates was sitting in Houghton's office. "Arthur," he said casually, "let's put on a show in London."

"Why don't we?" Houghton replied.

They engaged David Stelling, an English publicity man, who plunged right in and persuaded London's fashionable Fine Arts Society gallery, where no American art since Whistler had been shown, to house this first foreign exhibit of American glass.

Houghton, Gates and Waugh packed up their wares and sailed for England. When Lord Lee of Fareham, noted British art patron, finally opened the exhibit the crush was so terrific that police were summoned to control the crowds in the street. Two hours later the exhausted and battered guests pushed out—the Ameri-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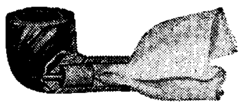

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can ambassador, the dean of Westminster, Sir Austen and Lady Chamberlain, Mr. Stanley Baldwin and scores of other celebrities, connoisseurs and critics.

The collection returned to New York and began a tour of this country. The American press so publicized the London success, that art institutions in every state begged for opportunities to show the glass. In the course of their travels, pieces have come to permanent rest in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, the Chicago Art Institute, Cleveland Museum of Art, Toledo Art Museum and several others. The exhibit, kept up to date by substitutions, is still journeying.

Dime-Store Crystal à la Steuben

The influence of these showings on modern American glass has been enormous. Most striking is the virtual elimination, within the last ten years, of colored glass from department store shelves. "In 1935," Houghton explains, "red and blue tableware was sold all over the country. But as soon as clear Steuben crystal was seen by thousands of people from coast to coast, colored glass quickly disappeared and imitations of our pure material replaced it. Even five-and-dime stores followed suit and some have adapted our basic forms. We think it's all to the good."

Steuben was back in Europe in 1937, this time at the Paris Exhibition. Again it took the spotlight and won the Gold Medal. Gates, who had gone to Paris to chaperon the firm's exhibit, paid a visit to the venerable painter Henri Matisse. He brought with him one of the engraved pieces and the artist was instantly fascinated. He told Gates he wanted to create a design for Steuben. That was a rare compliment to the new medium and it impelled Gates to look further.

For the next three years he sought out the greatest contemporary painters and sculptors in Europe and America, won their co-operation and sent their drawings to be engraved by the craftsmen at Corning. The limitations of glass engraving were briefly explained to the artists but otherwise they were given a free hand. Finally, in January, 1940, twenty-seven completed pieces were put on view at the company's new Fifth Avenue store.

This was no stunt in the publicity sense. The firm anticipated little public interest and was wholly unprepared for the 35,000 people who filed into the shop during the three-week showing. Critics hailed it as one of the most significant exhibits of recent times. Never before had such diversity of talents and schools—Manship, Dali, Cocteau, Laurencin, Benton, Noguchi, Grant Wood, to mention a few—been reduced to a common medium of expression.

Steuben claims no secrecy for its crystal formula. Probably any good chemist could break it down. The point is that no other glass company can afford to use such an expensive material or produce in such small quantities. The New York store stocks only about 200 items.

The term "crystal" is confusing. Actually, when used in connection with glass, "crystal" signifies a high quality of glass whose brilliance and clarity resemble rock crystal, a product of nature. The basic raw material of all glass is silica, a constituent of sand. Steuben crystal fuses this element with soda, potash, lead monoxide and other chemicals in proportions and under conditions never tried before. The mixture is subjected to 2,500 degree heat, then cooled to 1,800 degrees where it becomes a viscous, bright red fluid. The extremely high lead content gives this crystal its weight, ring and texture.

Steuben's prices are admittedly the highest for glassware in the world. A set of the plainest cocktail glasses costs about $70, highball glasses about $100 and a dozen engraved Audubon plates $780.

THE END

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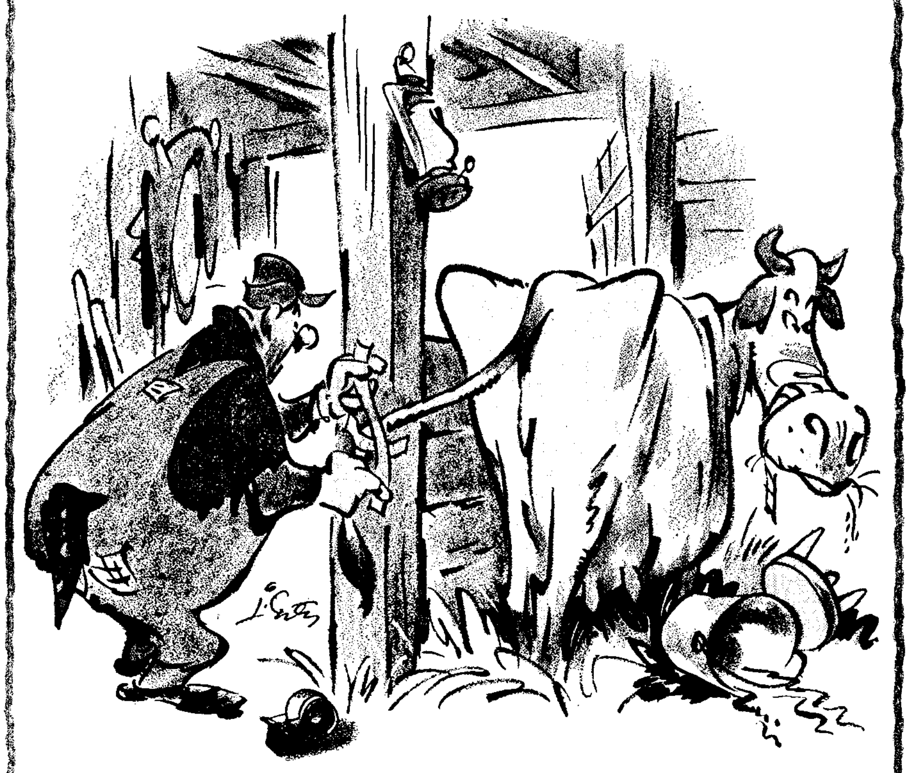

"You'll have to swing the whole barn now, Bedelia!"

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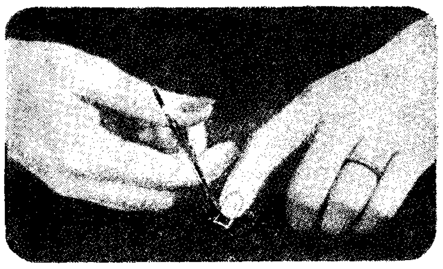

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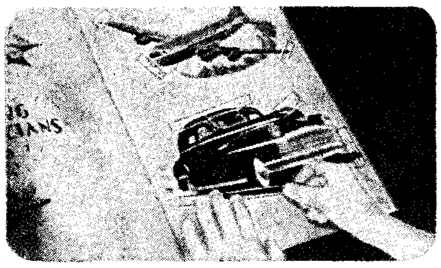

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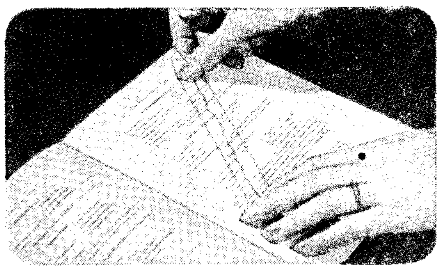

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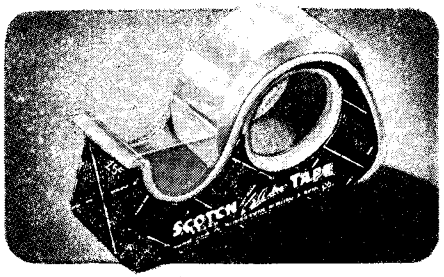

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DUNKIRK—ONE WORLD TOWN

Continued from page 13

the mayor said each organization would be notified by mail as to what its specific job would be. But that wasn't good enough.

Nels Currier got up and bellowed. "Tell us *now* what you want Local 2693 to do and it'll be done. Give us our orders."

Across the hall, dark, serious-eyed Charley Rudolph, president of C.I.O. Local 767, jumped to his feet. "What do you want from us at the American Fork and Hoe Company? You want shovels, money, or just work from us? Name it and you can have it."

His boss, burly Neal Benton, manager of the plant, cried out, "We'll go along with anything you want our men to do. As Charley says, 'Name it, you can have it.'"

Jux Weinberg said, "You can have anything you want off the shelves of my store."

Something was happening there in that hall. Man after man got up demanding his assignment then and there. Farmers from outlying districts pledged calves, pigs, chickens; and their wives got up timidly to suggest that the people of Dunkerque might like some strawberry or blackberry preserves. The president of the Elks, after conferring briefly with a few members, got up to announce that the Elks would donate a bull to the cause. Tongues weren't talking that night, hearts were.

Challenge to the Civic Spirit

The next day Wally Brennan wrote himself an editorial. It concluded with these words:

"We have before us a task which offers a test of the very soul of our city. Never before have we had a chance to play a distinguished role on the world's great stage. We can do, maybe, just a little for the physical well-being of Dunkerque, France. Inevitably we will do much more in a spiritual sense for ourselves.

"Let's do more than they ask, more than we ever believed ourselves capable of doing."

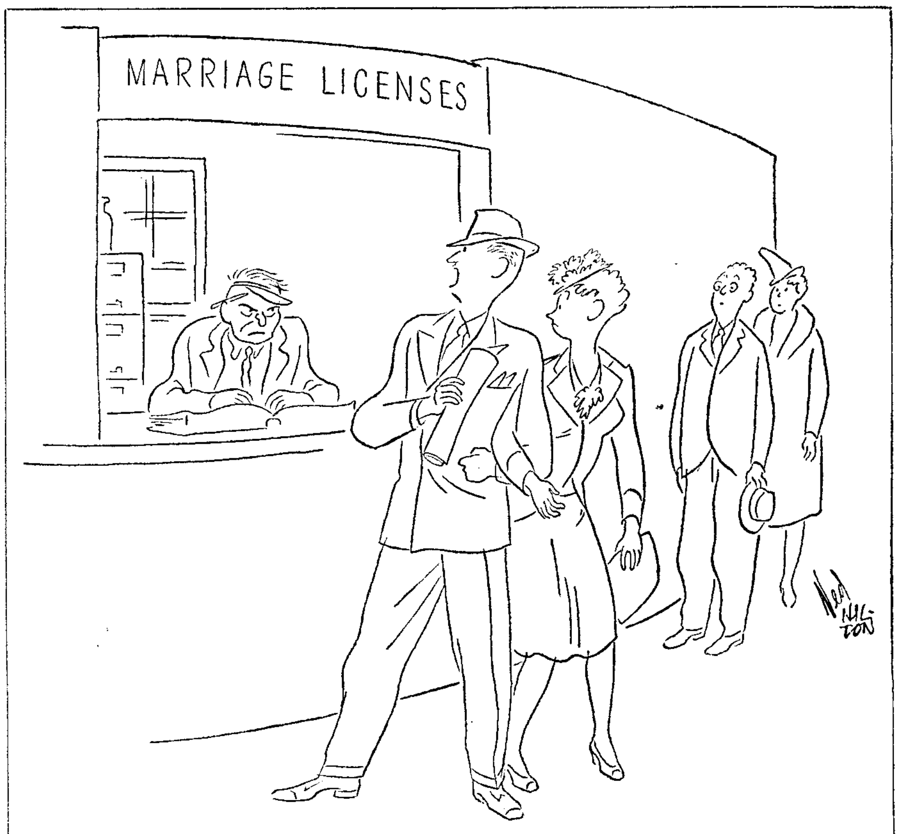
On that note twenty thousand people went to work. D-D Day (Dunkirk to Dunkerque Day) was scheduled to be Thanksgiving, 1946. The firehouse on Eagle Street was selected as a warehouse for the goods that were donated. Soon they had to move the big red engine out. Goods kept piling up. There were canned goods, clothing, medical and surgical supplies, dental equipment, all sorts of farming implements and seeds, toys, blankets, cooking utensils.

A few items came that couldn't be conveniently kept in the firehouse: a herd of breeding cattle, ten young heifers, two bulls, a dozen goats and a dozen pigs. They were moved to Fritz Schweyen's farm. Eighteen kids belonging to the Hi-Ya Club (a boys' club organized by high-school teacher Paul Reber) saved up enough money to buy and contribute a microscope; Charley Rudolph's local and the plant got together to contribute fifty dozen shovels. School kids brought in hundreds of pencils and school supplies. You can't think of any item that wasn't in that huge pile of goods there on the floor of the firehouse.

Well, the great day came. French Ambassador Henri Bonnet came to accept the gifts. There was a parade with the ambassador, Mayor Murray, and Charles Boyer on the reviewing stand. Eighteen big trucks went by, laden with the gifts for Dunkirk's sister city. The committee had set out to raise $2,500. The value of the goods collected was close to $100,000.

A hundred things happened that day that the people of Dunkirk still talk about. Like the speech little David Klocko made and the gifts from the Moniuzcko Club or the Polish Falcons. They talk of the thousand-plate dinner that Bill Cease of the Cease Food Service served with only volunteer workers helping him. They talk of how the street cleaners worked (for free) and how the Volunteer Firemen slaved. They chuckle when they tell how a dozen "clubs" contributed profits from their slot machines.

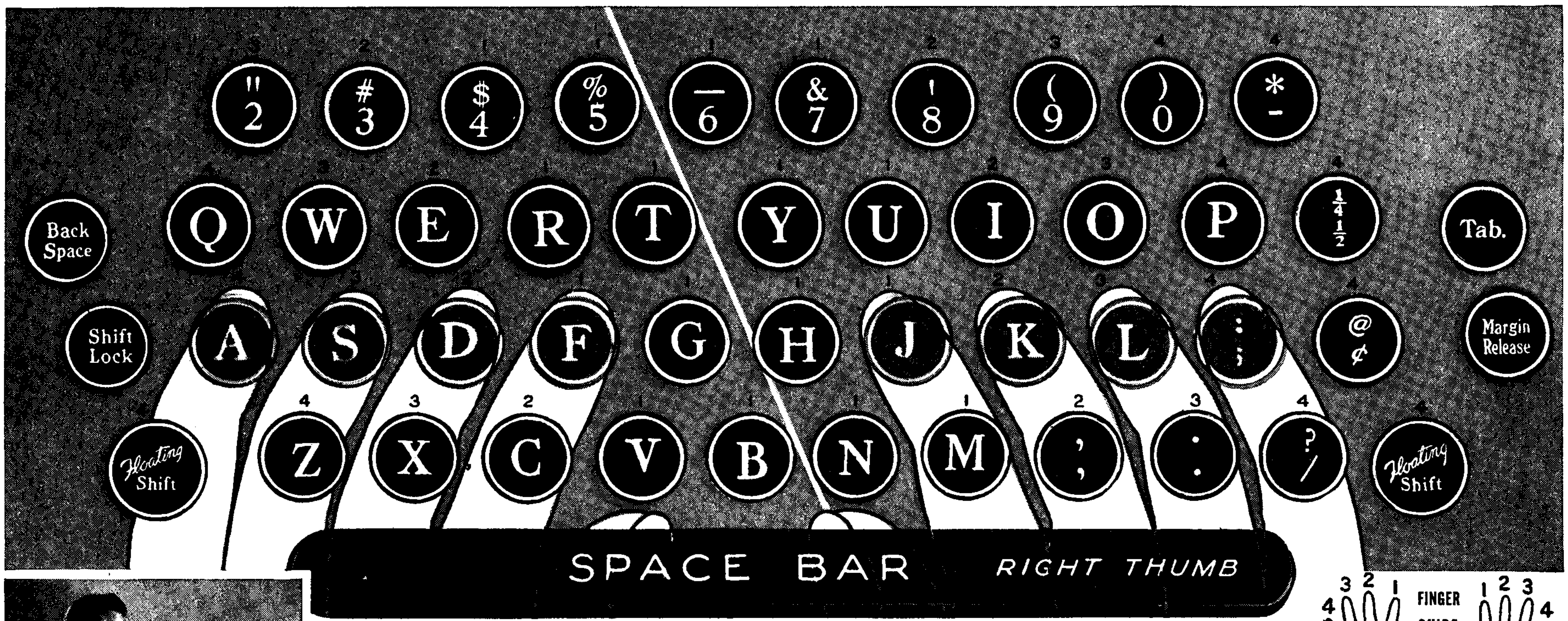
But the really big thing that happened is the thing that none of them can explain. It wasn't just a momentary flash of generosity quickly forgotten. Something happened that seems to have left a permanent mark on every man, woman and child in the city. Dunkirk grew up;



COLLIER'S "When we want your advice we'll ask for it" NED HILTON

"CORRECT TYPING is really SO EASY!"

says NORMAN SAKSVIG, authority on typing technique
Over 200,000 typists and students have witnessed his amazing demonstrations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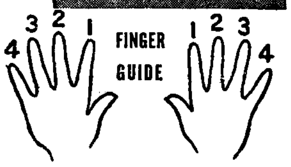
RIGHT THUMB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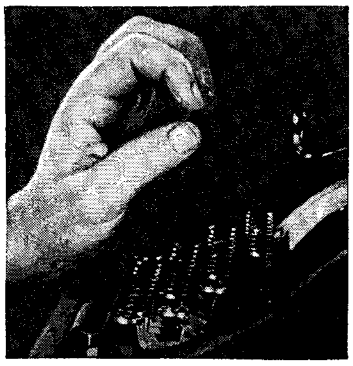
FINGER GUIDE
1 2 3
4

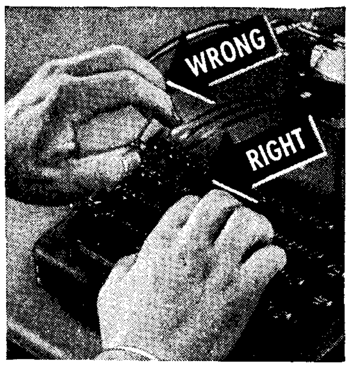
TOUCH TYPING, *which* *anyone* *can quickly memorize, begins with above finger positions on eight "home" keys.*
(*A Suggestion:* keep this page so you can refer to it when you commence typing.)

POSTURE is important. Sit erect, feet flat, to acquire comfortable balance and avoid fatigue.

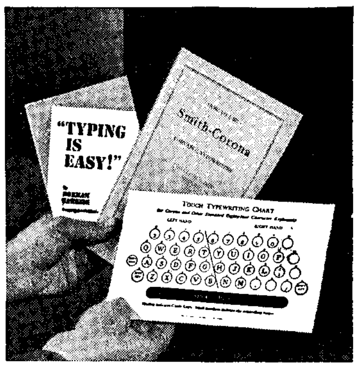


FINGERS should curve as shown, with wrists and arms relaxed. Tap keys briskly . . . finger action *only.*

PIVOT fingers from the "home" positions to strike keys with proper fingers . . . then return "home".


WRONG
RIGHT

"HUG THE KEYS," says Saksvig—eliminate arm or wrist action, keep fingers *close* to keys.


"TYPING IS EASY!"
Smith-Corona
Touch Typewriting Chart

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Smith-Corona *Portables* offer you full size "office typewriter" keyboards

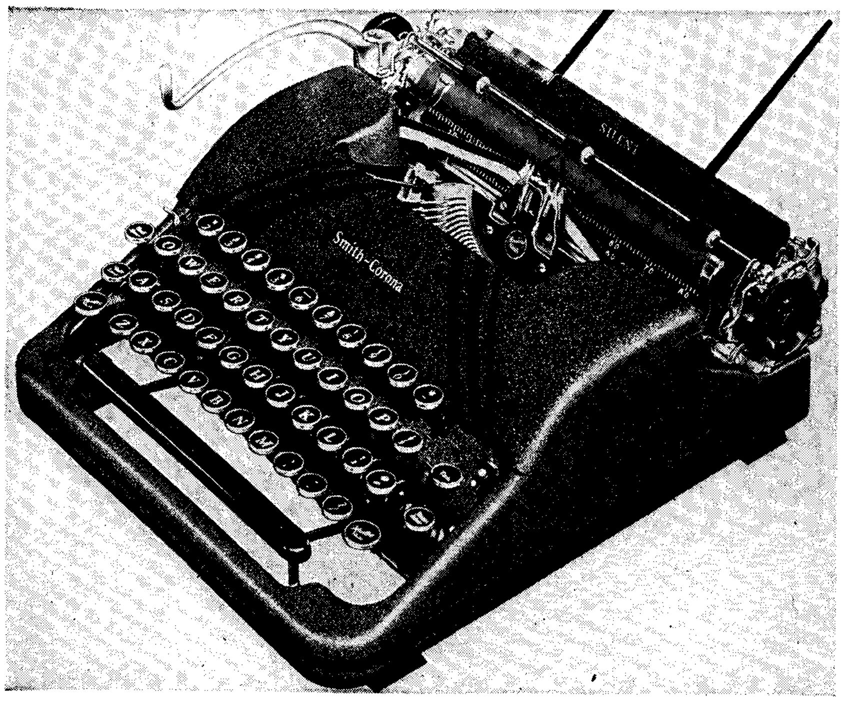
. . . *plus* features which you must see to appreciate—effortless "Floating Shift" (a Smith-Corona "first"), protective "All-Around Frame," Touch Selector, etc.—*plus* speed, easy action, and an outstanding name for high quality. Convenient carrying case included.

With reasonably brief practise, according to Norman Saksvig, any beginner or "occasional" typist can quickly acquire "useful" typing speed—faster, that is, than handwriting, more legible, more businesslike. And from that point on, your typewriter becomes a home necessity.

Perhaps your dealer can supply you now. If not, he can show you a Smith-Corona, explain it, and list your order. Production is increasing; it's not too early to order one right now.

SMITH-CORONA

PORTABLE TYPEWRITERS


SILENT
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for sports, for loafing . . .
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WINGS

WINGS SHIRT CO., EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK

Dunkirk realized that it wasn't just a pleasant little city on Lake Erie. Dunkirk realized that it was a part of the world.

A new kind of thinking had come to Dunkirk. People asked themselves questions: "Why did the Polish population come through a hundred per cent to help a French city? What did our Poles have in common with those people over in Dunkerque? Our Italian population and our German population knocked themselves out to help. Why? And the rest of us upstate hard-bitten Yankees, what made us go overboard the way we did? Not many of us ever met a Frenchman, and yet . . ."

The excitement of Dunkerque Day had hardly died down when John McCauliff, who installs floor planking, saw an item in a Buffalo paper that worried him. It told of how badly off the people of Poland were. John McCauliff said, "If we help France, why not help Poland? A lot of people here got relatives over there. Let's start a drive for funds to help Poland."

Not even the first-generation Poles in Dunkirk thought it incongruous that the grizzled Irishman McCauliff was put in charge of the drive. The original thought was to schedule a Polish day for next Thanksgiving. But McCauliff said, "Why wait? These people need things now. Let's get rollin'."

And a few weeks after they had drained the city for France, they drained it again for Poland. Goods and money to the extent of $150,000 were collected and are now all en route to Poland.

Dunkirk was tired of reading about diplomatic squabbles, about UN debates. Dunkirk, without being quite able to put it into words, was embarking on a program of direct contact with the people of the Old World, with no middleman in the form of government or diplomat involved. Hundreds of letters of thanks came from Dunkerque, and when they were translated and printed in the Observer, the people of Dunkirk, reading them, said thoughtfully, "Why, these are our kind of folks. They're no different from us. Maybe people all over the world are just like us. If they are, they don't want any more wars. They don't want trouble. Yeah, maybe they're just like us."

New Spirit in the Churches

People began to notice a new spirit in their relationships with their fellows. The First Methodist Church over on Sixth Street planned to build a new memorial chapel. The Reverend Sherman Epler thought it would take a couple of years to raise enough money to start construction. On Easter Sunday he broached the plan to his congregation. He couldn't believe his eyes when he looked at the collection that day.

There were cash and pledges to the amount of $3,000 from the congregation of three hundred and fifty ordinary working people.

Dick Hayes, principal of the Dunkirk High School, noticed that absence from school had been virtually eliminated. He noticed that students were suddenly eager to imbibe knowledge of current events and other subjects they had formerly yawned through. Labor troubles just seemed to disappear. The three veterans' organizations, which had been miles apart on matters of policy, got together, and today representatives of all three form a Veterans Council which guides all federal and state housing projects.

Police Chief John J. Warren smiles and says, "I'm liable to be out of a job around here. Crime? No, we're a pretty law-abiding community, especially since Dunkerque Day."

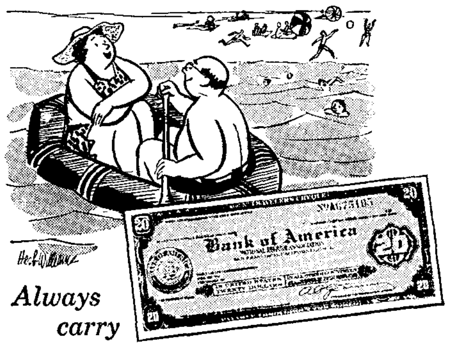
Father McDewell looks thoughtful and says softly, "Things are different. Things are better. Call it a spiritual revival or a new awareness, or call it any-

Oh! my aching hip!

Relief Help feed famished muscles with fresh blood!

● It's no fun to have hip muscles torment you with pain after unusual exercise. But you can do something about it! Help nature feed them a supply of fresh blood for renewed energy. You see, tired muscles are often famished muscles—your extra exercise has burned up their nourishment required for work. But rub those muscles with famous Absorbine Jr. and you step up your local circulation. Fresh blood supplies fresh nourishment and at the same time helps carry away irritating fatigue acids. Get Absorbine Jr. today—this famous formula of rare medicinal herbs and other scientifically chosen ingredients from many lands. Help tired muscles become supple again. You feel relaxed and ready to go. At all drugstores, $1.25 a bottle.
W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

-ah! my Absorbine Jr.



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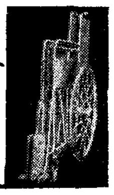

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thing you want. I don't try to put a label on it or explain it. I know that when we appeal to the people of my faith for funds to help the poor we get twice the response we ever got before. I feel that Dunkirk has somehow been blessed by God."

John McCauliff says about the same thing. "The hearts of our people will never have to be defrosted," he says. "If you ask me what happened here, all I can say is God smiled on us and made Dunkirk the best damned city in America."

The community impulse which had been demonstrated by the two gifts to France and Poland seems to gain momentum every day. A few weeks ago Wally Brennan, Joe Rubenstein, Mayor Walter Murray, big-hearted Jux Weinberg, and a few others got to talking about it. Could the momentum be harnessed somehow into channels that might even in the smallest way be useful to the world? The outgrowth of their discussion was the formation of the Dunkirk Society.

"It's like this." Wally Brennan pushed his typewriter aside and leaned back comfortably in his old chair at the Observer office on Second Street. "The governments, our government and the governments of all the other countries, are doing a lot of complicated things in the way of debates and treaties and agreements. But it doesn't seem to be gettin' the world any nearer to a permanent peace. Just suppose the people of all the different countries somehow got together and got talking to one another without any diplomats interfering? How would it be? I don't know.

"Now our people here in Dunkirk hate the thought of ever having to go through another war. Maybe people all over feel that way. Suppose there was some way of the ordinary people of different countries getting to talk back and forth? The governments of the world might find out how unpopular war is. They'd all work a lot harder to avert war than they're working now. That's why we started our little Dunkirk Society."

Wally laughed a little sheepishly. "Seems kind of pretentious for a lot of us small-town people to be thinking that maybe we can start something that'll keep countries from going to war. But we're not exactly crackpots up here in Dunkirk. Me, I've always voted the straight Republican ticket and I guess I think along Republican lines, but this scheme has nothing to do with politics of any kind.

"We got no quarrel with anyone in the world. We feel friendly toward everyone. Suppose a few hundred other cities in America who feel as we do were to do what we did . . . you know, sort of adopt some place in Europe and help it along. You know, it might make the people of Europe think pretty highly of us as a country. It might make them realize that even though we talk different languages we're the same kind of folks. There's nothing radical or crazy about that, is there?

"We don't want anything out of this," Wally Brennan added gently. "Be kind of nice, though, to keep the name the Dunkirk Society. Nice to have branches all over this country and to have branches in places like London and Paris and Stalingrad. Especially Stalingrad. Folks who lived there during the fighting must be in bad shape. I guess people all over Europe must be in bad shape. We're lucky here . . . mighty lucky. And we'll keep on trying to help out others who haven't been so lucky."

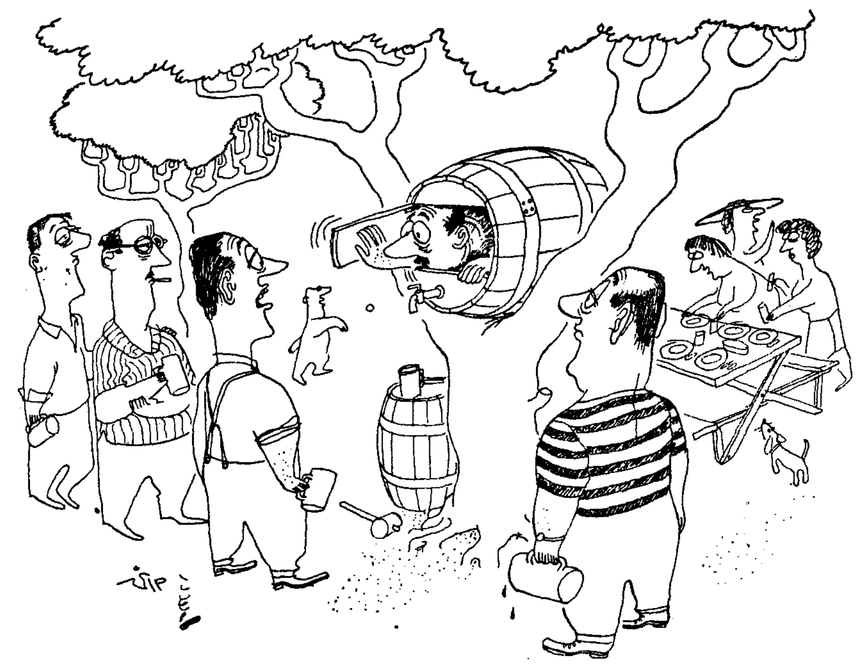
The Ideal of Neighborliness

Wally Brennan continued slowly, "We haven't lost our sense of proportion. We're a small town and we know it, but Dunkerque Day showed us to our great surprise that even a small town can set something very big in motion, something much bigger than our size would seem to justify. All we want to do is to promote neighborliness. We did it with Dunkerque in France. By now we have a heart-to-heart relationship with that city.

"You've seen the hundreds of letters we've received from there. Our farmers are already beginning to wonder what kind of crops Dunkerque will have and if they have enough equipment to harvest it; our doctors are hearing from doctors there about how our surgical instruments work out. We're four thousand miles away, but we feel like we're neighbors. One brain can devise a force which can destroy the world, but it takes the brains of all the people, big and little, to save it. I'm sorry," Wally Brennan said, shifting in his big chair. "I'm getting to talk like an editorial writer."

Maybe the Dunkirk Society will die in birth, but I doubt that very much. The citizens of the city have formulated the plan and tossed it upon the winds for anyone to grab. Dunkirk knows that it helped a sister community in Europe and in so doing helped itself. Dunkirk learned that no one ever became poor by giving. In fact, Dunkirk became immensely enriched. And if other American cities want to try the same thing—well, Dunkirk will be happy to help.

THE END



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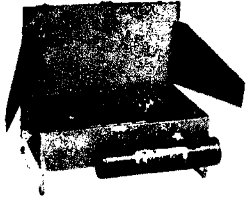

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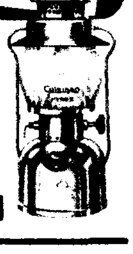


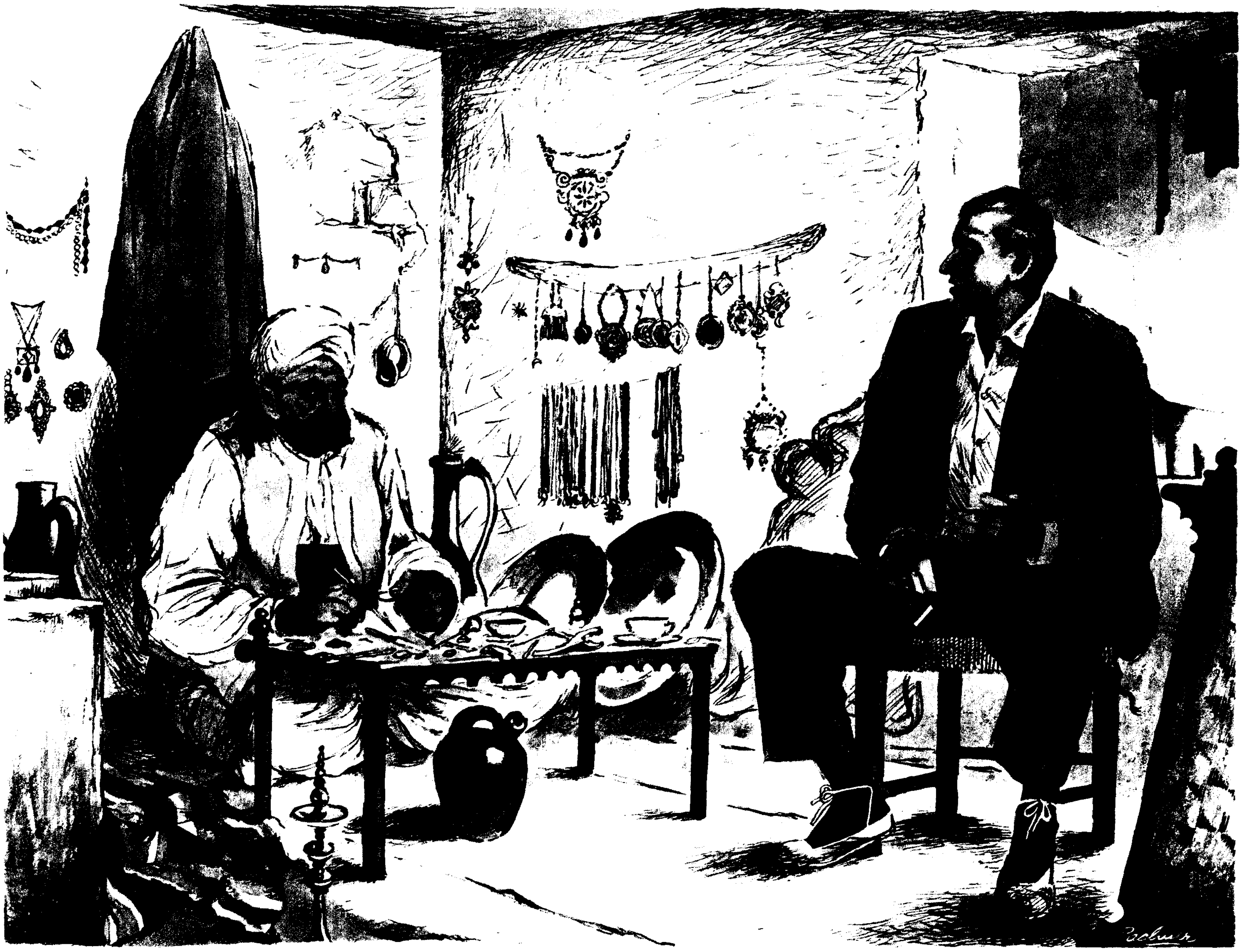
Enjoy night-time picnics this summer. A Coleman Floodlight Lantern . . . the great outdoor light . . . floodlights 100-ft. area bright as day. It's safe . . . can't spill fuel even if tipped over.

Coleman Floodlight LANTERN

A FLEA OFF PEPE

BY ANTHONY STEVEN

In Algiers harbor was a boat. On the boat there was a rat. On the rat there was a flea. And on the flea was death



"You can have the ring back in a month or two," Ali said. "I want it today," I told him. "Do you understand? Today, in two hours' time!"

IF I hadn't been working late the previous evening, I wouldn't have been in bed when Pierre came round at nine o'clock that morning to say there was a boat loaded with contraband under guard down in the port.

I live way at the top of the village in La Péronne, so it was decent of him to bother. Just the same, the news—reaching me so late—made me pretty sick. As a junior customs official of Algiers, I am paid little more than a pittance, and so I have to keep a weather eye open for any extra pickings there may be. That means being on the spot. I had been caught napping.

As soon as I had collected my wits sufficiently to realize what he was driving at, I tumbled out of bed, pulled on my slacks and shirt, stuffed my feet into a pair of sandals, and dashed down the stairs. My kepi was hanging on a hook in the hall. I put that on more or less over one eye, just to give myself official status. Pierre was waiting for me outside. The shoes he was wearing caught my eye at once. They were fine and new.

"So that's it!" I said.

"Yes," he replied, pointing a toe. "She's a Spanish craft. Five thousand pairs of shoes in her hold. You're about the only fellow in the place who hasn't got any, so I thought I'd give you a call. Marie would be angry if she saw you hadn't fixed yourself up."

Pierre was right about that. Marie's my girl, and he's her cousin. He professes not to have much time for her, because he thinks she's too flighty. Personally, I like a high-spirited girl.

As we made our way down to the harbor, I asked him why the boat had put in at La Péronne. Smugglers normally aim for the Bou Haroun side of Algiers. He replied that it was because of the storm. The steering gear had been damaged, and she had been blown off her course.

In September we occasionally get freak storms like that along this coast. They blow up from nowhere, and for a few hours there's all hell to pay. Then they fade right out.

Presently the road turned sharply, and there was the harbor mapped out below, with the sea flat and blue beyond the harbor wall. The sun hadn't sucked up all the mist yet, but there was no mistaking the contraband carrier. I knew her at once. She was Pepe's dirty old tub. I think it had half occurred to me that she might be, because I don't remember feeling any particular surprise. I simply said to Pierre, "Why, she's Pepe's."

Pepe and I had known each other for a number of years. From time to time I'd bump up against him in one of the water-front hangouts.

When we got down to the west quay, the crew were lolling about on deck, and the crowd of

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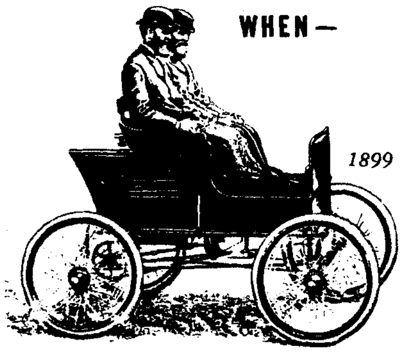
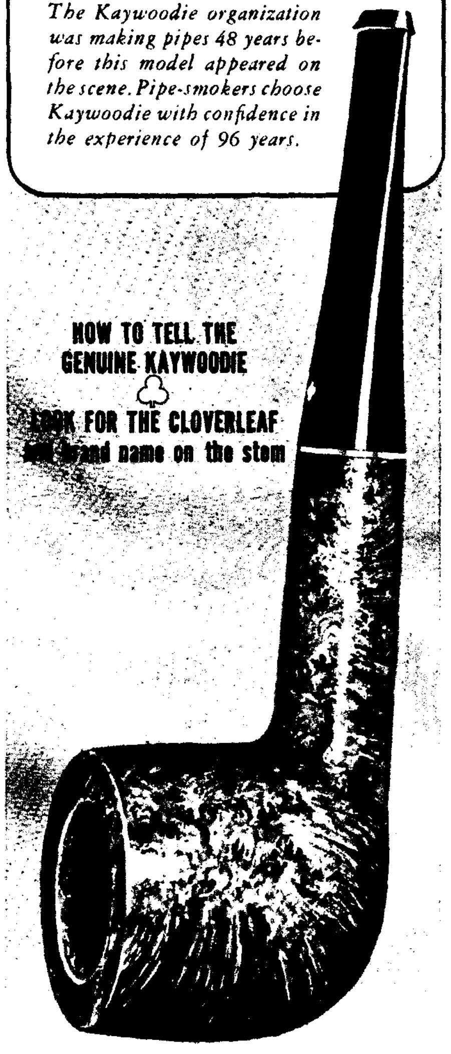


The Kaywoodie organization was making pipes 48 years before this model appeared on the scene. Pipe-smokers choose Kaywoodie with confidence in the experience of 96 years.



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Don't be misled by claims. Kaywoodies are the world's best smoking pipes, preferred by smokers everywhere.* Laboratory tests prove the excellence of their smoke. Be guided by experience and Kaywoodie's 96 years of pipe-making (our pipes were enjoyed in St. Louis, Denver, Atlanta, San Francisco and New York as long ago as 1854). Look for cloverleaf trade mark, and name Kaywoodie on pipe you buy, for smoking at its best. Kaywoodie Company, New York and London. Booklet on request, 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 20.

KAYWOODIE
BRIAR

*Six recent surveys confirm this.

Copr. 1947

DRINKLESS KAYWOODIE $3.50
SUPER-GRAIN $5, RELIEF-GRAIN $7.50, FLAME-GRAIN $10,
SILHOUETTE $10, CONNOISSEUR $15,
NINETY-FIVER $20, CENTENNIAL $25.

onlookers was beginning to disperse.

I couldn't see Pepe anywhere, but François Ribera, from the gendarmery, was standing guard at the gangplank. François doesn't like me, because I cut him out with Marie, and so he was pleased to tell me I couldn't go on board.

They were waiting for the inspector from Algiers to arrive, he said, and he had to carry out his instructions. I felt sore, because I wanted a pair of those shoes badly, but I wasn't going to waste my breath on an undignified discussion with a fellow like François, when it was plain that for once he held the whip hand.

Pierre pulled a packet of Bastos from his pocket and offered one to me. I was glad for that cigarette. As I bent my head down to light it, a whiff came up from the strip of water under the gangplank that was enough to knock you over. The Spaniards had thrown their slops and refuse overboard. Among the potato peelings I could see two dead rats floating belly-uppermost.

WHEN I asked him where the skipper was, François nodded his head sulkily in the direction of the Flot Bleu, which is the café kept by old Claude Allamagna. Claude is a compatriot of Pepe's, and, I suspect, almost as big a crook.

Pierre and I found the two of them chatting over the counter in the little bar, drinking anisette, which is not a drink I like for my breakfast.

Pepe didn't seem a bit downcast. He looked exactly as I remembered him: His cap was on the back of his head; a yellow stub of a cigarette hung from his protruding lower lip; his huge shoulders sagged and the faded blue shirt he wore was open all the way down. The way the tops of his trousers strained at the buttons, you would have said his belly was trying to escape from its moorings. Pepe never did look like a sailor. His skin didn't weather. It was like suet under its black fur.

He was all over me when I came in. An old friend, that's what I was. I felt relieved that only Pierre and Claude were there. In my position, it wouldn't have done me any good for the whole village to know I was his old friend.

While we were talking, Pierre recollected he had to go and get some fish for his mother. I thanked him for calling me, and he sauntered off.

Pepe insisted on buying me a drink. I couldn't very well refuse. After he had served me, Claude went inside to get a dish of anchovies. While he was gone, Pepe started to rub his broad haunches against the edge of the bar, the way cattle will against a tree.

"I've been bitten," he complained.

I told him I wasn't surprised, judging by the look of his boat. "Even the rats don't like her," I said. "There were two in the water by her, dead as doornails."

Pepe shrugged, and slipped a muttonlike fist inside his shirt. I could hear the rough tips of his fingers rasping over the hair as he scratched himself.

"Pepe," I said presently, "stop scratching and listen to me. You're going to lose all that cargo."

He grunted and spat.

"I'm rich. It is a nuisance, but Pepe will survive."

"They'll put you in prison for tonight. They might keep you a long time."

Pepe was unimpressed. "A month, mebbe," he said, and spat again.

"Listen, Pepe. You're rich. I'm poor. I want a present for my girl. Have you got any nice shoes for a girl? Size 5."

He shook his head. "No. They're all for men. You have no luck, my friend."

"Pepe, I still want a present." I looked at him pretty hard then, and I could see he was trying to weigh my words.

"That is not my affair," he answered shortly, his countenance suddenly dark.

With the toe of my sandal, I tapped his clubfoot. He understood then that it was, after all, his affair. The surgical boot he wore was rather a special one, containing a refinement of his own devising. The heel unscrewed at the base; in the cavity were a few ounces of hashish. He must have forgotten until that moment that he had once let me in on the secret. We had both been a bit drunk at the time. I know that I told him it was an obvious sort of hiding place, and he had replied that that was why it was a good one. People never looked in the obvious places. Now as a customs man, I know that simply isn't true. My belief is that no one ever asked to examine his boot, because the average fellow is instinctively embarrassed by somebody else's physical peculiarities, and will go to quite absurd lengths to pretend he has not even noticed them.

I must say I like a pipe of hashish myself, now and again, and you can generally find an Arab who is willing to sell you some. But it's really beyond my purse, and so I have to content myself with an occasional treat.

The idea of a month in prison didn't shock Pepe particularly, so long as he had the drug with him. But if I reported him, he would get a longer sentence for running dope, and he would be deprived of the solace it provided. Perhaps you don't know what an Algerian prison's like, but I've had to visit some, and they're no place to be in the hot weather unless you've got something to take your mind off your surroundings.

Pepe was never slow on the uptake.

"All right. What do you want?" He raised his glass of anisette to his lips, and I looked at his thick white fingers, armored with heavy rings. On his little finger there was one different from the others. It held a small green stone.

"The green one," I said. He lowered his glass and cocked his little finger in the affected manner of old ladies with their coffee. That way, he could see it himself. A smile came over his face.

"So! The emerald?" He put down the glass and without another word removed the ring from his finger.

"It is yours, my friend," said Pepe, and I took it from him eagerly. I know nothing about precious stones, but I knew Pepe didn't lie when he said it was an emerald. The warm feeling I suddenly had inside me sprang only partly from the anisette.

"I hope you aren't superstitious," he went on. "I cut that one from the hand of a rich old bag. She was dead. It brought her bad luck, evidently, and it has done the same for me."

"I'm not superstitious," I replied, and stowed the ring in my pocket.

PEPE fell to scratching himself again. He rolled up his shirt sleeve, and on the hairless underflesh of his forearm I saw the tiny creature move.

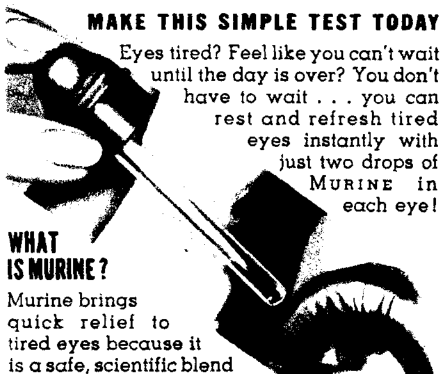
"There it is!" I cried. Pepe saw it too. A great forefinger and clumsy thumb moved cautiously toward their prey, but at the last moment the flea jumped. It jumped straight toward me, and as I had my back to the bar, I couldn't get out of the way. Frankly, I don't like the idea of wearing other men's fleas. At least, I like them to come to me anonymously.

Pepe thought it a tremendous joke. His laugh came wheezing and clanking up like a bucket from an unclean well. I smiled with my lips, because there's no point in letting a man know he has the advantage of you too easily. But that Spaniard was hard to fool.

"You see!" he cried. "It is the guardian of the ring. I said bad luck went with it, and by God! I'm right. I feel a weight off my mind already."

Just then, Claude Allamagna came in carrying a dish of anchovies and some bread, and we set to. I hadn't eaten anything since the previous evening, and so I probably swallowed more than my fair

EYES DEAD TIRED?



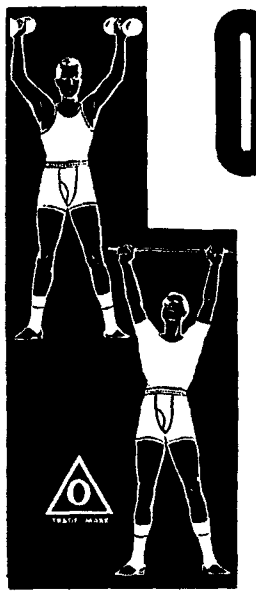
MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

Eyes tired? Feel like you can't wait until the day is over? You don't have to wait . . . you can rest and refresh tired eyes instantly with just two drops of MURINE in each eye!

WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine brings quick relief to tired eyes because it is a safe, scientific blend of seven ingredients designed to cleanse and refresh delicate eye tissues. Just put two drops in each eye and feel the restful, soothing sensation that comes at once. Try Murine today.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES



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"UNBLOCK" *your* DIGESTIVE TRACT

And Get Genuine Relief That Makes You Feel Really Good Again

Don't expect to get relief from headache, sour stomach, gas and bad breath by taking soda and other alkalizers if the cause of your trouble is constipation.

In this case, your real trouble is not in the stomach at all. But in the intestinal tract where 80% of your food is digested. And when the lower part gets blocked food may fail to digest properly.

What you want for real relief is something to "unblock" your lower intestinal tract. Something to clean it out effectively—help Nature get back on her feet.

Get Carter's Pills right now. Take them as directed. They gently and effectively "unblock" your digestive tract. This permits all 5 of Nature's own digestive juices to mix better with your food.

You get genuine relief from indigestion so you can feel *really* good again.

Get Carter's Pills at any drugstore today. "Unblock" your intestinal tract for real relief from indigestion.

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Use soothing, refreshing Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder on your troubled feet. You'll marvel how quickly it relieves tender, burning, perspiring or odorous feet . . . how amazingly effective it is for easing new or tight shoes. Helps prevent Athlete's Foot by keeping the feet dry. Sold everywhere. For FREE sample, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago 10, Illinois.

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for ALL WHITE SHOES
SAFER FOR BABY GERM-PROOFS AS IT WHITENS
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Let's get this show on the road!

• I'm unwilling host to some underfed fugitives from a flea circus—and I'm the only one who's fed up!

What I need is a bath with Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Soap, followed by regular dustings with SKIP-FLEA Powder. The SKIP-FLEA combination knocks 'em dead . . . and it's safe for me. Ask for the new 50c economy size of the powder.

SKIP-FLEA Soap and Powder are only two of the 19 dog care products developed by Sergeant's in over 73 years of thorough clinical research and testing. Each one helps to keep your dog healthy and happy.

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Sergeant's
DOG CARE PRODUCTS

share. But then I always say that if you *have* to drink anisette, nothing goes with it so well as anchovies, and even if I was a bit greedy, it didn't matter much, because Pepe was off his grub. That surprised me; normally, he ate like a horse.

It wasn't long before we were finished, and then we heard the sound of a car pulling up outside. I took it for granted it was the inspector from Algiers, and as I didn't particularly want him to see me drinking with Pepe, I decided to slip away by the back of the premises.

When I said goodbye and wished him luck, Pepe hardly looked at me. He seemed suddenly to have gone a bit green about the gills. Perhaps the idea of prison in September didn't appeal to him as much as he had thought, or perhaps he was afraid that I would give him away, now that I had got what I wanted. But he needn't have worried, for that's not the sort of dirty trick I'd play on anyone.

I went out, closing the door behind me. It wasn't really my morning off, but I decided I'd take a chance on Jean Gautier—he's the senior customs officer—not wanting me, and catch the bus into Algiers. I was keen to get the ring fixed up, so that I could give it to Marie in the evening. It was just the kind of thing to impress her.

The bus was full, and I had to stand. The machine was in a bad state, all right. The petrol fumes came up through the floor boards, and by the time we had reached Algiers my head was beating like a drum. I got down at the Grande Poste, so that I could have a shampoo at a barber's I know in the Rue d'Isly.

It freshened me up a bit, and my head felt better, but when I got outside again the heat from the pavement came up and clouted me. My shirt stuck to my body. When I tried to feel if the ring was still safe in my pocket, the lining stuck to my hand, and I couldn't withdraw my fingers without the lining coming too. After that, I carried the ring in my hand.

I went down past the opera house and up the Rue Bab Azoun. Ali Hacine had an attic workshop just behind the Rue Bab Azoun and below the Casbah. I turned up the alleyway which led to it. It was dark and stinking. Ali was a good craftsman, although as a jeweler I don't imagine much trade came his way from the European section of the community. The quarter is less than respectable.

At the end of the alleyway I passed through a doorway. There was a beggar huddled on the step in a bundle of rags. He looked up at me and grinned. The flies crawled round his eyes. His nose was gone. Due to lupus disease, I suppose.

The stink in the courtyard beyond was worse than in the alleyway. It was full of garbage steaming in the sun, and as I crossed it the whole ground moved and buzzed. About two million flies were having a picnic.

A broken stairway leads up to the attic. Ali was asleep when I arrived, but he woke very quickly, like a wiry dog, and was full of profuse apologies. He started to prepare some mint tea. As I always say, the Arab is a liar and a thief, but he is never impolite.

I SHOWED Ali the ring. "It's only a small job," I explained. "I don't want you to touch the setting, just make the ring smaller, so it'll fit Marie."

He said he understood. "You can have it back in a month or two." Ali, like the rest of his kind, had no sense of time.

"The same old Ali! I want it done today. Today, do you understand? In two hours' time."

He smiled at that. "We will say three weeks then, as a special favor to a valued client." His manner was still like a dog, very ingratiating. I leaned across the table which separated us and took hold of him by the shoulders. I thrust my face close to his own. All in a moment his eyes were two tiny, frightened brown birds trying to escape from their cage. His breath was strong with garlic.

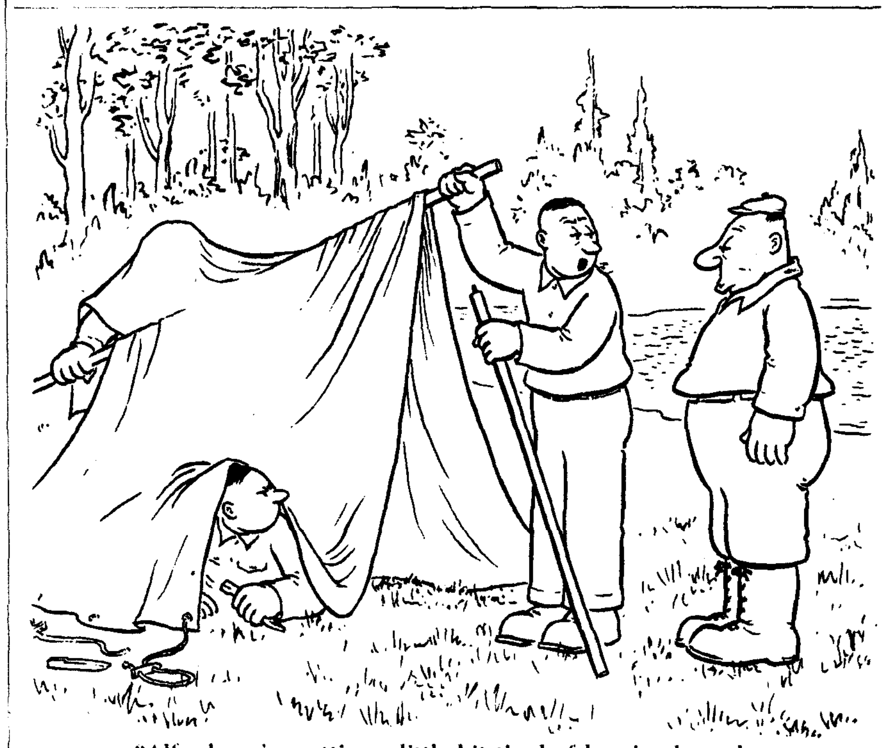
"Ali," I said, "the ring must be ready in two hours." This time he understood my tone. Another thought occurred to me, even as I released him. "And, Ali"—I had remembered the flea—"there is an evil jinni guarding this ring. It will not pay you to be dishonest."

Ali's long hands fluttered protestingly, as though his religion didn't actively encourage him to rob the infidel.

I let the ring pass into his keeping, and then I left him, making my way back through the crowded streets to a little pub I know where the food is good and cheap, and you eat in a cellar for coolness.

It was three o'clock when I returned to the workshop. To my surprise, Ali had the ring ready for me. All the same, I thought it was daylight robbery when he asked me for two hundred francs. I gave him a hundred, and told him that

ALFRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE


"Alfred, we're getting a little bit tired of hearing how the Beaver Patrol, Boy Scout Troop 3, would have done it"

COLLIER'S

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "FINGER-NAIL (F-N) TEST?"
Try it! Scratch your head. If you find signs of dryness, loose ugly dandruff, you need Wildroot Cream-Oil hair tonic. Grooms hair . . . relieves dryness . . . removes loose dandruff! Contains soothing Lanolin, an oil resembling the natural oil of your skin.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
A little Wildroot Cream-Oil does a lot for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long. Leaves no trace of that greasy, plastered down look. Makes your hair look and feel good.

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS LANOLIN!

Again and again the choice of men who put good grooming first—that's Wildroot Cream-Oil. No wonder 4 out of 5 new users from coast to coast said they preferred it to any other hair tonic they had used before. Ask for it at your barber or drug counter.

IMPORTANT: Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming and for relieving dryness. Wildroot Cream-Oil is excellent for training children's hair!

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WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC
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GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
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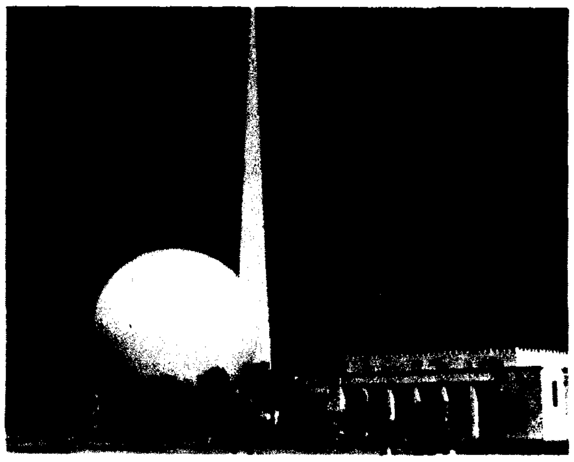
TUNE IN . . . 2 Network Shows! "The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sun. evenings, CBS Network; "King Cole Trio Time" Sat. afternoons, NBC Network.

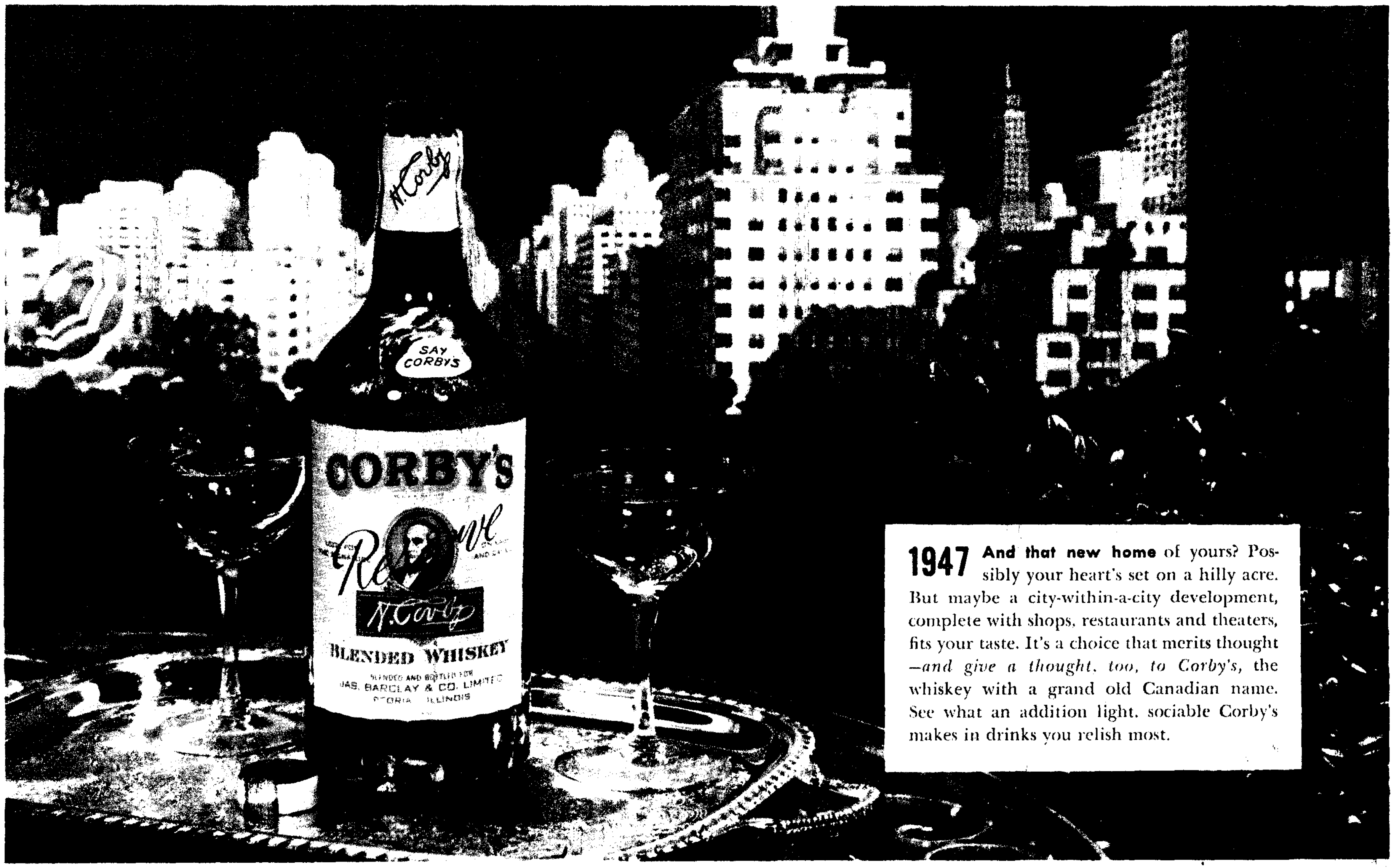
New home? Look before you leap

1865 **How can you** pick the best permanent location for a new home? It was moving day when Civil War armies returned. Biggest shift was from farm to city. When the name Corby's was seven years old in Canada, cities were the "promised land" in the U.S.

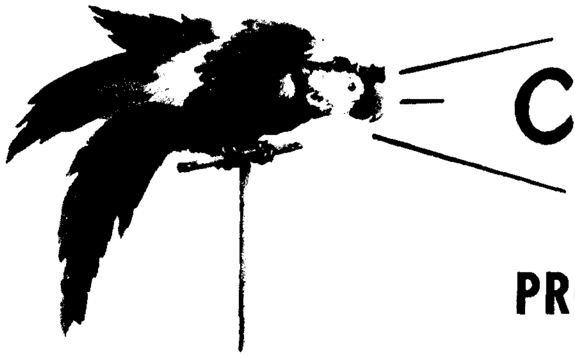
1910 **Lack of planning,** congestion, forced people out of cities. As Corby's entered its 52nd year as a grand old Canadian name, the automobile helped pace this cycle of back to country life. The commuter soon took his prominent place in the national scene.



1939 **The New York** World's Fair stimulated interest in planned communities, well-balanced between suburban and city dwelling. Models of skyscraper apartments drew equal attention with vine-covered cottages as the name Corby's was saluted for the 81st year in Canada.



1947 **And that new home** of yours? Possibly your heart's set on a hilly acre. But maybe a city-within-a-city development, complete with shops, restaurants and theaters, fits your taste. It's a choice that merits thought *—and give a thought, too, to Corby's,* the whiskey with a grand old Canadian name. See what an addition light, sociable Corby's makes in drinks you relish most.



CORBY'S . . . A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. ***under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender***

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Illinois

if he didn't stop wailing, I'd boot him down his own stairs.

"Anyway," I reminded him, "you seem to have done what I wanted, so I don't suppose the jinni will bother you."

His eyes were unfriendly as he bowed me to the door, and for no reason at all I found I was glad to get into the sunshine, even though that awful courtyard still divided me from civilization.

That evening I put the ring on Marie's finger. She looked at me a little disbelievingly, but when I swore it was an emerald, her mouth came up to mine quickly, and it stayed there a long time. It was hard and sweet at the same time.

THE next morning I was on duty early. They didn't appear to have missed me on the previous day, which was just as well. I took my cycle and patrolled the coast as far as Rocher Noir. It's a nice ride, but you've got to take it easy in the summer months, and so it was midday before I arrived back in La Péronne.

Jean Gautier was waiting for me in his little office in the customs shed. He looked like death. Usually, he doesn't even bother to glance up when I come in, but today he took me by the arm and led me aside.

"They have just phoned from Algiers," he said. "Pepe has the plague. He will be dead tomorrow."

It is not nice to hear words like that, especially when you're not prepared for them. I felt the hair creeping on the nape of my neck, and my temples seemed to contract in a funny kind of way. A corner of my mind, you see, understood Jean's words quite a while before the part which does my reasoning for me had had a chance to sort things out. Even after a few seconds, my thoughts were still popping up without any proper kind of sequence. Each of them was like one of those fat, black bubbles you get on the marshes around here. It would burst slowly, and the skin would slide wrinkling back, so that I could only handle one idea at a time.

I recalled Pepe's laugh when the flea jumped; the greenish look his face had when I left; and then the bellies of those two rats, floating on their backs in the garbage-littered water by the boat.

But however complicated the method one's mind may select to do that kind of sum, the answer, finally, is the same. I kept reverting to the flea. I suppose most people know that the fleas which carry the bubonic plague live on rats. They infect the rats, and when the rats die, they will harbor themselves on humans, whose blood they like less well. I must say, they hadn't seemed to mind old Pepe. They had bitten him to death.

I can't recollect if Jean said anything else. I felt I needed some air, so I left the shed and went and stood on the quay, trying to get a grip on myself. Pepe's boat was standing well offshore now, flying the yellow jack. The crew was confined on board. I didn't envy the job of the doctor who would treat them.

Thinking about them helped me to steady myself. Even so, walking up the hill to my lodgings, I'd feel sick and cold each time I remembered Pepe's flea. Those were the moments I'd begin imagining the infection had taken hold of me.

I went to my room and pulled the shirt I'd worn yesterday out of the dirty-linen basket. It was stained with flea dirts, all right. The blood marks might have been from Pepe, or they might have come from me. I stripped the bed, but there were no marks on the sheets. Then I took off all my clothes and examined my body. There were, here and there, small red lumps. They might have been flea bites, or they might have been heat bumps. I decided I was likely to die.

I lay back on the bed. My room has red wallpaper and faces south. The shutters were open and the whole place glowed like a furnace. To make matters worse, there was a touch of sirocco in the air. I couldn't think any more. Where my mind had been there was a sort of white-hot needle point of fear....

That afternoon the authorities sealed the port, and the whole village was placed in quarantine. A squad came out from the Pasteur Institute and off-loaded some serum at the doctor's house. The doctor is a Polish Jew, and during the war our Vichy government put him in one of those concentration camps they ran down in the desert. Now he's set up practice, but I suppose he still hates us. This crisis must have warmed his heart.

By the time he saw me, the needle of his hypodermic syringe was pretty blunt. It has to go fairly deep down through the muscles of your stomach, and it's the kind of pain I can't stand at any price. I cried. The doctor's face wore a tired, sarcastic look. He didn't try to buck me up at all. The inoculation, he pointed out, was purely preventive, and wouldn't help if the virus was already in my blood. I hadn't the courage to tell him about the flea.

The effect of the inoculation left me feeling low, and so I stayed in bed. Marie wouldn't come near me. Pierre, who threw some pebbles at my window, told me she was in a terrible funk because I had kissed her after being with Pepe. She had been one of the first to go rushing off to the Polish doctor, and he had stuck his needle into her.

When I was pronounced out of danger, I went around to apologize to Marie, and she flew at me in a terrible rage. She said I had bribed her with a piece of green glass, and put her life in danger by kissing her. She was in the kind of mood which makes it no good trying to explain. I merely replied that the piece of green glass was a valuable emerald, but that only made her sneer. It turned out she had shown it to the doctor, and he, apparently, was something of an expert. It *was* only green glass.

Pepe was a boaster, but he didn't lie. I knew that it was Ali who had deceived me. I took the ring from Marie and caught the next bus into Algiers.

WHEN I reached the attic, Ali was not there. Instead, I found a smart young officer from the *Préfecture* with a tray of jewels on his knees. He was studying them through a magnifying glass.

"Worth a packet," he assured me authoritatively. I didn't like his manner. It was a bit too condescending. So I picked up one of the gems and touched it with the tip of my tongue.

"Muck!" I asserted, and tossed it back in the tray. His confidence went then, and he looked at me with more respect. Not that I was interested. I had spotted Pepe's emerald. There couldn't be any doubt of it at all. It was of a size and cut identical with the bit of glass Ali had had the cheek to set in that ring. It winked up at me from the tray.

I was beginning to feel fairly angry at Ali's behavior.

"Where is he?" I asked the officer.

"Who? Ali?" he asked, surprised.

I nodded.

"Dead," said the officer briefly. "I'm only here to see that these don't fall into the wrong hands." He inclined his head toward the tray.

My heart jumped queerly.

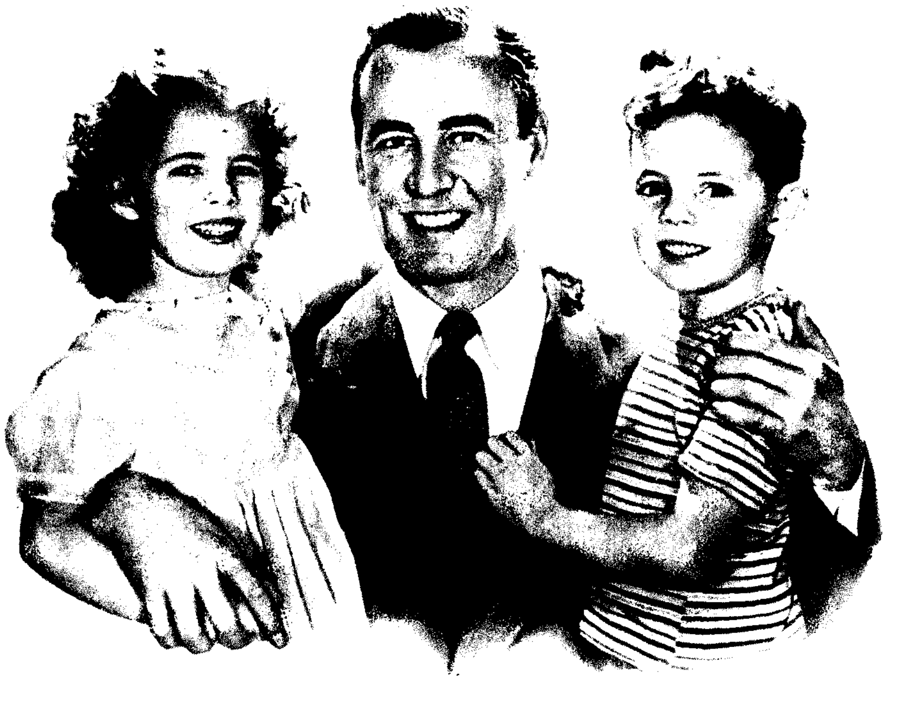
"How did he die?" I asked him. He lifted the tray from his knees, set it on the table, and stood up.

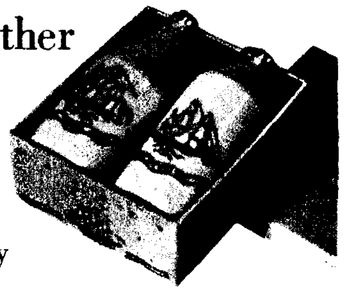
"There's a plague ship in La Péronne," he replied, "and a poor damned Arab has to die of it twenty miles away. Beats me."

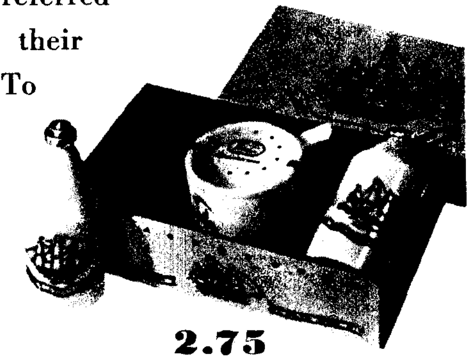
That odd kind of arrogance was stealing into his manner again. I let the ring I was holding drop into the tray beside the emerald.

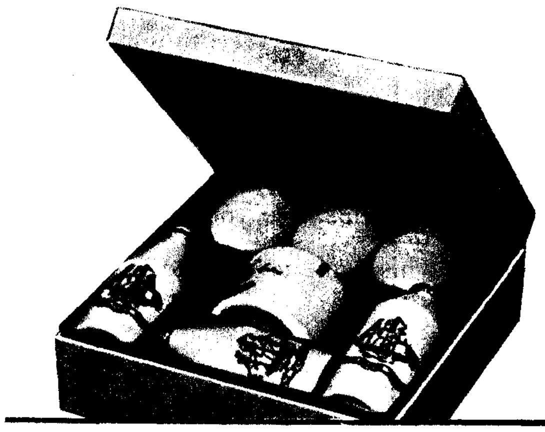
"Of course," the officer added, gazing absently out of the window, "twenty miles isn't much, I suppose. Not for a rat to travel."

THE END









FATHER'S DAY IS SUNDAY JUNE 15TH

1947's MOST Famous Father

YOUR DAD!

MAKE this Father's Day a banner day ... give your Dad something he *really* wants. *And what does he want?* Old Spice toiletries! How do we know? Recently men in every section of the country said, when interviewed, that they preferred Old Spice toiletries, preferred their fine quality, their tangy scent. To be sure you give your Dad what *he* wants, stop at your favorite store tomorrow and choose an Old Spice gift set.

1.75

After-Shaving Set . . . Dad will like this cooling Lotion . . . this soothing Talcum. In rugged, ship-decorated containers.

2.75

Shaving Set . . . new, non-drying Shaving Soap in sturdy mug, invigorating Lotion and skin-toned Talcum. In a decorative box for Father's Day gift-giving.

5.00

Shaving Luxury...improved, non-flaking Shaving Soap in easy-to-grip mug, Lotion, Talcum, Cologne and 3 cakes Bath Soap. All in the Old Spice tang men like.

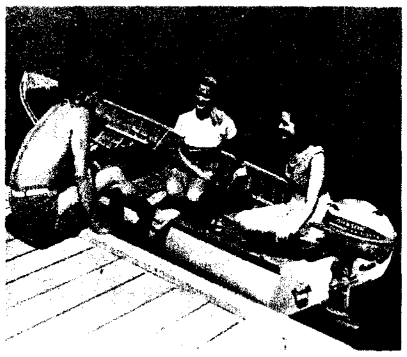
Prices plus tax.

SAIL INTO DAD'S HEART WITH OLD SPICE

EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice*
FOR MEN
*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

SHULTON
Rockefeller Center, New York

When you look for quality features in an outboard motor, look for them in the line where they were originated, developed and *perfected.*



It is Johnson

that gives you the liquid smoothness of Perfected Alternate Firing, plus the simple, DEPENDable operation of twin cylinder construction.

It is Johnson

that gives you the magic of Dual Carburetion which promotes smooth performance at any speed — from a crawl to full throttle.

It is Johnson

that gives you complete maneuverability with Reverse and 360° Steering — the feature that makes boat-handling easy.

These, and other great features which make outboard motoring FUN, are Johnson developments. See your Johnson dealer about delivery. Look for his name under "Outboard Motors" in your classified phone book.

JOHNSON

SEA-HORSES

Famous for DEPENDability

FREE HANDY CHART: Complete specifications on the 5 great motors of the 1947 Johnson Sea-Horse line — a model for every outboard purpose. Write for a copy.

JOHNSON MOTORS, 300 PERSHING ROAD, WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS

Johnson Motors of Canada, Peterboro, Canada

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

course in the world. (2) Timber is safer to ride than brush. A horse is more careful over solid jumps. (3) A good professional will put up a better ride on a given horse than the best amateur I ever saw.

Mr. O'Reilly mentions Billy Barton. The year after winning the Maryland Cup Mr. A. G. Ober, Jr., went to England with Billy. He rode him one race over there and then asked to be relieved of the mount for the Grand National. Mr. Ober said: "I feel I cannot do the horse justice over the big jumps."

Cullinan, the Irish pro, was engaged and finished second in a field of forty-two. Forty horses did not finish. The defense rests. DICK DERMODY, San Mateo, Cal.

HEADS-UP BASEBALL

DEAR SIR: Joseph Lavery's letter in The Week's Mail (Apr. 26th), anent Illustrator Elmore Brown's model with "two left feet," brings to mind the fame of Archie Gardner's "Two-Headed Gluskin," the famous baseball player who "could watch first and third at the same time.

W. WARD DORRELL, Houston, Tex.

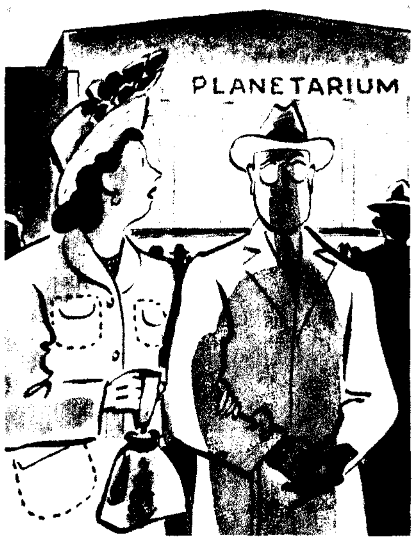
Elmore Brown will be with us again, if only to illustrate Col. Stoopnagle's Special Umpire, who has both ears on one side of his head—so he can cup both ears with one hand, while holding his mask with the other.

HUMORITHMETIC

DEAR EDITOR: In answer to the question on the cartoon, Apr. 26th, one hundred light years would only be approximately 7,038,835,200,000,000 city blocks—probably more city blocks than are found in all of the cities of the world.

EUGENE GARDNER, Pueblo, Colo.

Probably.



"A hundred light-years? Heavens, how many city blocks is that?"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

SHANE ON SHANE

DEAR EDITOR: In Tallulah to You (Apr. 26th) Ted Shane states, ". . . and now her Uncle John Brockman Bankhead is senior senator from that state." Senator John Bankhead died prior to the 1946 senatorial elections. The present senators from Alabama are Lister Hill and John Sparkman.

MRS. FOSTER E. ZAISER, Kansas City, Mo.

UTTER UNCONFUSION

DEAR EDITOR: Perhaps the real purpose of the "tidal wave" of criticism of the "War-Guilt-Trial" held at Nuremberg was to confuse.

Nevertheless, the article, Was Nuremberg Justified?, in the April 19th issue, by W. E. Jackson, is enlightening enough to be understood by anyone who can read.

If there is one word in the whole article intended to confuse the reader, I was unable to detect that word.

J. M. RAYMOND, Jacksonville, Fla

THE OLD BOWL GAME

EDITOR: In Life Begins at Sixty (Mar. 29th Mr. Crichton says, "Lawn bowling is popular in Canada and in our states bordering on the Great Lakes, but it has no chance in St. Pete, against the shuffleboard insanity.' Instead of the claim that lawn bowling is in decay, it can be said it is very much in the ascendancy all over the country, and particularly in St. Pete. Our membership has grown from 25 to 650: the largest bowling club in the world. Gains have been phenomenal all over the country We have now 326 clubs with 37,000 members. We have 50 members over eighty years old who began the game forty years ago and are still playing.

JOHN S. WREN, Mirror Lake Park, Fla.

TELEPHONE BELL

DEAR EDITOR: Re Graham Bell and as to where he invented the telephone (Week's Mail, Apr. 12th), most of his early experimental work was done at Brantford, Ontario, Canada, and his first wire was strung from Brantford, Ontario, to Paris, Ontario, about ten miles. This was the first long-distance line. Mr. Bell was an annual visitor to Brantford during his lifetime and he himself made the above statements at different times.

If you will go to Brantford you will find at his old home many things he used in his early experiments.

I think that Canada is entitled to the credit for the invention of the telephone far more than the United States. . . .

OSCAR E. WILSON, New Haven, Conn.

END OF BLAST

DEAR EDITOR: I have a couple of questions about Mr. S. Cloete's The Blast. Was Dewey still governor of New York in 1967? Does Stuart Cloete write with pink ink—or with his left hand?

HENRY CRESPI, Joliet, Ill.

No, Mr. Dewey was ex-President (three terms). Mr. Cloete writes with his hands in his pockets and his tongue in his cheek.

. . . I think I might as well start building my covered wagon so that I can take my family as far as possible from the zones of danger. From your inside knowledge with respect to the projected blast, you should be able to suggest the best route and most likely destination. Will you please advise regarding the most desirable equipment? May I have your letter of introduction to the Indians who will survive? . . .

HARRY CAMPBELL, Pelham Manor, N. Y.

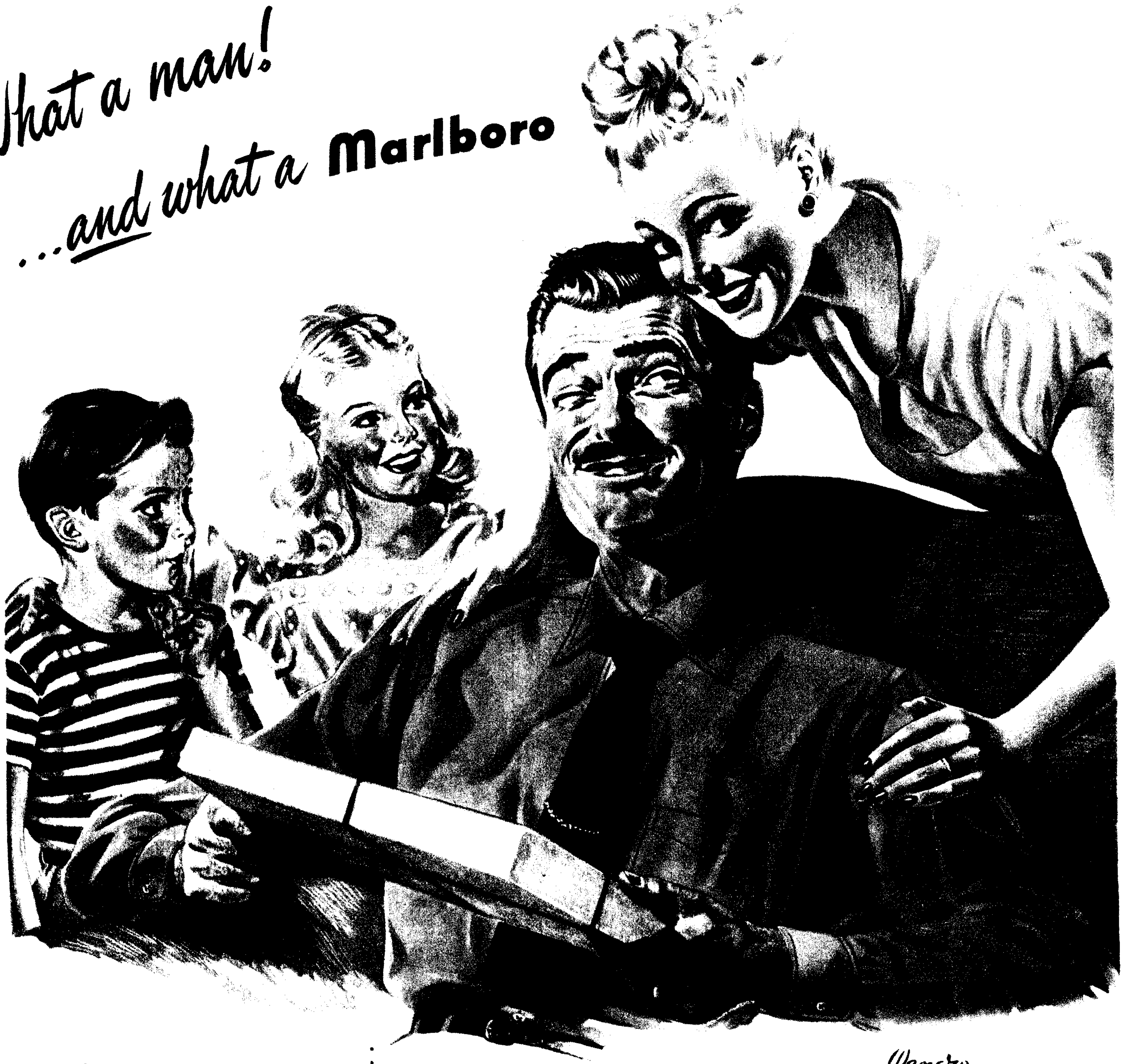
We suggest instead of heading West, go South. When you see penguins, stop. Don't worry about letters of introduction. Should it be crowded in Byrdland, try going up—to one of those Space Islands soon to be anchored 5,000 miles above the earth. Best equipment: a jumbo telescope for use mentioned in Pendray's Pipe Lines to the Heavens (Apr. 26th). It can be useful in spotting a safe star somewhere in space.

WACKY GOOD IDEA

DEAR EDITOR: We are a group of girls and young married women who have formed ourselves into the G.W.G.S. Club. (Girls Who Get Spanked Club.) Our ages range from 15 to 45 years. We all get spanked by our mothers or our hubbies whenever we don't behave as we should. We find it does us a world of good. We are sure that if parents and husbands resorted to spanking, the present serious wave of divorce and delinquency would end.

MRS. THOMAS R. HAYES,
New Brunswick, Canada

What a man! ...and what a Marlboro



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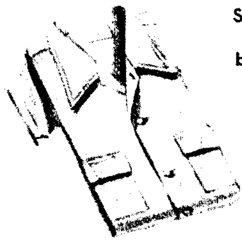
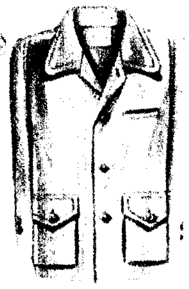
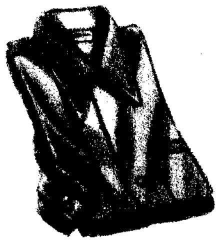


Short-sleeved Sport Shirt by Marlboro, fresh-air styling



Marlboro Breezee-weight Loafer Coat, cool rayon gabardine



Long-sleeved Marlboro Sport Shirt, Lo-Hi convertible collar

Your tone of voice tells us, Mother-of-two, that this Dad has his Day every day in the year. And, from all appearances, we'd say that he wears Marlboro shirts just as often . . . though they're far from the "everyday" kind.

P. S. — Marlboros . . . most admired, most desired for Father's Day, June 15th!

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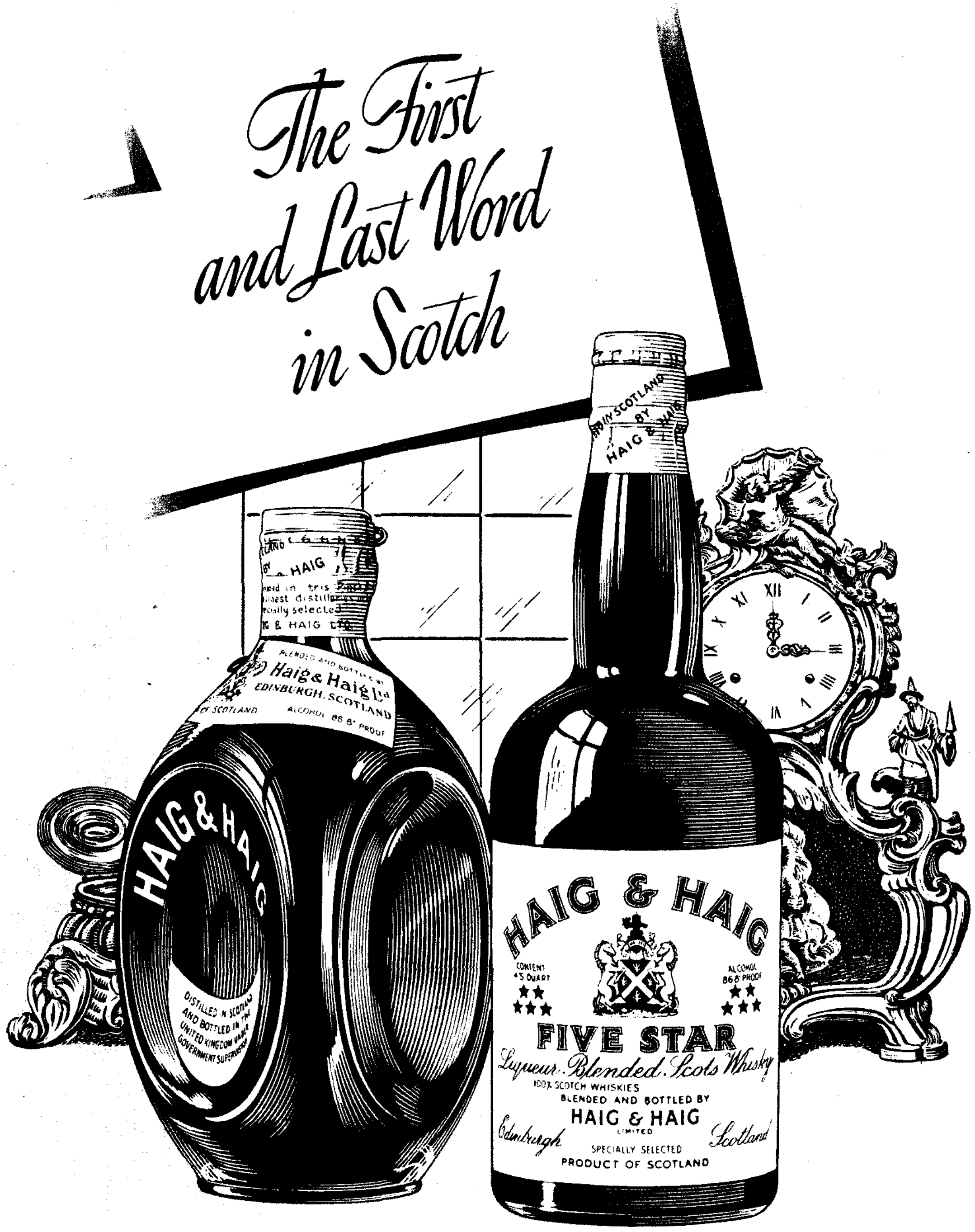
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OH, HOW THEY HARMONIZE!

Continued from page 26

"Club?" he repeated. "Our own club. Hey, Bill, that's it! That's what we got to have. Our own club. We get a place with a piano and the gang meets there whenever we want—every night, maybe—and sing. We got no worry about our old ladies tossin' us out. We don't have to bother about the coppers because we have our own clubroom. And, like you say, we can go home again. I say that's the answer."

A strange smile wreathed the lips of the deep-chested man. Joe, the bartender, filled the glasses again, looked hopefully at each of his customers, neither of whom budged, and shrugged helplessly.

"Yes, sir," Bill said softly, "you hit it, Walter. Let's send out somebody to round up the bunch. Then we'll find a clubroom. Then we'll do a couple of fast ones and go home. Hey, Mose," he yelled over his shoulder at the mop-swinging porter, "go find Dick, Ed, Harry and Mike, will you?"

Formal Opening of the Club

The night of March 21, 1940, was significant for two reasons. One, it was the evening of the first day of spring. Two, it was the night on which ten men, with beaming, rotund Walter Morris in the van, marched down a flight of stairs to a basement room at 490 East 156th Street, the Bronx, and formally opened the Club Harmony.

That was quite a room. A piano that must have been manufactured for Benjamin Franklin stood on a hastily carpentered dais at one end. A few forlorn strips of bunting and crepe paper hung sadly from the steam pipes that ran along the ceiling. In a corner stood a broom and a mop and a keg of beer with a picnic pump attached. A rickety table held glasses and corkscrews. A stack of undertakers' chairs was piled along one wall.

"Well," said Walter Morris, "this is it, gents. What do you think?"

"How much a month?" queried a lanky, dour man.

"Now look, Dick," began Walter, "it's cheap. Don't start worrying about expense already." He looked apprehensively around at the others. "Ten bucks a month," he added in an experimental mutter.

"Includin' the piano?" demanded Dick.

"Listen," said Walter desperately, "let's get goin' on Dear Old Girl. We can take up all this routine business later."

Big Bill stepped to the piano. His hands produced a discordant vamp. The voices started. The Club Harmony of the Bronx was launched.

Today, you should see the club. It is on the second floor of a pretentious business building at 411 E. Tremont Avenue, one of the principal cross-town streets in the Bronx. Instead of ten members, it has seventy singing, or regular, members and hundreds of associate members—men who do not sing but enjoy listening to those who can.

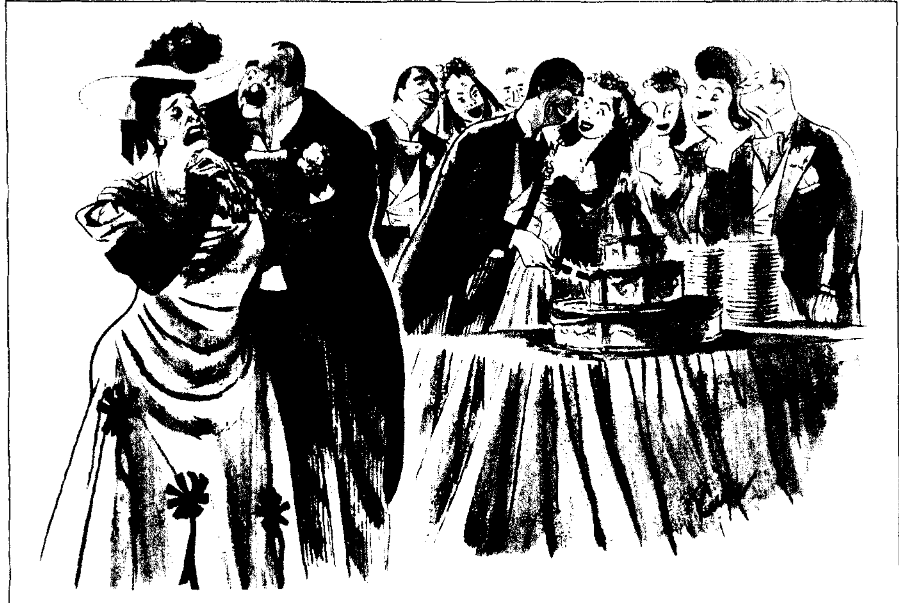
The singing membership is intentionally small. Further, becoming a regular member is no cinch. An applicant, first, must come properly sponsored. He must be auditioned and okayed by the leaders of the club. Then he must get up a five-buck initiation fee, pay dues of a dollar a month and promise that he intends to participate actively in the club's functions.

Associate members, on the other hand, are bound by no such stringent regulations. They are along strictly for the ride and, of course, to help pay the rent. With their wives and approved guests, they show up at the club on Saturday nights, gather around tables where they are served beer or chasers for any hard stuff they may have packed along, and listen to the renditions of the Police Quartet, the pride of the club and of the body politic. Blue notes produce head-shaking—even scowls. Perfectly blended minors take the listeners back to their childhood days of harmonizing "on the corner of the square."

For such an evening of entertainment, associate members (who, incidentally, are assessed dues of three dollars a year), and regular members as well, pay a dollar and a quarter a head for everyone in their party. But if you are one who loves barbershop harmony and ear-pleasing soloists, you can have the best Saturday night of your life by getting invited to a weekly Club Harmony jamboree.

What the present-day quarters of the club lack in sumptuousness they make up in startling *décor*. Above the stage at the far end of the room is a gigantic staff across which march one-eighth, quarter and half notes. The walls are painted midnight blue. The ceiling is dusted with stars. And a great silvery moon grins benignly through a lacework of sycamore branches. For barbershop harmony addicts, it is an inspiring surrounding. For less artistic souls, there is a well-stocked bar at the back of the room.

But the Club Harmony did not get where it is today without having its trou-



COLLIER'S "There, there, darling!—remember, we're not gaining a daughter—we're losing a son" JOHN RUGE

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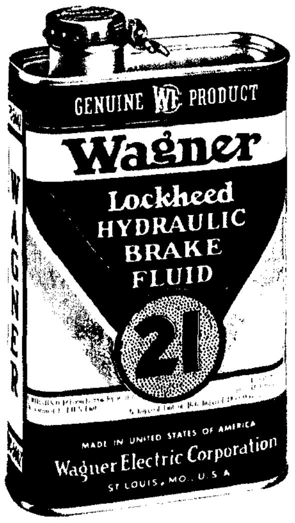

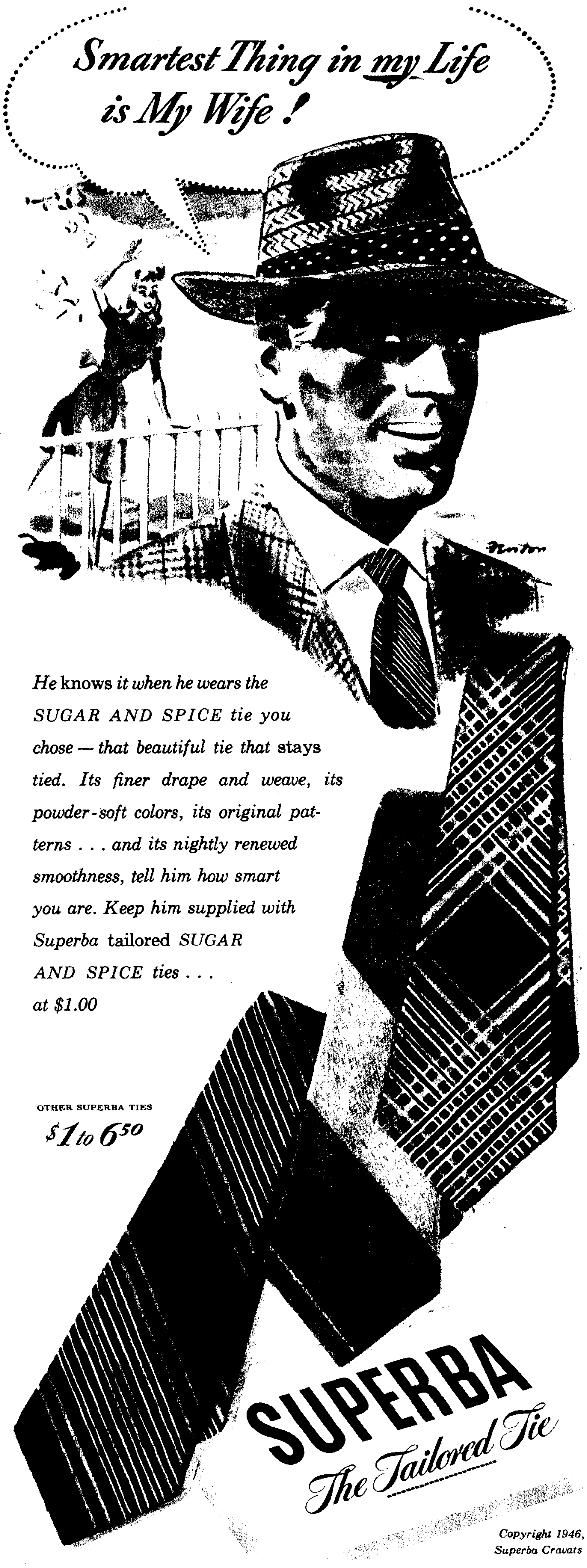

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bles. During the early days, there was the omnipresent problem of finances. The basement clubroom was cheap enough, all right, but none of the members was rich and when it came to having the piano tuned or to buying quartet arrangements or to replacing any of the scanty equipment, Walter Morris, Big Bill, Harry, Ed, Dick, Willie and Mike had to call upon their resourcefulness. Some of the methods they employed are nobody's business, but they solved their difficulties as they arose and, in due time, the club began to grow.

When the problem of new quarters loomed, Morris and Company did the impossible. They found the Tremont Avenue place, leased it and then started worrying about how they could pay the rent. An idea solved the difficulty. Associate members. Dozens of guys who possessed no real voices themselves were forever deviling the regular members to sponsor their applications to join. Up to now, all had been gently and diplomatically turned down unless they could pass the audition, which most couldn't. So it occurred to one of the livelier thinkers in the group that to let the unmusical blokes in would not only eliminate a lot of painful embarrassment but also would help the club get off the nut. It did.

The same year, 1943, the SPEBSQSA—the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet Singing in America—invited the lowly Club Harmony of the Bronx to become an affiliate. Wow! Was that something! That really put the Club Harmony on the musical map. The membership was jubilant.

But Walter Morris, first and only president of the club, pondered the wisdom of affiliation. It would mean sending a certain percentage of the monthly dues to the national organization, which, of course, could hardly operate without funds thus obtained. And the Club Harmony was doing all right by itself in its quiet, unpretentious way. But that "Affiliated With the SPEBSQSA" would look swell on the club stationery, and such affiliation would permit the Club Harmony to send delegates to national conventions as well as singing teams to national competitions. So, in the end, Walter voted for joining, and the Club Harmony became the only unit of the SPEBSQSA to have its own clubrooms.

Two Famous Guest Quartets

That was the real beginning of the Club Harmony's fame. Within a year, it had attracted the Police Quartet and the Hook & Ladder Four. They got Eddie Dillen, also a copper, to preside at the piano and interpret the more complicated phrases of arrangements. They had visitors from Manhattan and Brooklyn, and pretty soon there were counterparts of the Club Harmony operating in those boroughs.

The Saturday-night social for members, associate members and their guests was growing increasingly popular in spite of the stress of war times, and they were returning an interesting profit. No longer did the wolf howl outside the clubroom door. The landlord got into the habit of receiving instead of just hoping for his rent.

So Walter Morris came up with this one: The Club Harmony should do some good for someone. But what? Well, the club was a singing society, wasn't it? It was supposed to be dedicated to the preservation of music, in one form or another, wasn't it? Sure. So, said Walter triumphantly, the club would sponsor young singers.

Other members were skeptical. All the good singers in the Bronx already belonged to the Club Harmony, they argued. And just how far was this sponsorship going? What more could the club do for a singer than admit him to membership?

Patiently Morris explained to his head-shaking lodge brothers that there existed, after all, musical fields other than that of barbershop harmony. There was, for example, grand opera. There was a New York Philharmonic Orchestra which frequently featured soloists in its concerts at Lewisohn Stadium. And, in case they had not heard, there was a place way out west of the Hudson River called Hollywood, where people were all the time making motion pictures that needed singers for musical parts.

At long last, Morris carried his point. Now Saturday-night audiences frequently are presented with renditions by a newly discovered tenor, or baritone, or basso profundo. Most are extremely ordinary. Some are frightfully bad. Occasionally, one sings like a nightingale, but not often. All, however, know that if they have what the club thinks it takes, the Harmony lads will send them to the best voice teacher available, intercede with whatever agency can land the aspirant in his chosen musical field and will pay all expenses involved. Thus far, the Club Harmony has come up with no stars but its scouts live in hope. Morris claims he is a cinch to discover at least one prodigy before he kicks the podium.

Eager Beavers Do Executive Work

As with most organizations, whether social, civil or political, a handful of Club Harmony members carry the bulk of the work. Morris himself is the most eager of the beavers—indeed, his fellow members say that without him there would be no Club Harmony in the Bronx. But Walter has developed through the years a method of getting things done with a minimum of fuss and feathers. He has his aides, and to them he delegates tasks in the orderly fashion of a field marshal dealing with his subalterns. Each of the remaining founders of the club has become an expert in handling a given phase of the club's operations.

They take their orders from Morris unquestioningly, make suggestions without hesitation and accept his judgment without reservation.

It is Walter Morris who heads up the group that produces the annual Olde Tyme Variety Show at the Bronx Winter Garden, the poor man's Carnegie Hall, in which the entire singing membership, plus all its premier quartets and ensembles, combines for the gala event of the year.

In arranging this affair, all the production experts of the club put their heads together. Morris gives it to them this way:

"Frank Egan will take the rehearsals, and, by jeepers, everybody better be there.

"Walter Osterman will handle the stage. And for the love of heaven, Walt, keep those footlights from blinding our kid stars, like they did last year.

"Mickey McMahon will handle the door. Don't be giving me alibis if any deadheads get by you.

"Andy Hambrook, you're heading the reception committee again this year. If the same thing happens as at the last show, I, personally, will see that you're taken to jail instead of to Fordham Hospital!"

Now don't get the idea that Walter takes the Club Harmony lightly. Off stage he is a seasoned proofreader for one of Manhattan's biggest printing plants but the club is his life. He takes barbershop quartet singing with the utmost gravity. Just how he figures it is not plain but Walter somehow mixes it up with our national security. He thinks if anything happened to barbershop singers it would be almost as bad as giving away the atomic bomb secret. You can't kid around with Walter on a subject as serious as that.

THE END

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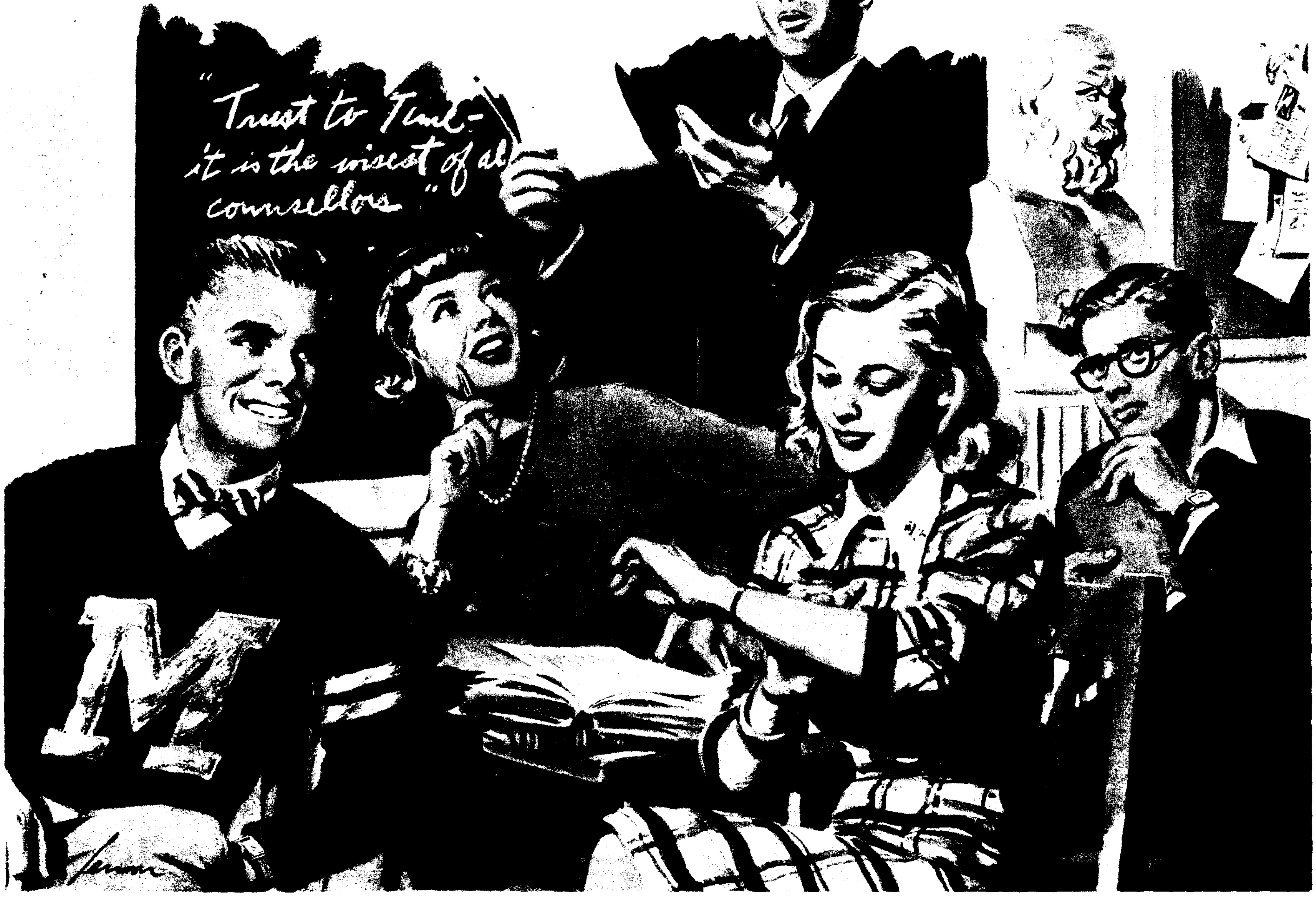
"Trust to Time—it is the wisest of all counsellors."

BEST ATHLETE. If he's the active, outdoor type, who likes gifts that not only look well but *last*—he'll go for the masculine good looks of a rugged, reliable Hamilton such as the ENDICOTT (below)—17 jewels, 10K natural gold-filled case. . **$52.25**

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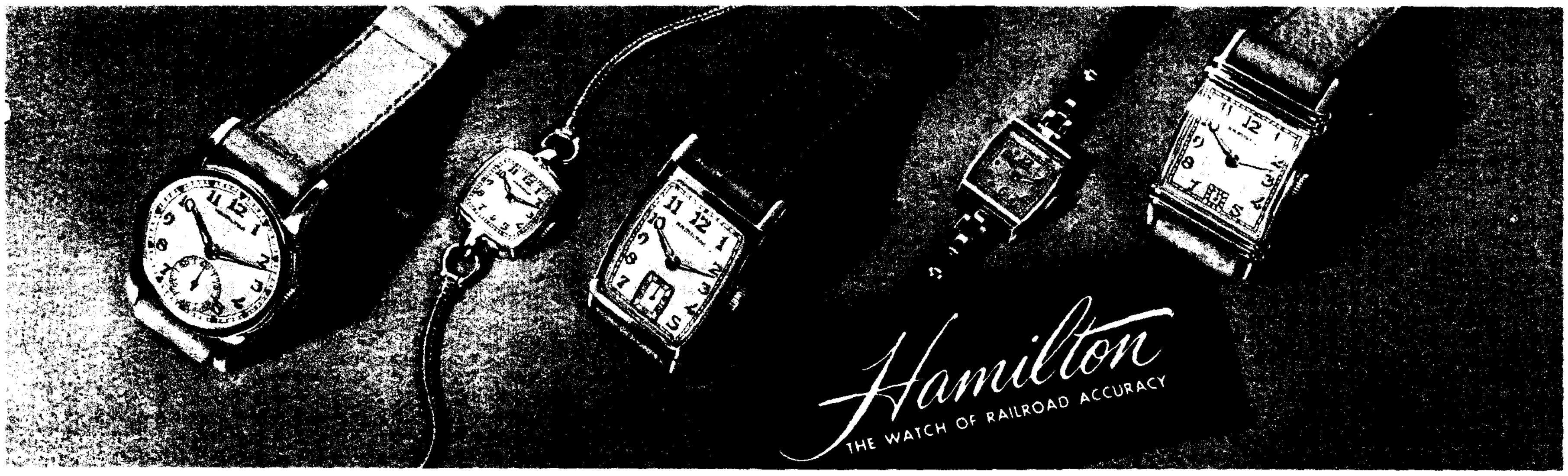

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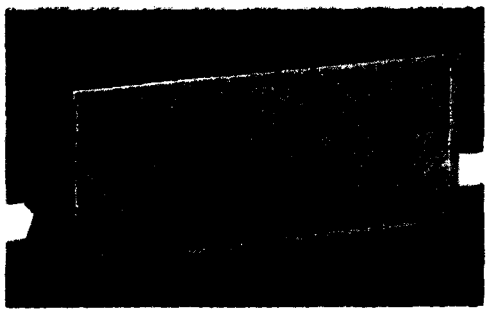

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A Million Maidens Yearn for This Romantic Love Gift

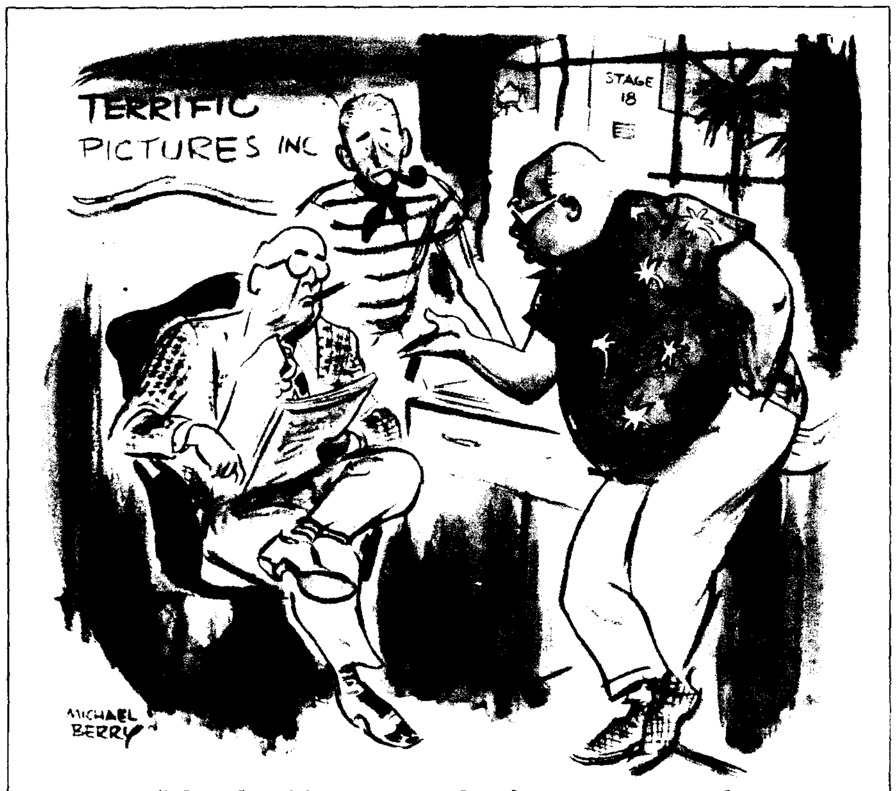
WHERE'S GRANDMA'S AIRPLANE?

Continued from page 25

firms—Bellanca, Engineering and Research Corporation (Ercoupe), and Funk—affiliated with the council but as nonmembers.

The council adopted the word "personal" in place of "private" to describe its planes and more clearly to distinguish them from air liners, military types and others not strictly for the individual, and endeavored to temper the flagrant commitments being made for the industry by new-born aviation authorities as well as a few dreamers in their midst. It was decided that the most practical postwar plane to build was the four-place—pilot and three passenger—type, which could serve the dual purpose of family carryall and business executive or industrial plane. All of the members of the council have either built four-place planes or have made plans to do so.

Although the prophets of the air age had predicted that all of the big manufacturers who had made brilliant records turning out warplanes would give the general public the benefit of their vast engineering know-how and experience, only two of these builders entered the personal-plane field. They were Republic, famous for the P-47 Thunderbolt fighter, and North American, which made the Mustang fighter, the Mitchell medium bomber and the AT-6 advanced trainer.



"The advertising campaign has drama, suspense and excitement, and the picture itself isn't bad . . ."

COLLIER'S MICHAEL BERRY

Republic decided upon a four-place amphibian with a cruising speed of 100 miles an hour, and named it the Seabee in honor of the Navy's famous construction battalion. The experimental model of the Seabee received CAA approval in July, 1946, and was announced at a price under $4,000.

But trouble ensued with the highly complicated and expensive tooling deliveries, and Republic had to fall back on hand-production methods, a great deal more costly. Finally the price of the Seabee was increased to $6,000. Production was planned for 425 a month, but from July 1, 1946, to March 31, 1947, only 558 Seabees were delivered.

J. H. Kindelberger, president of North American, brought his company into the personal-plane field on April 1, 1946, with the Navion, then priced at $6,100 but since increased to $7,750. While it was suitable as a family plane, Kindelberger from the outset went into the industrial and business fields, and by the end of March, 1947, his company had sold 706 planes, most of them to commercial firms.

North American had reached its production goal of ten Navions a day, an annual rate of 2,500, when on April 14, 1947, production was suspended for 30 days. The reason given by the company was "diminishing sales." It added that "in view of the sales lag, we obviously are obliged to study market conditions and adjust production and inventory accordingly."

The excitement caused by this move was increased by a statement issued about the same time by Cessna Aircraft Company, which predicted that the personal-plane industry would shake down "to the point where three or four strongly financed, well-operated companies with good dealer organizations will build about 90 per cent of the airplanes in the personal field."

The clear implication here is that Cessna, at least, expects that many of the 36 personal-plane manufacturers, who started the year 1947 committed to 44 different types, will not survive; several, in fact, are inactive already. Cessna, however, is confident that it will weather the storm, and points proudly to its production of more than 5,000 two-place models since March, 1946. Of these, one type sold for $2,695, and the other for $3,245. Cessna also emphasizes the fact that it is pushing Piper hard for first place as the world's leading producer of personal aircraft. (In March, 1947, Piper had shipped 493 Cub Trainers, at $2,195, and Super Cruisers, at $3,250. Cessna was second for the month with 369 shipments.)

While Cessna's prophecy on industry survivors was being analyzed in hangar and office, the Wichita firm announced two newer models to sell for $12,750 and $13,750. They are four-place models and except for a difference of 60 horsepower, are identical in all other respects. They were designed, Cessna said, "to meet the rapidly developing business executive market."

When the sales of two-seater personal airplanes to individuals began to fall off last November, members of the Personal Aircraft Council explained that "the pipe line has been pretty well filled." Then in mid-December, without advance notice the personal-plane industry abandoned the little man who wants to fly and took off after the business-executive, traveling-salesman market.

The new policy to develop sales to industrial plants and business houses was formally proclaimed by John W. Friedlander, chairman of the council and president of Aeronca, which has been building light planes since 1928.

In an address to distributors in Chicago, Mr. Friedlander urged them to impress upon the public that they were now "selling transportation," and not "a rich man's hobby or a sportsman's toy," which was the way crusaders for aircraft used to describe the industry's products. "I think all will agree," he said, "that the time has passed when our dealers can sit at the airport and wait for aviation enthusiasts to appear with check in hand.

"Industry can and must be sold the advantage of operating its own fleet of aircraft as an accepted method of conducting business." Mr. Friedlander also said that an annual sales volume of 100,000 planes would constitute a satisfactory mass market.

No New Design for Average Man

Nowhere in Mr. Friedlander's address was there so much as a hint that the members of the Personal Aircraft Council, either individually or as a group, would undertake to develop a new and revolutionary plane for mass use while continuing to build conventional types for the comparative few. Nor is there any better outlook in the current activities of most of the airplane manufacturers. Subsequently the council suggested that the average man with his heart in the sky could join a flying club, rent a plane for local flying, or patronize one of the nation-wide U-Fly It agencies, which are striving to get under way.

William A. M. Burden, Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Air, has publicly recognized that the personal-plane makers are turning away from the individual purchaser and his needs to concentrate on the business and industrial market. He has offered to fight for government aid in the costly and difficult job of developing aircraft suitable for individual ownership and operation. But he can do little without the support of the industry, and so far that has not been forthcoming.

However, a start may have been made on April 15th of this year, when engineers of the personal-plane companies listened to his proposal for the formation of a government-industry committee. This committee would select a list of development projects considered necessary "to improve the airplane to the point where it would be purchased and usefully employed by a wider segment of U.S. citizens."

It was tentatively suggested that Congress be asked for $5,000,000, to be spent over a period of three years in financing contracts for the development of a detailed technical program to be drawn up later.

This plan now awaits the approval of the Aircraft Industries Association. If and when this approval is obtained, the plan must still travel a long and dreary road through government agencies before it reaches Congress. And a long and dreary road after that, too. Looks as if Grandma is going to be a real old lady before she gets her airplane.

THE END

MOJUD...
focus on Glamour
Eye-luring Mojud nylon stockings... so sheer, so sleek, so smooth-fitting.
MOJUD *the dependable* HOSIERY
AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE
TRADE MARK REG. © 1947 MOJUD HOSIERY CO., INC., N. Y. C.

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES
This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief
Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys. The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood.
When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.
Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

PULVEX FLEA POWDER
now also contains DDT
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
Kills the fleas QUICKLY!
Keeps others off for days!
Still 25¢ and 50¢

CHAIRS
for CLUBS SCHOOLS CHURCHES FACTORIES, etc.
WHAT ARE YOUR CHAIR NEEDS?
MANY STYLES. STATE REQUIREMENTS. WRITE FOR PRICES NOW! MINIMUM ORDER — TWO DOZEN.
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WE ALSO INVITE INQUIRIES FROM ESTABLISHED DEALERS

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This new 128 page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering—successful for 46 years. **Benj. N. Bogue, Dept. 4324, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.**
GET THIS FREE BOOK!

it's a secret...

MICHAEL BERRY

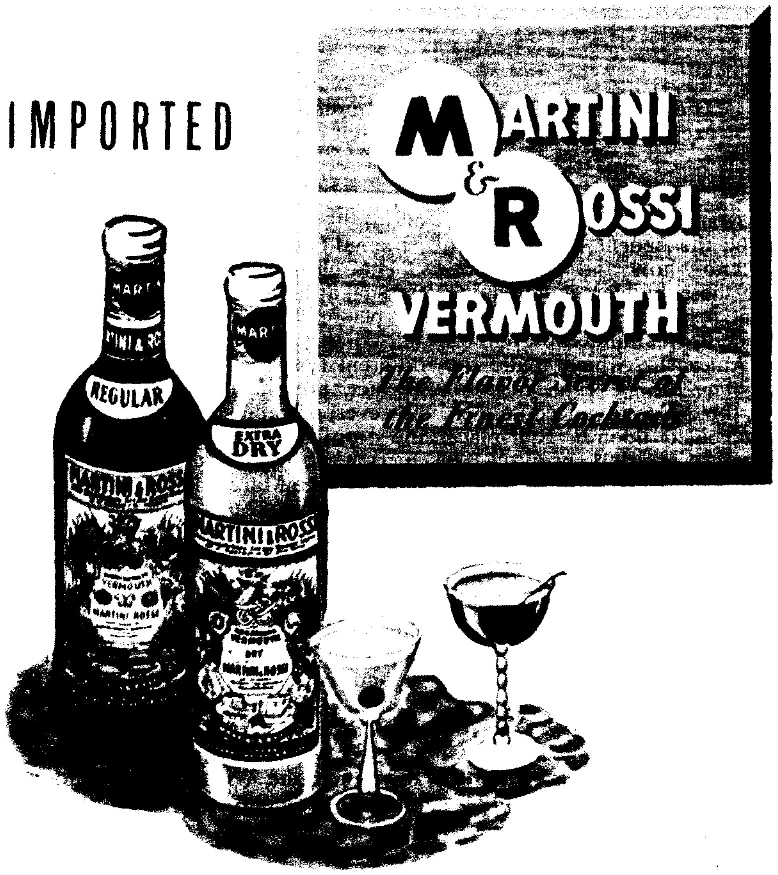
Well-known newspaper columnist picks up important inside information at the men's bar of the B— Hotel when he learns the secret of their famous Dry Martinis. Is told they use Martini & Rossi EXTRA DRY *Vermouth.*

Mr. Bee has been secretly annoyed for years because his Manhattan Cocktails never taste as good as Mr. Dee's. Discovers the secret when he peeps behind the door and sees that Mr. Dee uses Martini & Rossi REGULAR *Vermouth.*

Martini & Rossi Vermouth is the secret of the world's finest cocktails . . . because its secret formula has never been successfully duplicated.

REGULAR for Manhattan Cocktails★ **EXTRA DRY** for Dry Martini Cocktails

IMPORTED


MARTINI & ROSSI
VERMOUTH
The Flavor Secret of the Finest Cocktails
REGULAR
EXTRA DRY
MARTINI & ROSSI

W. A. Taylor & Company, New York City, Sole Distributors for U. S. A.

WALL STREET SEX APPEAL

Continued from page 50

and sipping coffee in an Automat on 42d Street and Fifth Avenue. Next to the ads, in the financial columns, was a notice that the firm of Glass & Krey, Investment Counsel, was opening for business that day. Miss Porter went across the street into the Fifth Avenue offices of Arthur Glass and asked for a job. Glass was half asleep with his feet on the desk. He surveyed her dreamily, noticed the Phi Beta Kappa key on her chest, pointed at it and said, "I've always wanted to hire someone who had one of those."

Glass put her on the pay roll as a junior partner at $20 a week. She still thinks that Glass, who later committed suicide, came closer to being a financial genius than any other man on Wall Street. He was a West Point graduate, a mathematical wizard, who had married the daughter of a multimillionaire. A frank and charming man, Glass admitted to his new employee that the purpose of the newly founded firm was to protect and increase the fortunes of his wife, her family and a few friends. Sylvia Porter stayed with Glass & Krey for two years.

Busy Evenings at Park Casino

"He was an amazing man," she said, "who ran his business like a Groucho Marx, yet managed to make a lot of money. We had no office hours. Most of our work was done during three-hour lunch sessions and nights at the Casino in Central Park."

One April night in 1933, Glass sat in the Casino debating with Sylvia Porter on the possibility of the United States going off the gold standard. He took her home around 10, telephoned at midnight, instructing her to come to the office the next morning with enough clothes packed to last her a week.

The next day, he shipped her off to Bermuda with ten suitcases containing $175,000 in gold coin. The only instructions he gave her were: "Sit on them. Don't deposit them in any bank." When Miss Porter's boat docked in Hamilton Harbor, there was a cable from Glass waiting for her. It read, "The expected has happened. Await instructions." The twenty-year-old girl had the suitcase fortune lugged to a hotel, where she locked her door and waited.

"After a few horrible days," she said, "word came again from Glass. I sold the gold for pounds, purchased the full amount in United Kingdom bonds, brought the bonds back to the United States and converted them into dollars. Glass & Krey realized a profit of almost $10 an ounce on every ounce of gold I had carried to Bermuda."

Many of Miss Porter's friends envy her access to "inside" information and feel that she is in an excellent position to get-rich-quick. Her only interest in the stock market and its speculations, however, is in writing about it. Neither she nor her husband, G. Sumner Collins, takes "fliers" on the market. Although her job does give her an in on "sure things," Miss Porter peacefully ignores the tips.

Sometimes, stockbrokers are annoyed by Miss Porter's advice to their potential customers. She reminds them that she is not only an observer, but one who has seen how the market works from the "inside." After leaving Glass & Krey in January, 1934, she was employed by H. M. Gartley, Inc., a firm specializing in advice on stocks, where she drew up charts and traced financial trends. Then she joined Charles E. Quincey's brokerage concern, doing research on government bonds, and followed this as an employee of R. M. Mansfield, Investment Counselor, where she learned how to advise on securities. Then twenty-two, she held each of these jobs for a brief period to get a "working" background for the pieces she was writing for the Commercial and Financial Chronicle and the American Banker.

Claude Jagger, then financial editor of the Associated Press, was the first newspaperman Sylvia Porter approached for a job. In July, 1935, with three years of Wall Street experience behind her, she told Jagger she was ready for newspaper work. Jagger wanted her, but higher executives informed him that . . . : "The AP has never had a woman in its financial department and never would." Next, Carlton Shively, financial editor of the dignified New York Sun, looked pained and shocked when the twenty-one-year-old girl asked for a job in his department. "Not a woman," he said politely, but firmly. "Oh, no, never!"

Finally, Percy Trussell, then financial editor of the New York Post, recommended her to Harry B. Nason, Jr., the managing editor. Nason let her write three columns a week on financial subjects, paying her space rates. In August, 1935, the Post hired her as its regular financial reporter at $40 a week. Three years later, she was given a by-lined column. In 1939, she prepared the Post's annual financial review singlehanded and was made the newspaper's financial editor in 1940.

A year later, her marriage to Reed R. Porter ended in divorce. She and Porter are still friendly and she explains the failure of their marriage as, "Nothing unusual. I married too young and it didn't work out." Her second marriage she explains as one of those unusual things that has worked. Her present husband, G. Sumner Collins, is the promotion manager of Hearst's New York Journal American. Their political beliefs are as different as those of the newspapers for which they work. Sylvia Porter is a liberal, a loyal Democrat who liked F.D.R. and still defends his policies. Collins is a conservative who supported Dewey in the last Presidential election.

"During the campaign," he said sadly, "we seldom talked to each other."

Annoyance Pays Big Dividends

Although Collins still disagrees with many of the political opinions his wife expresses in her financial column, he does like her Newsletter on government bonds. This is not surprising, since the Newsletter was his idea. It was born out of irritation, as he waited for her one night while she pecked away at the typewriter. She was answering a stack of letters from bank officials who wanted advice on bond purchases. Later in the evening, at a restaurant, Collins quarreled with her for spending so much time answering the letters. While they were arguing, the idea for the service hit him and he promptly sketched out a promotion circular, offering prospective clients his wife's weekly advice at $40 a year, or $25 for a six-months trial.

The total investment for the promotion campaign, including postage, was $67.52. The first week brought in hundreds of orders for the service, better still, over $500 in checks. The first Newsletter went out on January 24, 1944, and it is now the most widely circulated advice of its kind in the country.

After more than a decade as a crusader in the caverns of Wall Street, Sylvia Porter knows that she has made only a small dent in making others of her sex realize that economics and finance are of vital concern to their own welfare. The most unhappy thing about being the lone woman in her profession, she feels, is that she *is* the only woman financial columnist in America.

THE END

GOOD-LOOKING–
peak performance–
TOP VALUE

Lear table model radio-phonograph combination in a cabinet of hand-rubbed selected mahogany veneer. AC Superheterodyne, 5 tubes plus rectifier, provide 8-tube performance. Automatic record-changer plays 10" and 12" records. Full rich tone and volume.

Lear Radios are fashioned with an eye to the future

★ *Unusually beautiful styling* ★ *Fine sensitivity and selectivity* ★ *Superb performance* ★ *Excellent tone and volume* ★ *Top radio value for every dollar you pay* ★ *Made by the maker of famous aircraft radios.*

Coming! The Learecorder– "The Wire that Remembers"

LEAR RADIO

LEAR, Incorporated, Home Radio Sales and Merchandising Division,
110 Ionia Avenue, N. W., Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

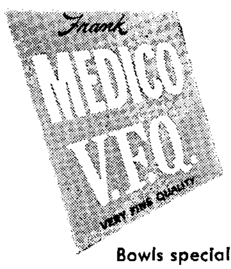
WHIRLCLEANS
WHIRLCOOLS
Your Smoke
V.F.Q.
Frank Medico V.F.Q.

MEDICO
FILTERED SMOKING

SOMETHING WONDERFUL GOES ON INSIDE

The patented replaceable filter for Frank Medico pipes
- whirlcleans smoke, absorbs juice, collects flakes and slugs
- whirlcools smoke; reduces tongue bite

Cleaner, cooler, drier smoke enters your mouth. Replace filter when discolored.



Bowls specially selected for rich-grained beauty. In a wide variety of shapes and sizes. Medico V. F. Q. with box of 10 filters 2.00

Frank Medico Standard Quality Pipes with box of 10 filters, still 1.00

Only these patented filters have the 66 baffles that absorb juices and whirl the smoke cleaner and cooler into your mouth.

ABSORBENT FILTERS
for Frank MEDICO

S. M. FRANK & CO., INC., NEW YORK 22

Oh! my Aching Back!

Relief

Help feed famished muscles with fresh blood!

● Why put up with the torture of aching back muscles whenever you exercise too strenuously! You can get real relief—and soon! Help nature feed them a supply of fresh blood for renewed energy. You see, tired muscles are often famished muscles—your unusual exercise has burned up their nourishment required for your work. But rub those muscles with famous Absorbine Jr. and you step up your local circulation. Fresh blood supplies fresh nourishment and at the same time helps carry away irritating fatigue acids. Get Absorbine Jr. today—this famous formula of rare medicinal herbs and other scientifically chosen ingredients from many lands. Help tired muscles become supple again. At all drugstores, $1.25 a bottle.

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

-ah! my Absorbine Jr

Indian

WORLD'S FINEST MOTORCYCLE

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

1947 GUIDE TO PLEASURE

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Sun Fun
NEW JERSEY
VACATION HOST TO THE NATION!

Seashore, Lakes and Mountains

GET SET FOR YOUR Vacation in NEW JERSEY

WRITE NOW FOR 72-PAGE BOOKLET

NEW JERSEY COUNCIL,
DEPARTMENT OF ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT,
DEPT. C-6, STATE HOUSE, TRENTON 7, N. J.
Send me "Sun Fun" 72-page vacation guide.

NAME...

ADDRESS...

CITY..................................STATE.......................

THEY LIVE AGAIN

Continued from page 23

the general public as a sight-seeing center. This was done at the unanimous request of the patients, who organized a committee to serve as guides. They feel that if they let people see how well most of them are, some of the fear and horror that surround "lepers" might vanish.

These changes had their beginning in 1940, when Dr. Louis Bambas, research man for Parke, Davis and Company, rearranged atoms of sulphur, sodium, hydrogen, carbon and oxygen, and created a new drug—Promin. Tried out later on cases of tuberculosis, it had some promising results. Bacteriologically speaking, tuberculosis and leprosy are twin diseases; the bacilli, rod-shaped and covered with a waxy overcoat, are almost identical. In view of their relationship, Dr. G. H. Faget of the U.S. Public Health Service, chief medical officer at Carville, began to wonder what Promin would do for patients at the leprosarium.

"Remedies" That Proved Useless

The treatment was introduced at a time when morale had reached a Death Valley level. After years of trial, the staff doctors had concluded that chaulmoogra oil was just about worthless. Such substitutes as gold salts, fever therapy, diphtheria toxoid, aniline dyes and injections of mercurochrome had also turned out to be useless.

For a time it looked as though Promin would be another disappointment. The first volunteers to take injections showed no improvement for months. Then, after half a year, Dr. Faget's hope was justified. In some cases, the first changes were slight, in others, spectacular.

There was a young woman, badly marked by the disease, whose vision had become so poor that a staff doctor was wondering whether she should be told that she was going blind. Fortunately Promin spared him the ordeal of deciding, for suddenly both her eyesight and appearance began to improve. Today she serves on the staff of the patients' magazine, doesn't even wear glasses and looks so well that some visitors she was taking around recently asked her if she wasn't afraid to work in a leprosarium.

Remembering various will-o'-the-wisp "cures" of the past, Dr. Faget treated increasingly large groups of patients for three years before he announced results. When he and his staff finally gave their report, they were able to state that, of the patients who had received shots of Promin for one year, improvement had been shown by 60 per cent, and that for three years the figure was 100 per cent.

In the pre-Promin days, about nine arrested cases would be discharged each year. In 1946, forty-three patients were discharged—the highest number in the history of the institution. Others are well on the way to passing the required number of tests. "Meet Mrs. Jones; she's run five negatives," is a common form of introduction at Carville. Running the twelfth negative is an occasion for a party, presents and general rejoicing.

But despite these inspiring results, the Public Health Service doctors cautiously speak of Promin as a remedy or a treatment rather than as a cure. "We must wait several years, to make sure that there are no relapses," said Dr. Frederick A. Johansen, executive officer of Carville. "Twenty per cent of the arrested cases we discharged before the new treatment came back again. No Promin discharges have returned, and no one treated by the drug for six months has slipped back to a worse stage of the disease. We have great hope, but we won't be absolutely certain until more time has elapsed."

There are a couple of things wrong with Promin—it acts slowly and five per cent of the patients are allergic to it. Its close relative, diasone, generally acts even more slowly, but can be taken by mouth. This is a great advantage in a world that has over 4,000,000 leprosy cases and a scarcity of doctors with hypodermic needles. But neither compound is regarded as the final answer.

Now that an effective treatment has been found, it is more important than ever that the disease be recognized in its early stages. The sooner the Promin treatment is begun, the greater the chance for recovery. Yet, largely because American doctors seldom even think of leprosy in making a diagnosis, the average patient who enters the hospital at Carville has already had the disease four years.

Patients told me of drifting from doctor to doctor and clinic to clinic for years before their illness was recognized. In the case of a woman who had a job handling food in an Army canteen, the malady was diagnosed at two clinics as "prickly heat." Delay in recognizing symptoms is not only dangerous to the sufferer; it can also mean the prolonged exposure of young people in the household, who are especially susceptible. "Every time I hear that a child has been brought in, my heart almost stops," a woman patient said. "I'm so afraid that it might be one of mine."

There is great need for a simple test that will reveal the disease very early. Often symptoms appear ahead of the germs. Dr. Eleanor Alexander-Jackson of Cornell Medical College recently devised a new stain that shows, under the microscope, forms different from the usual rod-shaped bacilli. If it is proved that these forms exist before the bacilli appear, the diagnosis of early and puzzling cases will be very much simplified.

There is a special reason why improved methods of treatment and a better understanding of the disease by both doctors and the general public are more necessary in this country than ever before. Millions of young Americans have been in China, Africa, Japan, India, Burma, the South Pacific, the Near East and the Caribbean—all leprosy areas.

Four Years for Incubation

Basing his estimates on the known cases that appeared among American veterans who had been in the Philippines during the Spanish-American War, Lieutenant Commander George M. Saunders states in the United States Naval Medical Bulletin that 500 men in each million who served in leprosy areas will probably develop the disease during the next twenty years. That's one in 5,000—too long a shot for a veteran to lose sleep over, but still a matter of concern for the health authorities. Because of the long incubation period, these cases will not begin to show up for about four years.

The average American thinks of leprosy as an affliction of far-off times and places; he doesn't realize that it can be picked up in the United States. But nearly two thirds of the 370 men and women at Carville are native-born Americans and the majority of them became infected in this country.

Carville by no means represents the country's total leprosy population, for there are many more sufferers outside the hospital than in it. Since some conceal the condition even from their own families, no one knows the exact number. Estimates run between 1,500 and 3,000. Unfortunately many of these hidden cases have sought no medical treatment, and do not even know that they now have a chance to get well.

Contrary to the usual idea, a leprosy victim at large is not necessarily danger-

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Automatic

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featuring

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IN ONE ACTION it opens and lights, instantly — even in a gale! Automatic-action lever responds to a mere flick of your finger with never-failing accuracy. Smartly streamlined . . . handsome as fine jewelry . . . thoroughly windproof — and a champion for fuel capacity (precision-engineered spring cap makes it practically evaporation-proof).

At leading dept. stores, jewelers, smoke shops, etc.
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RAYNO CO., 1065 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn 16, N. Y.
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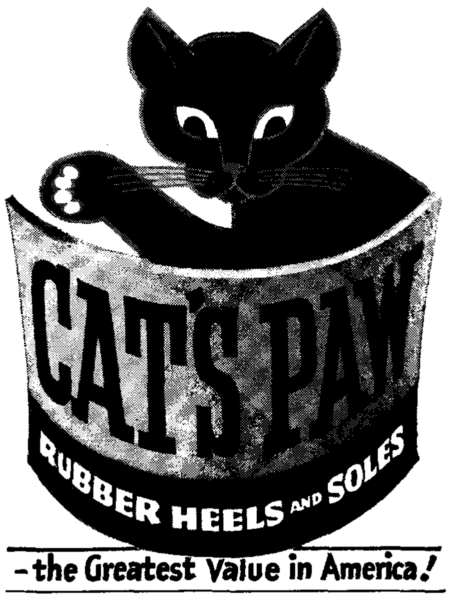

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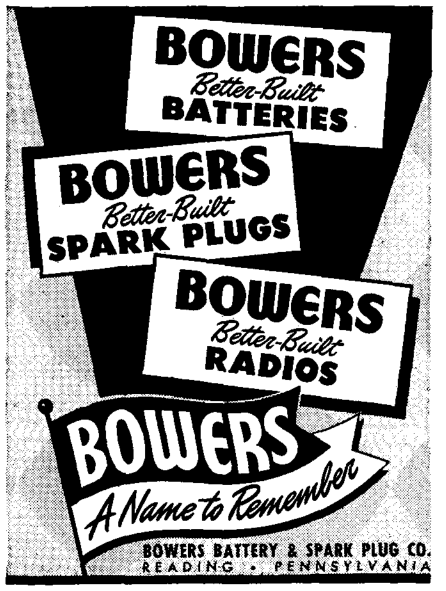

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BOWERS Better-Built SPARK PLUGS
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BOWERS A Name to Remember

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READING • PENNSYLVANIA

ous, even to members of his own family. There is some danger, of course, in the areas where one can pick up the disease. Though the hospital at Carville has admitted patients from 42 of the 48 states, practically every one, except those who had been in leprosy-ridden places abroad, had lived for a time in California, Louisiana, Florida or Texas.

A study of couples all over the world who continue to live together after one became ill shows that the healthy person was infected in only two per cent of the cases. In the 52 years of the hospital's existence, no Carville nurse or doctor ever caught the infection. At the San Lazaro Hospital in the Philippines, there hasn't been a staff case for over two centuries.

Variations of attitude toward the disease by the different states have resulted in inconsistencies and confusion. The federal government forces no one to go to Carville; patients are admitted only on their written request. Finding the patients and getting the reluctant ones to sign the papers is the job of the state health authorities.

In New York State, on the other hand, doctors are not even required to report leprosy patients. They can come and go with as little attention from the state as if they had diabetes or athlete's foot. In New York City, doctors must report cases to the municipal health authorities, though the patients are not forced into isolation. Most of New York's twenty-five-or-so known leprosy cases are employed, the city permitting them to do any kind of work, except handle food, take care of children or nurse the sick. One of them was described as a "very outstanding citizen," who has long been prominent in civic affairs and whose malady, if known, would be a tremendous surprise to his associates.

"For many years we have studied carefully our cases of leprosy in New York City," Commissioner of Health Israel Weinstein said. "In no instance has the disease spread to any other individual, no matter how close the contact."

A Campaign Against Terror

In the meantime, a widespread educational campaign is being conducted by the Leonard Wood Memorial, the United States Public Health Service and the Carville patients themselves in order to fight the overblown fear and horror with which the disease is regarded. Under the leadership of a brilliant, college-trained inmate, whose Carville name is Stanley Stein, the patients have been asking, through their magazine, The Star, that the name of the illness be changed to "Hansen's disease" (after its Norwegian discoverer, Dr. Gerhard Hansen), and that the terror-ridden word "leper" be banished for good.

How far the dread of the disease goes was demonstrated in the case of a discharged patient who was recommended for a newspaper position by a prison official who had seen his work in The Star. "Though the editors evidently thought that I was an ex-convict, they were perfectly willing to give me a job," the former patient said. "When they found I was from Carville, they couldn't get me out of the office fast enough."

Another ex-patient told a staff member that he was getting along fine. "My boss has no idea that I was at Carville," the discharged patient remarked. "He thinks I was in the nut-house."

But despite problems and individual heartaches, there is no doubt that, for the first time in its long history, Carville is a place of hope and cheerfulness. Recently the patients achieved another morale-raising victory—they are to vote in the next election. "At least we are being treated like citizens who merely happen to be sick and not like worthless outcasts," an inmate remarked.

THE END

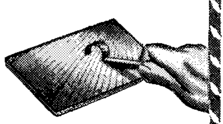
Andover CLOTHES

ALWAYS A STEP AHEAD
IN THE STYLE PARADE

Sold by Leading
Dealers Everywhere

Andover Clothes, Inc.
Chicago 7, Illinois

CeeTee
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
GOLD OVER LAID
JEWELRY


Made from GOLD OVER LAID metal, the rich CeeTee designs offer to the careful buyer the glamorous beauty of fine jewelry at a modest price. The quality is technically known as "gold filled." Ask your jeweler to show you CeeTee graduation gifts.

CHEEVER, TWEEDY & CO., INC.
ESTABLISHED 1880 • NORTH ATTLEBORO, MASS.
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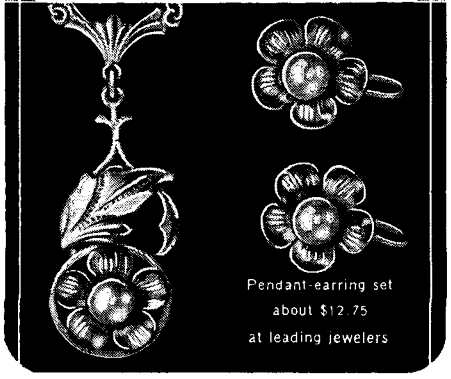
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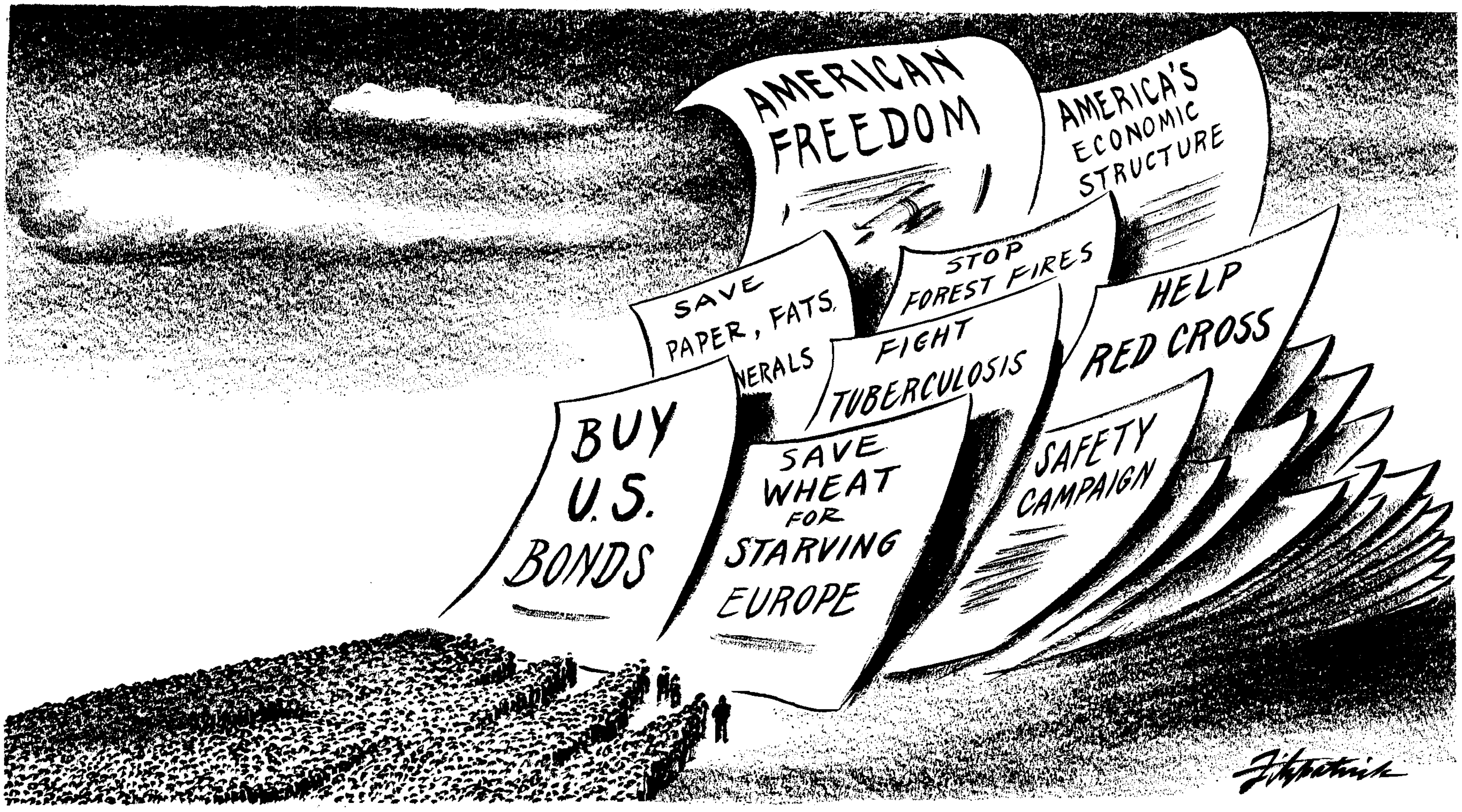
His Excellency

His Excellency Shave Lotion, Cologne, Talc, Shave Bowl, $1. Tube 50¢. Gift Sets to $3.
Rawlings International, 366 Fifth Ave., New York. 18 Regent St., London



THE TRUTH THAT MAKES US FREE

WE LEARNED during the war how to use advertising to accomplish public purposes. It was a useful discovery, but it was just a start. We are learning more and fast.

Many people have previously thought of advertising only as a way to sell or to buy. Some thought not too well of it. It seemed to be a sort of wench among the trades and professions. a rather wanton and light wench, at that, attractive but worth watching.

Suspicion was deep seated. Many prejudiced reformers—economists, sociologists and such—tried to induce Congress to pass laws to hamstring advertising. Some said advertising was a waste that could not be justified in war, and that it was an extravagance at any time.

Then some men who wanted to sell War Bonds suggested that the government might use advertising for war purposes. It was tried. To the surprise of government officials, it was an immense success. Soon it became the chief means through which the government sold bonds, asked people to save paper, fats and metal, and to do the sundry other things we all had to do together in wartime.

Government projects were advertised free. Businessmen contributed about $1,000,000,000 in time and space and service to war advertising. They are still giving at the rate of $100,000,000 a year.

The results were wholly satisfactory to all concerned. The government was able to communicate with the American people. Given the facts, the public co-operated generously and willingly. Advertising persuaded Americans to plant 50,000,000 Victory gardens. Women saved 538,000,000 pounds of waste fats. We saved 23,000,000 tons of waste paper and 800,000,000 pounds of tin.

Last year when former President Herbert Hoover reported to President Truman on the hunger of Europe, a request to save wheat was sent out through advertising channels. By reason of this campaign 94 per cent of all American families reported knowledge of Europe's hunger. Seventy per cent of all American families began denying themselves food so that the hungry overseas might eat.

Two important things were learned from these experiences. First, as James W. Young said it for the Advertising Council: "Advertising techniques effectively employed can more powerfully influence social action than any other means of communication."

This is something to ponder. If you think that is an exaggeration, you should have heard Herbert Morrison, the veteran British Labor leader and a member of the British Cabinet, at a luncheon of the Institute of Incorporated Practitioners in Advertising last winter. Mr. Morrison described the British government's technical advertising division, staffed and headed by advertising men. It is responsible for governmental advertising campaigns. It is an integral part of the Labor government. It is the government's agency of persuasion on matters outside the field of political controversy.

The second conclusion from American experience was a by-product. It was simply this: The best public relations is public service. Businessmen gave the government upward of $1,000,000,000 in war advertising without any cost to the taxpayer, and the hostility to advertising evaporated as a morning's mist in the sunshine.

When the fighting stopped, it was plain that the public welfare still needed serving. So the War Advertising Council became the Advertising Council and began to seek support for campaigns that were urged upon its attention.

The Treasury asked help in selling Savings Bonds and in persuading people to stop selling their War Bonds. The Council arranged the advertising, and the American people did what was asked. Others outside the government requested and received aid in urging people to reduce accidents and to fight tuberculosis. Others wanted aid in preventing forest fires. Still others asked advertisements to add to the prestige of the Army and of teaching as a profession. Then aid for the Red Cross and for housing was sought.

All these things the Advertising Council took on. Now they are tackling a really tough problem. This is the spread of economic understanding among Americans.

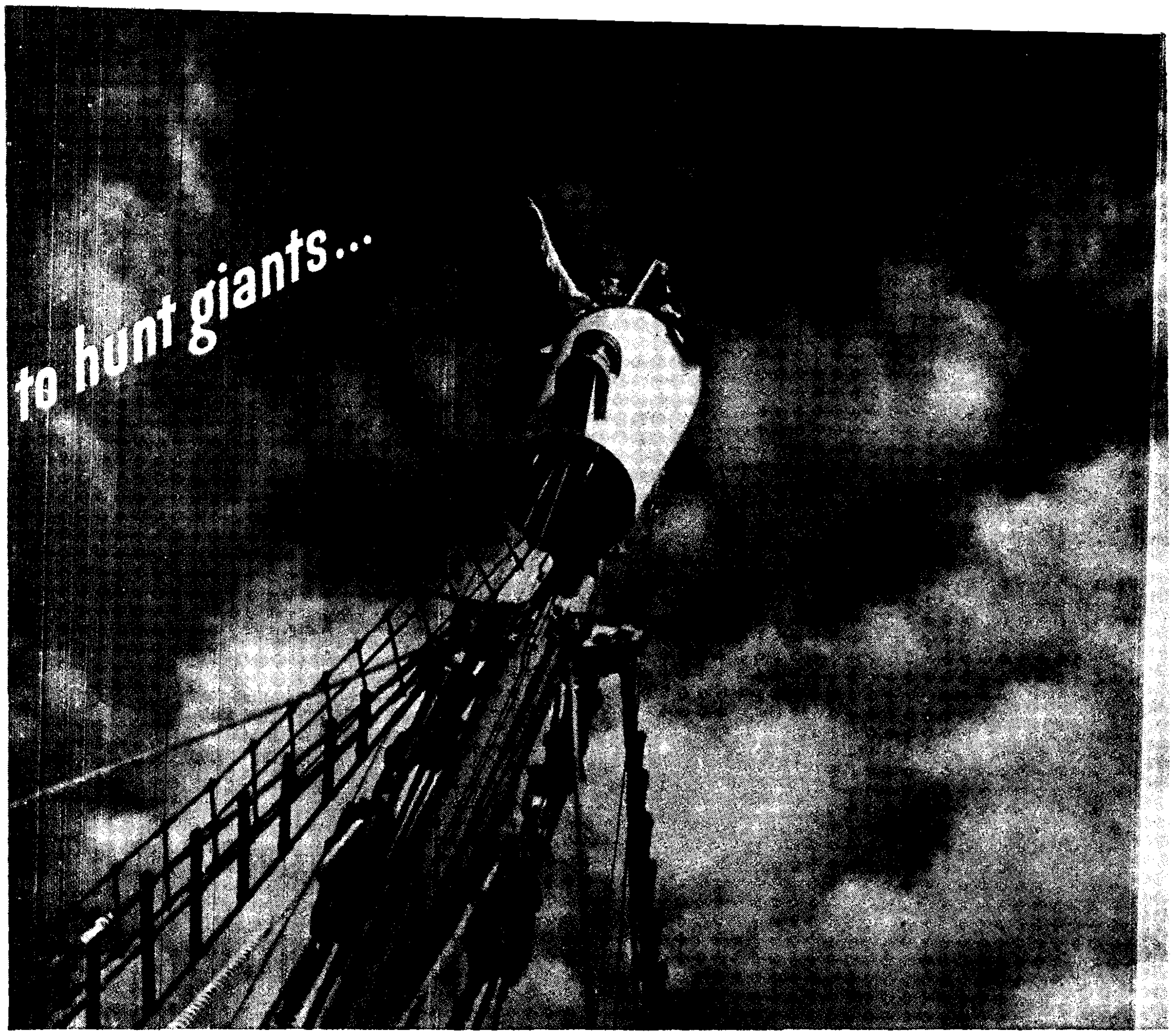
To be useful, any such campaign must be in the public interest. It cannot be sectarian, partisan or political in any sense. So an advertising campaign on economic information, information acceptable to all kinds of Americans, takes some doing. At this moment the Advertising Council is conducting a campaign of economic information that is sponsored by men as diverse as representatives of the A.F. of L., the C.I.O., Harvard University and other educational institutions, large business corporations, philanthropic foundations, and many citizens of distinction.

The heart of this campaign goes back to the fundamentals of American freedom and American aspiration and ambition. It is completely above and beyond all minor interests and jealousies. It is a new variety of education for the mature, as well as for the young. It is an effort to make clear the basic principles of our American civilization at a level upon which all men and women can meet.

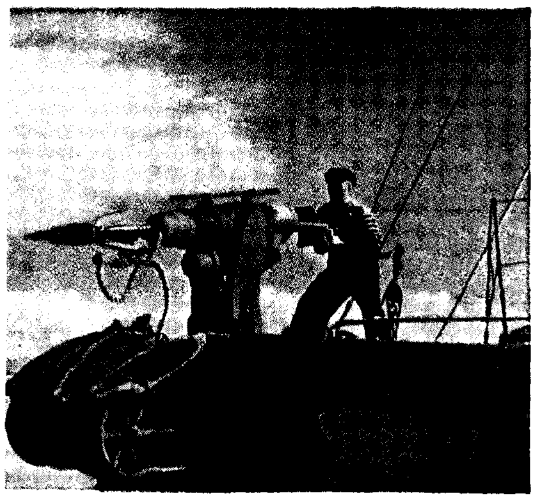
With such a record the Advertising Council ought to go on. The job of spreading useful information in important fields is difficult. It is not easy to interest and to explain, but the task has magnificent implications, and advertising techniques are the simplest available. For once in our lives, a group of men will have the chance to seek out those issues so far beyond partisanship that all men can agree upon them. On this venture we must emphasize not our differences, which of course will continue, but our unity in great purposes where we can in fact agree. That is something quite new in this world.

COLLIER'S **WILLIAM L. CHENERY** Publisher **WALTER DAVENPORT** Editor **JOE ALEX MORRIS** Managing Editor

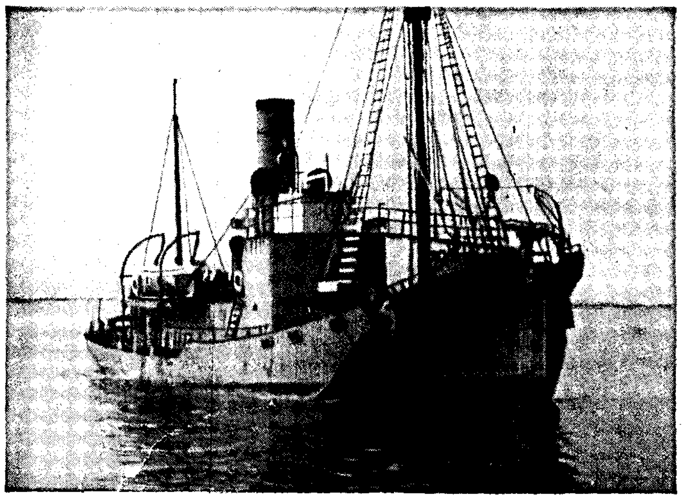
Climbing into the sky to hunt giants...



① "'Spouting to starboard!' I cried, pointing off to my right, and the crew went into action," writes Hans Holvik, a friend of Canadian Club. "I was about 100 miles off Norway, aboard a Norwegian whaler whose master generously had allowed me to join the lookout in the 65-foot-high crow's nest. We were out to catch sea giants—50-ton fin whales.

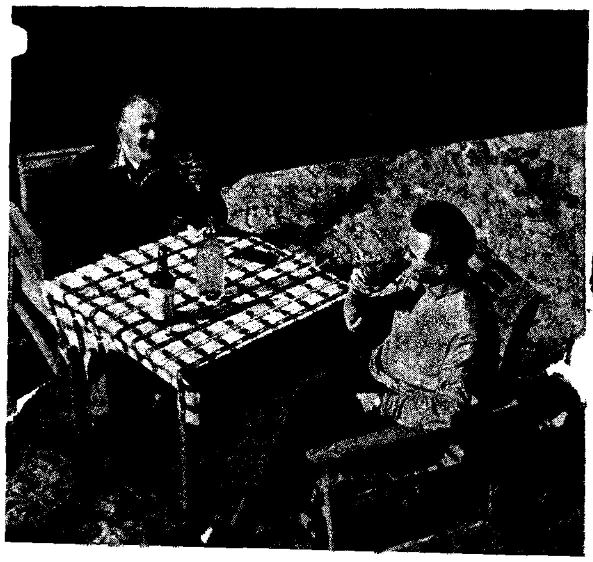


② "**The harpoon gun** was manned by the captain himself. The harpoon has a pointed bombhead which explodes 3 seconds after striking. Guns like these were first used off Norway. Our crack-shot captain killed the whale first try.



③ "**Our small ship** wasn't much larger than the prize catch we hauled slowly alongside. Just lifting the tail out of the water gave us quite a list to starboard. Tail flukes were removed to prevent damage to the vessel. Then we started the 20-hour tow home, singing Norwegian victory songs to mark our success.

④ "**Hoisted to the dock** back at port, the whale proved to be bigger than it looked... really something to celebrate. *65 feet* long, it weighed over *50 tons*. After flensing, it would provide plenty of oil for soap, lubricants and heating.



"**The lookout and I** had a private celebration with Canadian Club highballs poured from a cherished bottle he'd saved for the season's first 50-ton catch. Finding my favorite whisky there was mighty enjoyable, but hardly a surprise. In all kinds of remote spots I've found that all kinds of people share my enthusiasm for the matchless flavor of Canadian Club Whisky."

⑥ "**It's like finding an old friend** to be offered Canadian Club in out-of-the-way places," write world travelers from 87 lands. Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon. You can stay with it all evening—in cocktails before dinner, tall ones after. That's what made Canadian Club the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

Canadian Club
Hiram Walker & Sons

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

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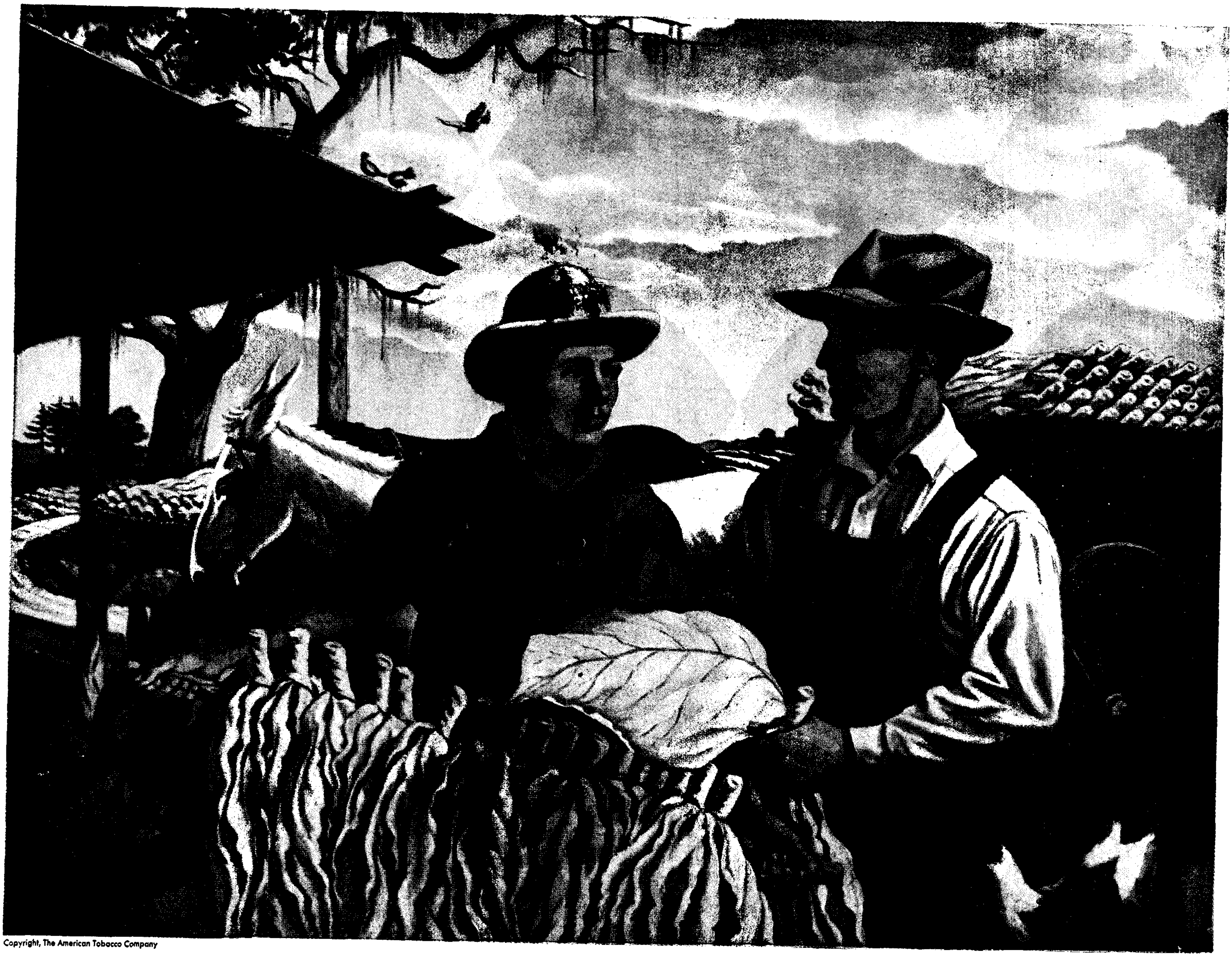

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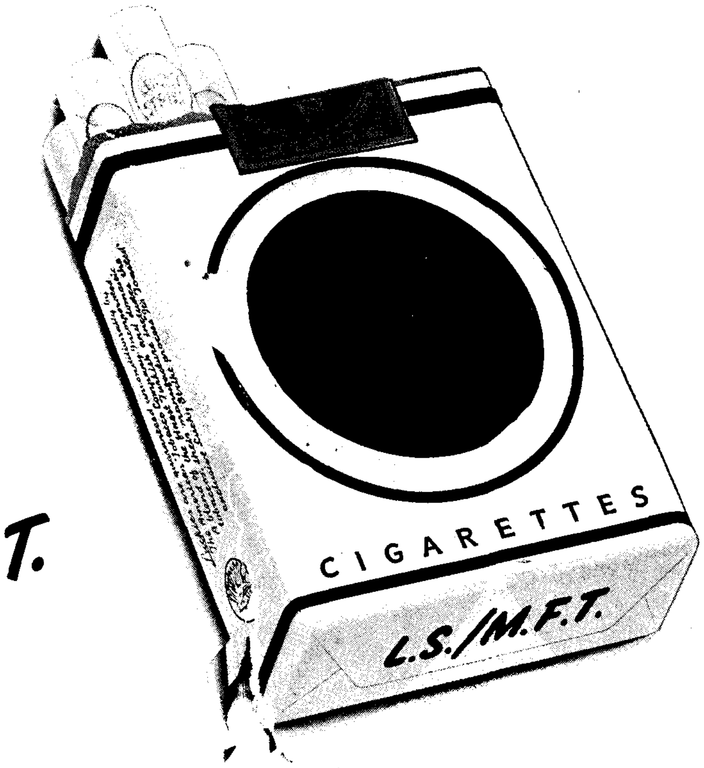
"Loadin' for Town," painted by Ernest Fiene

FINE TOBACCO . . .

Light tobacco
Ripe tobacco
Mild tobacco
L.S./M.F.T.



LUCKY STRIKE *means* **fine tobacco**